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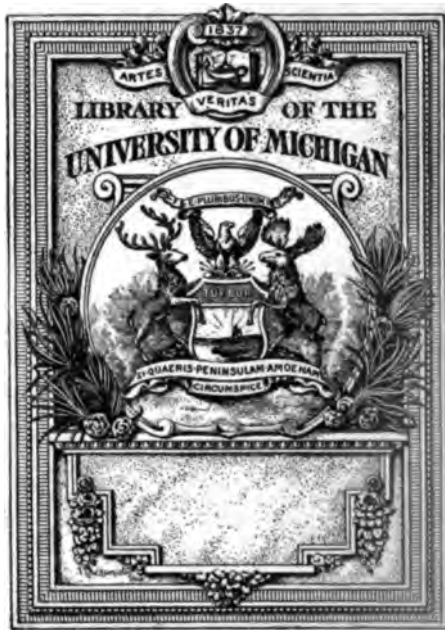
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The ENGLISH
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

1902-3





"LA CRUCHE CASSÉE."

From a photo after the Original by Greuze.

THE
ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXVIII.

OCTOBER, 1902, TO MARCH, 1903.

	PAGE		PAGE
ADVENTURES OF AGA MIRZA. By AQUILA KEMISTER. Illustrated by Frank Chesworth.		ENCHANTED LOAF, THE. By DOROTHY GURNEY Illustrated by Grace Cruttwell.	570
IV. OUT OF HIS CLASS	76	END OF AN ESCAPE, THE. By the Author of "Betty's Husband"	500
V. THE JUDO MAKER	144	Illustrated by H. Hope Reed.	
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. By CHARLES OSCAR PALMER	24	END OF SUMMER, THE. By WILL H. OGILVIE	96
With Portrait.		ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED CONVERSATION. By W. PETE RIDGE	92, 189, 313
ANACREONTIC SONG. From the Greek, by H. D. BANNING	384	Illustrated by Portraits and Drawings.	
ANDAMAN PENAL SYSTEM, THE. By S. BEACH CHESTER	136	FIRST CHRISTMAS, THE. By NORA CHESSON	220
Illustrated from Photographs.		Designs by C. Brodie.	
"ARCADY": DR. JESSOPP'S COUNTRY. By GEORGE MORNINGTON	532	FLEET RIVER AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS, THE. By JOHN ASHTON	283
Illustrated from Photographs.		Illustrated from Old Prints.	
ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE'S EARLY HOME. By F. G. SNEEL	419	FROM ANTHEA. By DOROTHEA DEARIN	36
Illustrated from Drawings by Fritz Althaus.		Illustrated by Adolph Thiede.	
ARTS AND CRAFTS IN INDIA. By A. C. HORTH	577	FROM MY JAPANESE NOTE BOOK. By Mrs. CAMPELL PRAED	340
Illustrated from Photographs.		Illustrated from Photographs.	
"AT THE SIGN OF THE DEATH'S HEAD." By GEORGE KING	361	GIFT OF THE GODS, THE. By ETHEL GODDARD	180
Illustrated from Photographs.		Illustrated by A. D. Shead.	
BALLADE OF THE LADIES PAINTED BY ROMNEY. By ELLIS HUGHESDON	598	GLIMPSSES OF OUR RARER BIRDS, SOME. By HENRY LEE	464
Illustrations after Romney's Portraits.		Illustrated from Drawings by Bryan Hook, R.I.	
BATTERSEA PARK. Original Drawing by JOSEPH O'BRIEN	110	HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH. By YSTRIDD 50, 194, 274, 369, 454, 585	585
CALL TO SLUMBERLAND. By F. O'NEILL GAL- LAGHER	406	Illustrated by W. E. G. Solomon	
CAPTAIN RINGENBACH. By F. NORREYS CONNELL	432	HOW I MADE THE LION ROAR. By Ex- President PAUL KRUGER	222
Illustrated by Frank Chesworth.		With a Portrait.	
CARDIGAN AND THE VALLEY OF THE TEIFI. By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN	370	HOW JAPANESE CHILDREN CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR. By YOSHIO MARIKINO	193
Illustrated from Photographs.		Illustrated by the Author.	
CAUCHOPOLIS. By JOHN PEARCE	158	IN EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED-AND-TWO. By JOHN ASHTON	173
Illustrated from Photographs.		Illustrated from Old Prints.	
CAVES AND CLIFFS OF CHEDDAR, THE. By ERNEST A. BAKER, M.A.	545	IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By JAMES OUTRAM	25
Illustrated from Photographs.		Illustrated from Photographs.	
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING. Drawing by YOSHIO MARIKINO	192	ISLANDS OF THE CONQUERORS, THE. By VIRGINIA BLANCHARD	447
CHRISTMAS WITH THE ITALIAN MASTERS By HONORA TWYKROSS	207	Illustrated by the Author.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		ISTHMUS OF PANAMA, THE. By MARY ALICE VIALS	45
COUNTESS POTOCKA	282	Illustrated from Photographs.	
After an Original Painting.		JOHANNA PARK, THE. By DOROTHY M. HUNTER	351
CRUCHE CASSÉE, LA	2	Illustrated by M. Horstall.	
After the Painting by Greuze.		JOHN CHURCHILL, FIRST DUKE OF MARL- BOROUGH	98
DAYS OF FROST AND SNOW, IN. By G. R. BALLANCE	251	From a Photograph.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		JOY'S MANTLE. By F. O'NEILL GALLAGHER	608
		LADY BIDDY. By H. A. HINCKSON	63
		Illustrated by Frank H. A. Styche.	

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXVIII.

	PAGE		PAGE
LADY-KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER. By GEORGE A. WADE	562	SCHOLAR, THE. Drawing by EMILY PIKE ...	482
Illustrated from Photographs.		SNUFF-BOXES AND SNUFF-BOX STORIES. By A. W. JARVIS	84
LAUGHTER IN COURT. By A. J. HUGHES	391	Illustrated from Old Prints and from Photographs.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		SOME FAMOUS LONDON HOUSES. By WALTER DEXTER	592
LIFE IN A CANADIAN CAMP. By FRANCES E. HERRING	121	Illustrated from Photographs.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		SONG OF THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR. By E. D. Y. DAWSON	75
LIFE IN A DUTCH VILLAGE. By VIRGINIA BLANCHARD	230	SON OF THE BORGIAS, A. By ARTHUR MONTAGU	398
Illustrated by the Author.		Illustrated by Virginia Blanchard.	
LITTLE GOLD HEART, A. By ARTHUR MONTAGU	241	STATEMENT OF GEORGE HASTINGS, THE. By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY	290
Illustrated by M. Byrne.		Illustrated by James Greig.	
LOVE-LETTERS OF AN ENGLISH PEERESS TO AN INDIAN PRINCE	153, 258, 385	STORY OF A DEVIL. By MAXIME GORKI	526
MABEL AND THE WHIKKIES. By F. J. WAUGH	309	Illustrated by F. J. Waugh.	
Illustrated by the Author.		STORY OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, THE. By Commander the Hon. H. N. SHORE, R.N.	3
MAN OF LETTERS, A. By E. C. GIDLEY	553	Illustrated by Wilmot Lunt.	
Illustrated by Wilmot Lunt.		STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN HALL, THE. By GERTRUDE BACON	298
MORE PICTURES FROM THE PRADO. By S. L. BENSUSAN	319	Illustrated from Photographs.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		STUART RECOLLECTIONS IN FLORENCE. By H. M. VAUGHAN	90
MULEY HACEN. By R. M. THOMAS	492	Illustrated from Photographs.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		SUCCESS OF MR. SMITH, THE. By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY	111
PERFIDIOUS FRENCHMAN, THE. By EDITH OSTLERE	14	Illustrated by John E. Sutcliffe.	
Illustrated by James Greig.		TALAYOTS, TAULAS, AND NAUETAS. By FRANKLYN G. SMITH	600
PICTURES OF DISRAELI. By LEWIS MELVILLE	407	Illustrated from Photographs.	
Illustrated from Old Prints and from Photographs.		TALISMAN, A. By J. M. JACOBS	329
POPE'S CUP, THE. By JANET CLARK	539	Illustrated by J. E. Sutcliffe.	
Illustrated by Emily Pike.		TO KITTY. By ANGELA HOPE	453
RECOLLECTIONS OF DELHI. By One Recently Quartered There	508	TRAGIC COMEDY, A. By J. J. BELL	538
Illustrated from Photographs.		Drawing by William Meikle.	
ROBESPIERRE AT HIS TOILET. Drawing by SCOTSON CLARKE	339	VAGABUNDUS. By FLORENCE HAYLLAR	446
Illustrated from Photographs.		VALENTINE, A. By REBE MILLS	418
ROMANCE OF COAL, THE. By JOHN F. WARD	264	Drawing by E. F. Manning.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		VEIL BETWEEN, THE. By MARY E. MANN	129
ROUMANIA AND ITS ROYAL FAMILY. By E. SAXTON WINTER	471	Illustrated by Bertha Mann.	
Illustrated from Photographs.		VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI. By COUNTESS MARTIN-ENGO CESARECO	65
NEWSPAPERS AS PUBLIC CHARACTERS. By SERGE NELIDOFF	515	Illustrated from Photographs.	
Illustrated by the Author.		WHAT I SEE IN LONDON STREETS. By YOSHIO MARKINO	425
SAVIOUR OF THE GUNS, THE. By AQUILA KEMPNER	201	Illustrated by the Author.	
Illustrated by Frank Chesworth.		WORLD AND I, THE. By GRANGER FLEMING	531
SCENES IN NIGERIA. By GERTIE DE S. WEBSTER	437		
Illustrated from Photographs.			



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THE TRANSLATION OF
ST. VINCENT.

From a tile-painting in the Cathedral, Lisbon.

tells us that, when the fury of the persecution had spent itself, the sacred remains were placed under the altar of the principal church of Valentia. "The fact," says a Roman Catholic writer — in allusion to the story of the raven — "is attested by St. Augustine and other contemporary writers."

It is remarkable that in none of the accounts I have quoted is there any allusion made to Vincentius' connection with the Cape. Why should Mr. Baring-Gould ignore the most romantic part of the story? Perhaps he is a little sceptical as to the authenticity of the tradition which connects Vincentius with the Promontorium Sacrum?

Some few years ago chance brought into my possession a small "Guide to the City of Lisbon"—the first, I believe, that was ever published in the English language—printed at Lisbon in 1848. The author, who is unknown, was evidently a great admirer of the Jesuits, as well as the monastic orders, and, from internal evidence, would seem to have been connected with the English College at Lisbon, which prepared young men for the English priesthood. In this little work, which has long been out of print, the author gives "the real and authentic version" of the story which

surface and drifting ashore, it was taken up and given decent burial on land. Thus far the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Mr. Baring-Gould, in his "Lives of the Saints,"

connects St. Vincent with the Cape, and he also describes the miraculous interposition of the ravens which gave rise, in after years, to the Cult of the Holy Crows. According to this writer, when the Moors overran Spain the Christians of the province of Valentia were exposed to a violent persecution, and to escape the cruelty of the Saracens they retired to a distant promontory in the kingdom of Algarve, carrying with them the cherished remains of St. Vincent. After the subsequent expulsion of the Moors from Portugal by Alphonso Henriques, this monarch in the year 1139 caused the relics to be conveyed by sea to Lisbon. "In that age of faith," continues our author, "the

translation of the body was considered an event full of interest, worthy of lasting remembrance, and likely to bring down on the city abundant blessings from the God of martyrs. St. Vincent was therefore chosen as the patron saint of the metropolis."

The further curious tradition which gave rise to the Cult afore-

said, and which has been immortalised in the arms of the city, is thus cautiously alluded to by the same author: "A legend says that a couple of ravens accompanied



THE SANCTUARY OF THE HOLY CROWS.

At the Cathedral, Lisbon.



STONE-CARVING ON AN OLD FOUNTAIN,
LISBON.

the vessel in its voyage ; and to commemorate the arrival of the relics, and the connection of this bird with the martyr's history, a ship and two ravens were adopted as the arms of the city, and a couple of the same birds were ordered to be kept at the cathedral." Now, as far as I am aware—and I have a fairly extensive acquaintance with English literature on Portugal—this is the only

took advantage of a recent visit to Lisbon to push inquiries in a quarter whence he had good reason to look for an authoritative statement on the subject. For, be it observed, the Saint's memory is still deeply revered in the capital of Portugal, where the anniversary of his martyrdom is most devoutly celebrated, and where, more important still, his precious relics are tenderly cherished.



LISBON, FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE TAGUS.

authoritative statement that has appeared in print in explanation of the incorporation of a ship and ravens into the Lisbon city arms.

But, interesting as all this is, there are circumstances connected with the migrations of the sainted Vincentius which have never yet been explained. The translation of the remains, for example, by sea, to Lisbon, under an escort of ravens, is an incident which appeals strongly to seafaring folk. With a view, therefore, of satisfying a very natural feeling of curiosity, the present writer

From a Roman Catholic priest of the city of Lisbon the following authentic particulars were obtained and carefully noted down.

That Vincentius was of noble birth, that he was martyred under Diocletian, and that his remains were brought to Lisbon, are facts of which there can be no doubt. When the Moors overran Portugal and captured Lisbon, the martyr's remains were preserved from desecration by the Dominicans, who carried them away, for greater security, into the far south-west, which was then



THE SÉE PATRIARCHAL, OR CATHEDRAL OF LISBON, WHICH CONTAINS THE REMAINS OF THE MARTYRED ST. VINCENT.

the most remote and inaccessible corner of the peninsula. Here the monks raised up a monastery and built a church, wherein, under the high altar, they deposited the precious relics; and the promontory, which is said to have been clothed at that time in forests so dense as to be almost impenetrable by man, became known henceforward as the Cabo de San Vincente. Some sixty or seventy years after this, Lisbon was once more wrested from the Moors by Dom Henriques, and amongst the

Christian captives liberated on this occasion was a very aged man who had been a prisoner many years amongst the Moors in Morocco. This old man had an interesting story to tell; and, amongst other strange happenings, he described how, when a boy, some monks came into his country and built a church wherein they deposited the bones of the blessed martyr St. Vincent. After a time some Moors came from the sea, ravaged the country, and destroyed the church and monastery, but left the high

altar, under which lay the precious relics, uninjured. The old man further declared that he quite well remembered the position of the church, one thing having particularly impressed the circumstances described on his memory: namely, the large numbers of crows that frequented the neighbourhood of the monastery. He said, moreover, that he was prepared to guide a party to the spot.

Dom Henriques, being anxious to recover the bones of so famous a martyr, on hearing the story at once despatched an expedition by sea for the purpose. But the party, on landing, found the forest so absolutely impenetrable that in default of the means of effecting a clearing they had no alternative but to return. Many years elapsed before another expedition was sent forth. And in the meanwhile the old man died. But the information he had imparted was treasured up; and when, at length, a fresh attempt was made to recover the remains, the party, being well provided with the

means for cutting a road through the forest, and following the directions which had been given on a former occasion, after working laboriously for many days, were at length cheered by the sight of large flocks of crows in front. Encouraged by these signs, the party worked on, and were eventually rewarded by the discovery of the ruined church, wherein, under the high altar, which was still intact, they found, to their great joy, the box containing the sacred relics. With this priceless treasure the party retraced their steps to the coast and, re-embarking, pursued their voyage to Lisbon under an escort of crows; one bird perching itself on the bow and another on the stern, as depicted on the city arms.

On arrival the remains were received with the highest honour, and presently installed in the Cathedral. And in perpetual remembrance of the miraculous circumstances attending the translation of the martyr's body from Cape St.



CAPE ST. VINCENT AS IT APPEARED TO THE PORTUGUESE MARINER IN "THE AGE OF FAITH,"
WITH THE SAINT SEATED ON HIS CHAIR.

Vincent to Lisbon, it was ordained that the city arms should bear a ship with a crow perched at bow and stern ; and also that a pair of these birds should be maintained in perpetuity at the Cathedral, where the remains were placed.

It is a very pretty and romantic story, whatever historical criticism may have to say about it. Beckford, in repeating the version of the legend most in favour in his day (1786), tells us that "these disinterested birds, after seeing the body decently interred [after martyrdom] pursued the murderers with dreadful screams and tore their eyes out." He further alludes to the current belief at that time in the extraordinary penetration of these same birds in the detection of criminals, and makes mention of certain tablets in the Cathedral whereon were depicted some of their most famous achievements in this particular line.

It was this fascinating legend—with additions that have been tacked on from time to time—that gave birth to the Cult aforesaid.¹ And in "the age of faith," when the minds of the Lisbonense were more susceptible of religious impressions than they are at the present time, the Cult of the Holy Crows could boast of a large body of adherents. An over-zealous sacristan even went so far as to assure Beckford that the identical birds which had escorted the Saint's bones to Lisbon, some six centuries before, were still in being, though, on being pressed, he had to admit, "in a whisper, intended for my private ear," says Beckford, "that, if not the very birds, they were their immediate successors." As a matter of fact, half Lisbon at that time believed in the individuality of the Holy Crows—so Beckford says—and the other half prudently concealed their scepticism. All of which calls to mind what the Abbé Vertot wrote of the Portuguese, a century earlier : "They are great bigots to their religion, but in reality much more super-

stitious than devout. Everything passes for a prodigy among them, and Heaven, if you can believe them, is never wanting, in the most extraordinary manner, to declare in their favour."

In default of a duly authenticated pedigree-book a little scepticism concerning the ancestry of the present occupants of the sacred cage is permissible. Nevertheless, though but few Britons residing in Lisbon are aware of the fact, a pair of crows are still maintained at the Sé Church, in a state of sanctified idleness, by way of perpetuating the memory of the once-popular cult, as I can certify from personal observation. My introduction to these interesting creatures took place in this wise. Having expressed a desire to see them, a party of laughing chorister boys took me by the hand and, leading me through a maze of passages, brought me out on the roof of a sort of cloister at the east end of the church, where, in a by no means over cleanly den, *Os Corvos* were pointed out.

Beckford described the birds as "well fed, and most devoutly venerated—plump, sleek, and glossy." It was then deemed even sacrilegious to touch them. "My admiration of their size and deep-toned croakings," he wrote, "carried me, I fear, beyond the bounds of saintly decorum ; I was just stretching out my hands to stroke their feathers when a missionary checked me with a solemn, forbidding look, whilst the sacristan and a toothless priest, almost bent double with age, communicated a long string of miraculous anecdotes concerning the present holy crows, their immediate predecessors, and other holy crows in the old time before them."

Much has happened since those far-away days of robust faith. The Portuguese, of all classes, have found out a thing or two ; and a sceptical smile now adorns the face that would formerly have assumed an expression of reverential awe. But the Church is no longer the dominant power in the land, which makes all the difference. The holy crows are

¹ According to one version, the vessel having been driven out to sea, two crows made their appearance and towed the vessel into Lisbon.

given their rations, but they seem to be left pretty much to their own resources. The vulgar crowd can come and gaze on them—aye, and even prod them with stick or umbrella if they will—and I never could perceive that any special sanctity attached to them. Thus neglected, the modern representatives of St. Vincent's guardians have lost such self-respect as they ever possessed; and alas, that I should have to confess it; but on one occasion the birds greeted me with a volley of most unsaintly language! But prison diet of bread and water is not conducive to sweetness of temper. Doubtless too, the holy birds, with their well-known powers of penetration, detected the scoffer. And as on one occasion I thought I detected a sly twinkle in the corners of their eyes, and moreover have a shrewd suspicion that one of them winked, I have my private doubts concerning their *bonâ fides*. Still there is something attractive about the *motif* of a played-out cult, and I seldom missed the opportunity, when passing the Sée Church, of paying my respects to the holy crows.

The remains of the sainted martyr occupy an honoured niche within. Feeling some curiosity as to their precise resting-place, I once asked one of the clergy of the Sée to point it out. Conducting me to a side chapel in the south transept, and drawing aside the curtain, my cicerone pointed to a small trunk, snugly ensconced out of harm's way, high

aloft above the altar. "There," said he, "in that very box repose the bones of the blessed martyr." Peace to his ashes!



ROCK OFF CAPE ST. VINCENT, KNOWN AS ST. VINCENT'S CHAIR.

One of the attractions of the church is a tiled dado running round the walls, whereon are depicted, with much skill and imaginative power, sundry episodes in the translation of the Saint to Lisbon.

Strange to say, the most recent "Illustrated Guide Book to Lisbon" ("Guia Illustrada de Lisboa," Lisboa, 1891) makes but a passing allusion to the precious relics enshrined within, and never so much as mentions the holy crows! But with the decline of the

cult public interest in the remains of the martyred saint has dwindled. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The name of the martyr has been



ST. VINCENT'S PROTÉGÉS.

1. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

further perpetuated in one of the most imposing ecclesiastical structures of which Lisbon can boast, the Church and Convent of San Vincente de Fora ; so called in allusion to the original church having been outside the walls of the ancient city. It occupies the identical spot whereon the founder of the Portuguese monarchy, Dom Affonso Henriques, encamped his army when he laid siege to the town ; and although, according to tradition, the first erection was merely a temporary hospital, with chapel and cemetery for those who might be wounded or slain during the siege ; when the monarch had effected the transfer of the body to Lisbon, he determined on erecting a temple that might be a worthy receptacle for the martyr's remains, and himself laid the first stone. The existing edifice, however, was built more than four hundred years later by Philip II. of Spain, and forms a fitting memorial of monastic power and grandeur. Perched on one of the loftiest hills in the city this superb pile forms a

very conspicuous object, especially from the river, and when viewed from other points of vantage, whether at midday, when its noble front is projected against the deep blue sky like a mass of purest alabaster, or at eventide, when it reflects the hues of the setting sun, the effect is equally noble. And of a truth, if all that has been written of the miraculous powers of St. Vincent be worthy of credence, no memorial could be too grand for him. Antonio de Macedo, for example, who discoursed some four centuries ago on the superiority of Portugal and its inhabitants to all other countries and peoples, quotes the following incident as a convincing proof of the miraculous powers of the Saint. There was once a lady of such superior ugliness as to be the jest of the whole city of Lisbon. Deeply grieving over the misfortune of being so ugly where all others were so beautiful, she prayed with unceasing fervour to her patron saint, St. Vincent. At length her prayers were heard and, on looking at herself in the



ST. VINCENT'S PROTÉGÉS.

2. A COUNTRY COUSIN.

glass one morning, she beheld the most beautiful woman in all Portugal. "I say," exclaims Macedo, "that the Saint works many such miracles, for he is much

and devoutly worshipped, and his benevolence is great, and power cannot be wanting in him, for he dwells in the presence of God. But what convinces me is that, without some such miraculous interposition, the Portuguese women could not possibly be so beautiful."

Faith, as we know, can move mountains. But it would require a mighty strong faith to swallow all the tales of saintly interference that adorn the Church literature of Portugal.

wind is heard to howl, and a stormy sea is for ever raging at its base," seeing that on the occasion of my visit things had been so ordained that the vast Atlantic lay like a sheet of scintillating silver, the heavings of whose mighty bosom were just sufficient to keep the water at the base of the cliffs in a state of gentle tremor.

An immense detached rock at the extremity of the cape is known as St. Vincent's Chair, whereon in "the age of faith" the Portuguese mariner, according



SOME OF ST. VINCENT'S FLOCK.

A visit to Cape St. Vincent will well repay the traveller. Having recently accomplished the trip, I can endorse all that Lord Carnarvon wrote, eighty odd years ago, about the grandeur of its surroundings: "The cape will not disappoint the most ardent imagination, for the view extends on either side over a coast uniformly bold, and rendered still more picturesque by great masses of rock standing out of the water, and covered with clouds of shrieking sea-birds." But I am at issue with the distinguished traveller when he declares that "round the summit of the cliff a never-ceasing

to tradition, as he rounded the headland saw, through the rolling mists, the Saint upon his stormy throne, and fervently beseeched him to guide his ship in safety over troubled seas.

The small monastery which formerly stood here is no more, having been absorbed into the lighthouse which was erected some fifty odd years ago. Even the chapel was obliterated, the very fine azulejos which adorned its walls having alone been preserved. The following description of the lighthouse, which appeared in the *Times* of July 14, 1899, may interest the reader:—

"ANTIQUARIAN REMAINS AT CAPE ST.
VINCENT, PORTUGAL.

"At the extremity of Cape St. Vincent stands a group of buildings, from whence rises up a quaint sort of lantern, of which the frame-work is of metal, the interstices between being partly filled up with

of patchwork in metal. * Around the base of this picturesque lantern runs a balcony, the rail of which, having long ago divorced itself from the rest and fallen to pieces through age and natural decay, is cleverly kept from tumbling down by the lavish use of wire scraps.



FROM AN ANCIENT MAP OF THE ALGARVE, BEARING THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION (IN LATIN).

A brand new, and very exact delineation of Portugal, which was formerly Lusitania, by Vernandus Alvarus Seccus.

To Guido Ascanius Sfortia, Cardinal Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Empire, —Health.

To thee, O Guido Sfortia, because of thy patronage of our race, we dedicate Lusitania delineated by the labour of Vernandus Alvares: From this land men, endowed with surpassing bravery and marked good fortune, have gone forth into all parts of the world, and have subjected a large portion of Africa—have opened up and taken possession of innumerable islands whose names alone, or not even their names, were known before—and the most blessed land of Asia they have rendered tributary—and to very remote nations they have taught the worship and religion of Jesus Christ. Farewell.

Rome. 13 Kalends of June 1560.

scraps of glass, ingeniously dovetailed together so as to form a rough protection from the weather, and besmeared with paint—doubtless for the better preservation of the glass. The top is surmounted by a rustic roof or dome, in the construction of which all sorts of scraps have been utilised, and which forms a curious object-lesson in the art

The structure was originally fastened to its base by iron stays, but these are so corroded away that the collapse of the whole may be anticipated at any moment. A praiseworthy dislike of spoiling the venerable appearance of the structure may be held to account for absence of paint, or other preservative, from the iron-work. I may mention that, inside,

there is an ingenious contrivance for making a number of oil-lamps revolve at a fixed rate of speed, which has been working, more or less regularly, for some fifty years past.

“For the preservation of this relic of the dark ages quite a colony of houses has been built around. These are all in excellent repair, though mostly empty, but the presence therein of two families affords proof of the anxiety of the Portuguese Government to protect the relic from the depredations of vandal tourists.

“I observe that our Admiralty charts call this a lighthouse, though a note is appended to the effect that the light is ‘reported to revolve irregularly.’ The wonder is, after all these years, that it is still in the possession of its faculties. I

was assured that as many as eighty steamers sometimes pass this cape during the twenty-four hours, which shows that this quaint specimen of the antique ought to be an object of interest to seafaring folk. I should advise all who are interested in antiquities to pay a visit to this relic before it disappears.

“I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“HENRY N. SHORE,

“Commander, R.N.”

I can assure the reader the lighthouse is well worth visiting. But if he would see it he must hurry up, for Portugal—as I was assured by a native gentleman—is a progressive country, and before another fifty years have elapsed this primitive specimen of coast illumination will probably have vanished.



THE PERFIDIOUS FRENCHMAN

By EDITH OSTLERE

Author of "From Seven Dials"

FROM the moment I set eyes upon Jules Duprès I disliked him. Of itself that may, to the casual observer, appear to have been somewhat unreasonable; but, as after events proved, it was fully justified. Instinctively, I disliked him. Not that his features were repulsive. On the contrary, I have been emphatically assured that he possessed undeniable claims to be considered handsome. I mention this that I may not be accused of prejudice; but as the opinion was feminine, I do not attach much value to it. He was merely the ordinary type of foreigner who purveys twopenny licks of indigestible sweetstuff in the streets of the metropolis, or is to be found hovering round the premises of third-class West Central boarding-houses, arrayed in frowsy dress suits and soiled linen—sallow-complexioned, dark-eyed, greasy-haired (Lydia declares it was natural gloss, but I picked up his brush one day, which literally reeked of Truefitt's brilliantine—and I ought to know, for I use it myself)—but he was gifted with a superficial knowledge of the world and most things therein, and with the usual foreign sensibility tempered with an unusual leavening of humour and a marvellous facility of expression; he was companionable and even entertaining. I am an Englishman, and I flatter myself I can be broad-minded and generous, even while suffering an irreparable wrong.

We were a small party—Miss Lynne, her aunt, her brother, and myself—bicycling in the North of France.

Miss Lynne was then engaged to me,

for—however vehemently she may deny it now—if being caught by her aunt kissing her under the mistletoe the Christmas before doesn't constitute an engagement, I should like to know what does? But women are all alike—fickle to the core—and the man who wastes an hour's devotion on them, is a fool for his pains.

We had spent a very pleasant fortnight, riding from one picturesque spot to another, exploring hills, ruins, caves, &c., and were enjoying ourselves enormously—till we met Jules Duprès.

He appeared at a small village called Trébiac, where he said he was sketching. In my opinion, he was probably seeking seclusion in this remote hamlet for reasons best known to himself; but when I ventured to advance my theory, I was accused of being not wholly impartial, and reduced to silence.

At any rate, he claimed a previous friendship with Arthur Lynne during the latter's early artistic endeavours (which appear to me to have been productive of the least possible amount of knowledge of his craft, combined with the largest possible number of undesirable acquaintances exuded from the Latin Quarter), and begged to be allowed to join us on our tour.

Naturally, I did my best to prevent this. I pointed out that we knew literally nothing of the man—for Arthur's voucher was hardly reliable—that, being a foreigner, and above all a Frenchman, he was probably an adventurer of the worst type, and as likely as not the head of a gang of unscrupulous thieves, and

it would end in us all having our pockets picked and our throats cut. Also, that five was an awkward number for dining, and that we were very comfortable without him. But my objections were overruled.

Arthur said he might as well come as he could help him with his painting, where there was room for improvement. Which was true enough, for we never could make out what Arthur's sketches were intended to represent. He allowed us three guesses each, and after that he told us. As a rule, he told us.

Lydia said we must let him come because he looked so pathetic. She was sure he had some hidden sorrow and she felt quite grieved for him. I told her any one could look pathetic—I'd done it myself heaps of times, but she said she'd never noticed it, and that I always appeared abnormally cheerful. Which shows how misjudged some fellows can be. Hidden sorrow! Enlarged liver. Any one could see that the man was bilious. Why, he was as yellow—but women are blind.

Then Lydia's Aunt thought he might perhaps come since he had such charming manners, and besides, it was so hard to refuse. I told her I should find it quite easy, and as to manners—that was only the obsequious way Frenchmen have, and meant nothing, and that when he'd known her as long as I had, he wouldn't be in such a hurry to push her Humber up the hills, and tumble over

the cat at the hotel four times an hour to fetch her pocket-handkerchiefs. Also, that it isn't necessary to stand in the fifth position with your hand on your watchpocket when you open the door for a lady, nor to show all the teeth you've got every time you pass the mustard. With the feminine knack of straying from the point, Lydia here remarked what exceedingly beautiful teeth he had, and I said they were probably false, as most people's were after thirty. And then Lydia's Aunt said that that settled it and he should come. I don't know what on earth she meant, or what settled it—but he came.

I was always suspicious of him, but with the others he was a success from the first. Certainly, he seemed anxious to ingratiate himself with us all and was indefatigable in planning expeditions, bargaining for our rooms at the hotels, and making himself generally useful, and when he had been with us a few days and I was beginning to get over my dread of being left

alone with him, lest he should insist upon embracing me and burst into tears if I objected, I came to the conclusion that he was doing his best to make himself agreeable, and relaxed accordingly. I never liked him, but I became accustomed to him and was invariably civil to him. That is, as civil as my natural antipathy to all foreigners will permit. Ah! when I smoked his cigars (they were very good ones, smuggled, no doubt) and even on one occasion allowed him to clean my bicycle, little did I imagine what a serpent I encouraged!



Sitting in a ditch with Lydia, gumming up her punctures.

For, with a duplicity of which only a Frenchman could be guilty, he fell in love with Lydia. Not that that mattered much if he had had the good taste to keep it to himself, but he hadn't. He showed it on every possible occasion and in every possible way. Afterwards, Lydia declared that he didn't; but I know better. He sighed and gazed and gazed and sighed till I longed to kick him. And I would, too, if I hadn't been afraid of making him cry. I have never seen a Frenchman cry, but I have been told they do, and I had no wish to provoke the phenomenon.

Then he lost his appetite—the idiot! It would take a good deal more than Lydia to put me off my feed; but I believe it was only another of his beastly French wiles, and I suspect him of keeping a stock of clandestine biscuits in his kit-bag. That man was capable of any infamy.

Our bicycle rides, too, degenerated into perfect farces, for before we'd been out an hour, he would be sitting in a ditch with Lydia, gumming up her punctures, inflating her, tightening her or loosening her, till it made me perfectly sick. And always Lydia would sing out, "It's all right, you people, we'll catch you up." But of course they never did, and on our return to the hotel at tea-time, we invariably found them having watercress and eggs together. It became monotonous, and when I spoke to Lydia about it, she got quite peevish, and said it wasn't her fault—it was the bicycle's. Which was absurd, for the bicycle was a very good one—I bought it for her—and had never behaved like that before. But it's so like a woman to prevaricate.

I didn't argue with her. It's sheer waste of time to argue with a woman; they can't argue, they only talk. I didn't even lose my temper. I merely said in my most impressive tones, "There must be an end to this," and, in order to make sure of having the last word (Lydia has an aggravating way in that respect), I left the room hurriedly,

banging the door to emphasize my remark.

The end came sooner than any one expected.

We were all out bicycling together, and the Frenchman and I happened to get a little ahead of the others. It was then that I noticed something sticking out of his pocket that aroused my suspicions. I tackled him at once.

"That is Miss Lynne's glove in your pocket," I said curtly. "Give it me."

He flushed a little and bit his lip. "I shall do nothing of the kind," he replied, and pounded on.

I wasn't prepared for this repartee. His impudence staggered me. I should have liked to have knocked him down, only you can't hit a man on a bicycle—he's so defenceless.

I pedalled furiously after him. "How did you come by it?" I shouted.

He looked at me over his shoulder. "She gave it me," he said, and I feel almost certain that he smiled.

Here was the opening I wanted. I spent the next five minutes in informing him what my true opinion of him was. I don't remember quite everything I said, but it was a good deal, for I spoke very quickly and he never got in a word. I flatter myself it was forceful, too, and made an impression, for he went very white, and once or twice I saw the skin on his knuckles tighten as he gripped his handle-bars. I was very hot when I had finished, for we had been going at racing speed, and I had been talking rather loudly. We had come to a steep bit of a hill and now dismounted and walked along side by side.

At length he spoke. "How old are you?" he asked quietly.

I was so surprised that I told him.

"Twenty next January," he repeated—somewhat unnecessarily I thought. "And I am exactly twelve years your senior." (I knew he was over thirty!) "You have used some very strong expressions to me, which from an older man I might have resented, but from your point of view I can see that they may be justi-

fiable. I should, as you say, know better than to take advantage of you, since you were first in the field. I do love Miss Lynne, above everything on earth, and hard as you may find it to believe, I have endeavoured to conceal my feelings. But I feel that is no longer possible. There are some things stronger than ourselves, and love is one of them. I have no doubt that in your eyes I must have appeared to be a blackguard, a scoundrel and a cur—all that you have so graphically assured me—but you have, if I may be permitted to say so, a somewhat distorted idea of a Frenchman's code of honour, and to prove this to you I promise you that I will go away and leave you a fair field."

This I thought was sensible, and I brightened up. "You'll go away?" I repeated.

"To-morrow," he said quietly.

He might have made it the day after. Of course it was quite right that he should go, only he needn't have been in such a hurry.

As things were, a few hours more or less wouldn't have made much difference, and on the morrow he had promised to take me to a stream where some remarkably fine fish were to be had. But it's

just like a Frenchman to make things as inconvenient as possible. However, I said nothing about it—I thought on the whole it was more dignified not to—and at that moment a faint halloo behind made us turn our heads.

At the foot of the hill we saw an indistinct and entangled group in the middle of the road.

"My God, if she is hurt!" cried the Frenchman, jumping into his saddle.

No. 229. October, 1902.

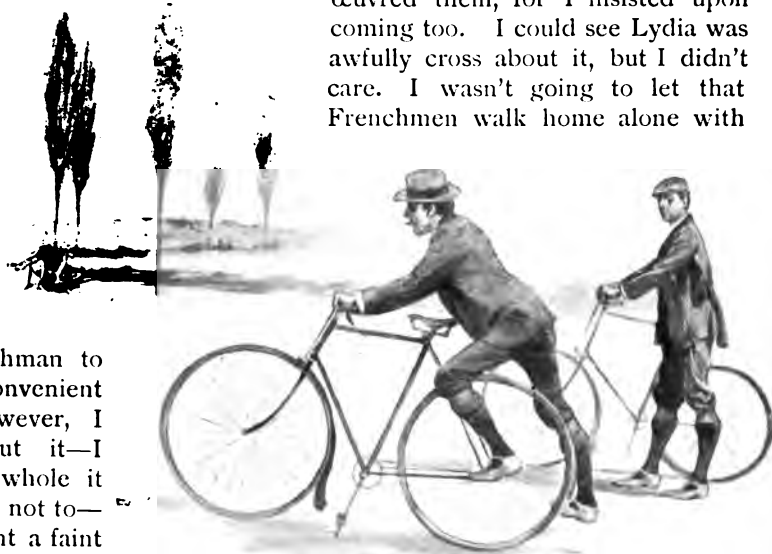
"More likely the bicycle," I replied sarcastically. I know it's unmanly to hit a fellow when he's down, but I couldn't help it.

Sure enough I was right, and this time it was a genuine smash—chain broken in two. It's my firm belief now, thinking the whole thing over dispassionately, that she sawed it half through before she started. Women are so deceitful. At any rate she couldn't possibly ride the machine.

"Never mind," she said cheerfully, "I'll walk it home; but I needn't spoil your ride. I've no doubt Monsieur Duprès will be kind enough to accompany me."

I told her I would perform that kindness, but she said she wouldn't trouble me for the world, as she knew I'd set my heart upon that ride (I hadn't a bit), and then she added in a disgustingly coquettish manner (I could have smacked her) that "of course if Monsieur Duprès didn't want to," etc., etc., and, naturally, he

had to say he did. But I out-manœuvred them, for I insisted upon coming too. I could see Lydia was awfully cross about it, but I didn't care. I wasn't going to let that Frenchmen walk home alone with



"My God, if she's hurt!" cried the Frenchman, jumping into his saddle.

her, and give him a chance of an affecting farewell, and tears and promises and all that sort of thing.

So Arthur and Lydia's Aunt went on alone and we three turned back, wheeling our bicycles. At least, the Frenchman wheeled Lydia's as well as his own. I didn't mind : if he liked to make an ass of himself pushing along two bicycles it was nothing to me.

As we walked along it struck me that it would be rather a good idea to tell Lydia there and then of Duprès' intended departure on the morrow. It would take the wind out of his sails and would serve her right, too. I didn't look at her when I made the announcement, which she seemed to take very quietly, and I was beginning to think I had managed the whole thing extremely well, when I suddenly heard a sound like a sheep with asthma. Lydia was crying. The front of her shirt was bespattered with wet drops ; two colossal tears were chasing each other down her cheeks, and I could see there were lots more to follow. This annoyed me. What right had she to cry—and for a Frenchman ?

I crossed over and nudged her sharply with my elbow. "Don't make an idiot of yourself," I whispered savagely. "You don't know what a sight you look. Leave off at once and blow your nose."

My words may have seemed brutal, but their effect was magical and instantaneous. She blew her nose, glared at me, and remarked with a crooked smile that it was pleasant weather for the time of year. I glanced anxiously at the Frenchman, but he was stalking along, with his eyes fixed ahead, and appeared to have observed nothing. Which relieved me greatly.

Presently he said there was a short cut over the railway line, which he suggested we should take, and as neither Lydia nor myself were particularly keen upon prolonging the walk we agreed to sample it. Accordingly we scrambled over the fence and climbed the bank which separated the road from the railway. I was carrying my bicycle carefully over the metals—which were

somewhat complicated at this particular spot, as the line branched off in two directions—when I suddenly heard a rattle and a click, and felt a violent shock under my feet. It was the wire from the signal box.

I sprang back, startled, but it was too late. My right foot slipped between the metals, and instantaneously *the points closed down upon it.*

Lydia and the Frenchman hurried to my assistance ; but though I struggled and kicked and tore, and they pulled and hammered, all our efforts were in vain. The metals remained firmly locked, and I couldn't move my foot an inch.

At first I could think only of the pain and inconvenience, but suddenly an awful thought flashed through my brain. I looked at the Frenchman and saw the same thought mirrored in his eyes. "How long?" I gasped. "Five minutes after the signal," he said hoarsely. Lydia uttered a piercing shriek. "The express ! The express !" she cried. "The points are closed for the express !"

Half frantic with horror we all set to work again. I ripped apart my boot-lace, and they both seized me and tried to drag me out of my boot, but it was of no avail ; the iron was clamped firmly together, and almost embedded in my instep. I must own the Frenchman did his best—perhaps his conscience smote him—for he tore at the metals till he broke the nails away from his fingers, and he wrenched the brake-handle from Lydia's bicycle and tried to hammer it in between the metals as a lever ; pushing and punching, with the perspiration streaming down his face ; but it was no good, he couldn't force them apart one-tenth of an inch.

Suddenly Lydia gave a fearful scream and pointed with a trembling finger down the line. "Look, look !" she cried.

In the distance we could see a thin streak of blue smoke winding in and out among the trees.

Down flopped Lydia on her knees at

the Frenchman's feet. "Jules! Jules!" she sobbed. (It annoyed me that she should address him by his Christian name, but women invariably lose their heads at a crisis.) "It is death! Oh, save him—save him!" And she clawed at his waistcoat and shook him and thumped him and laughed and shrieked till she made me feel quite giddy.

The Frenchman snatched and kissed her hands (which I thought unnecessary and a waste of time besides) then made a grab for his bicycle. "Take mine," I shouted; "it's the best." I wouldn't have trusted him with my machine on an ordinary occasion, but one can't be too particular in an emergency, and I'd no faith in his jerry-built French thing.

Lydia clapped her hands together. "The signal box," she cried; but he shook his head. "I couldn't do it."

He was quite right; the points were worked from a little station half a mile up the line, and the express was coming from the opposite direction, and would be upon me before he could possibly warn the signal-man.

"Then where are you going?" cried Lydia.

"To stop the express," and he sprang into the saddle.

"Oh, oh," whimpered Lydia, "you can't, you'll never be in time."

I thought it was jolly stupid of Lydia to attempt to put him off like that, and remarked that at least there'd be no harm in trying.

"But he'll never be in time," she repeated, like a parrot.

"Yes, I shall," he shouted back, "I'll stake my life on it," and he was off, riding like mad between the double lines of railway, towards the oncoming express.

Lydia crouched close up to me, shivering and shaking, and when I told her she had better get out of the permanent way, she said she knew we'd both be killed, and if we were killed she might as well be killed too. I told her I didn't see what good that would do her and, any way, did she want to

wreck the train? Because two people were more likely to do that than one. After that she moved.

All this happened quicker than I can tell it, and I shall never forget the next four minutes as long as I live. They were æons.

I can see it all again now. The figure of the Frenchman diminishing so rapidly that he seemed almost flying through the air, and Lydia with a strained, white face, staring, horror stricken, at the increasing volume of smoke in the distance. For a second we lost it in a tunnel, and when it emerged again we could see the train itself quite plainly. Death was coming nearer, and my heart began to shake. I struggled frantically, impotently at my imprisoned foot; I raved and swore in my desperation; I shouted blatantly after the Frenchman, although I knew he was too far away to hear what I said. "Ride! Ride!" I yelled. "Why doesn't he ride? Why doesn't he ride? Rascal! Coward! Look at him. He's crawling—crawling. . . . He wants me to be killed—the blackguard—he wants me to be killed!" My voice rose to a shriek, and I verily believe I went off my head for the minute with sheer funk.

Lydia turned to me with a queer look in her eyes. "Be silent," she said, in a half-choked voice, "he is not a coward—he has gone to save you. Be silent, and be calm. *He* was calm."

I foamed at the mouth. "Calm! Of course he was calm, dash him! It's not *his* foot that's jammed in the metals right in the way of the Paris express!" And I gnashed my teeth with rage and tugged again madly at my pinioned foot.

A shriek from Lydia. "He has fallen! Oh, God, he has fallen!"

For a moment I thought the silly idiot had; but then I saw he had only dismounted, and was standing frantically waving his arms, just about half-way between us and the express. A shrill whistle rent the air. Thank God! They had seen him.

I shouted to Lydia to wave, to wave

her hat, her handkerchief, anything she'd got, and I tore off my coat and flapped it furiously to and fro.

"He has mounted again," cried Lydia. "He is coming back. And oh, look, look! What is he doing? *What is he doing?*"

He was no longer between the down and up lines, but *riding right before the express in the permanent way.*

Afterwards he told us that at the time it flashed upon him as the best thing he could do. He feared that if the express passed him, and the engine-driver failed to see us in time, he might put back the brakes again and I should certainly have been killed; while if he continued to ride in the very path of the express they were bound to keep on slowing up—which was the only chance. Besides, he had staked his life upon saving me, and knew that if I had to die, at least he would be killed first. Though what satisfaction the silly goat expected to get out of that, Heaven knows! It wouldn't have appealed to me. Any way, I don't believe he could have thought of all that at such a moment—I couldn't myself. I believe he simply went dotty, and didn't know what he was doing.

On they came; the Frenchman on the bicycle, with his chin almost touching the handle-bars, and the machine bounding over the sleepers like a mad hare, and a few yards behind—whistling for all she was worth and rapidly overhauling him—the Paris mail.

Nearer still! It was a race between the man and the express, and the man had ridden over a quarter of a mile, dismounted, mounted, and ridden again in less than three minutes, and must be pretty far spent. Every moment I expected to see him collapse. I shouted to Lydia to get down the bank and hide her face, but she never moved. She had flopped on her knees again, and she just dug her fingers into the ground and gazed at the Frenchman. At any other time I might have felt hurt at this, but I was too busy then, watching that awful *race, to notice anything else.*

Nearer and nearer. I could hear the squealing of the cogged wheels as the powerful brakes jammed against them; I could see the frightened faces of the driver and fireman round the corner of the cab and, beyond them, more frightened faces popped out of the carriage windows, and right in front—it seemed only a couple of yards from the engine—the panting, quivering figure riding the bicycle.

By Jove! It did one's heart good to see the way that game little bicycle came hopping along. The wheels might have been charged with electricity and the pedals seemed to be working the man's legs round automatically. Good heavens—they were too! For his hands were slipping from the bars and his body rocked in the saddle, till the front wheel began to wobble. . . . I broke into a cold perspiration—"Sit tight, man!" I yelled, "Give it a chance!" He must have heard my shout and guessed at what I meant, for, with a jerk, he straightened up; then bent with renewed vigour over the machine. At this moment all depended on the bicycle. Thank goodness, it was made in Coventry; if it had been French, it would have given way to a dead certainty.

And the man. . . . "Ah! He has lost a pedal!—Now the other!" I was shrieking like a maniac; for the man's legs were dangling helplessly on either side of the machine, his body only kept on the seat by the balance of the impetus. Good heavens! It was the teeth of Death! If the bicycle broke—the strain on it must have been stupendous at such a pace and on such uneven ground—a stone in the way, and it was Death itself!

I felt the ground vibrating with the thunder of the train, I heard the rattle of the stones round the leaping bicycle, I saw the ghastly distress on the rider's face. . . . It was a question of seconds—one, two three, four, fi—. . . . I saw the great engine looming up. It was here! It was upon us! Suddenly, there was a

hideous, jarring sound that apparently shook the world; the figure of the Frenchman seemed to spring forward with a sudden spurt, and, with a rush and a rattle, the bicycle scrambled up and the rider fell off into Lydia's arms.

The screaming, palpitating engine had pulled up just nine yards from the points.

And then of course the Frenchman fainted.

That annoyed me.

What business had he to do that, I should like to know? Clearly, if any one had a right to faint, it was I. Look at what I had gone through! Imprisoned in the permanent way, with an express, going at the rate of seventy miles an hour, bearing down upon me. But it's just like a Frenchman to faint out of his turn.

I was busy overhauling my brick of a bicycle (I'm glad I caught it before it dropped) and congratulating myself that it was all sound—although he might have been a bit more careful with it, but you can't expect much presence of mind from a Frenchman in a crisis—when a squeal from Lydia made me look up.

A thin stream of blood was oozing from the Frenchman's mouth and dripping down his neck.

Of course! Now he was bleeding. Not content with fainting, he was taking a mean advantage of me by bleeding too. It was the injustice of the thing that made me angry, for if any one ought to have bled, it should have been I—with a foot that was all but pulverized. But no; I was merely horribly crushed and bruised, and didn't bleed a bit. I left that to the Frenchman.

Lydia was sitting hugging his head, kissing him, calling him all sorts of silly names, crying, laughing, and keeping all the air from him she possibly could. I didn't think her conduct at all nice but, as women always get flurried at the sight of blood, I came to the conclusion that she probably couldn't help it

and that it would be no good speaking to her.

By this time, the express had vomited pretty nearly all its passengers, who were now on the line, swarming

round the Frenchman, all



It was a race between the man and the express.

talking and gesticulating at once; half of them in hysterics and the remainder doing idiotic things and making perfectly useless suggestions.

At length a man elbowed his way through the gibbering crowd, who said he was a doctor. He was an Englishman too; I could tell that because he didn't stop to take off his hat and exchange cards every time he trod on some one's toes. He examined the Frenchman and said that he was suffering from a collapse, that he had only broken a small blood-vessel and would be all right in a minute. Of course it was only a small one! The fellow knew better than to break anything important. It makes me sick to think of that man's cunning.

Presently the bleeding stopped, and

the Frenchman opened his eyes and said "Angel!" And I laughed, as it was the doctor who was holding him then, and not Lydia—which was rather a sell for him.

Then, as no one was taking the least notice of me, and my foot really was hurting rather badly, I said that I hated to give trouble, but that when some one had a minute to spare, I should be glad if I could be let out. So then they all came and swarmed round me, and some one (I think it was the fireman) set me free, and the doctor bandaged up my foot with some one else's shirt-tail and said "Plucky chap!" Clever fellow—that doctor. He knew what he was talking about. But then, he was an Englishman. Then the guard of the express, after taking all our names and addresses and warning us that we should be prosecuted for trespassing (which was just the bigoted, one-sided view of the occurrence a foreigner would take—as if *I* wanted to obstruct his beastly line!) hinted that the express was twenty minutes late already and that in a little while the line would be wanted for another train that was coming up behind; so every one scrambled back in a hurry and the express steamed away.

While Lydia ran down to the road to intercept a market cart that was passing, I took the opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness to the Frenchman. My words were brief and to the point—I don't believe in unnecessary fuss—I said he had performed a very useful act and that I was much obliged to him.

He made a step towards me—I was afraid he was going to kiss me, and prepared to dodge—but he merely held out his hand and said "Thank you."

I begged him not to mention it, shook hands with him and accepted a cigar, which shows how magnanimous I can be.

We all three went home in the market cart, which jolted horribly, and Lydia sat and held the Frenchman's hand all the time, which I considered remarkably bad form. However, I pretended not to

notice, as I didn't want a scene before the driver. But to pay them out, I sang "Rule Britannia" at the top of my voice all the way home, because I know that annoys a Frenchman more than anything else—especially after Fashoda.

It was just the same when we arrived at the hotel. Every one flocked out to meet us, and Lydia insisted upon telling the whole tale in her own way, and, upon my word, by the time she'd finished, I scarcely recognised the event; for by her glaring exaggerations, distortions and perversions, she absolutely made it appear as though Jules Duprès had been in the jaws of death, and not I.

Then that treacherous Frenchman went off into a faint again and posed as a hero of the first water, and every one squirmed round him and mopped him with Eau de Cologne and fanned him and poured Three Star into him, and I was nowhere. Not that I minded that. It was the low meanness of the thing that irritated me; for if any one was the real hero of that afternoon's adventure, it was I. I told Lydia so, but she was very rude to me and said she would like to know who had saved my life?

I replied, the bicycle had—undoubtedly—and then she said "Rubbish," which was more than I could stand, so I told her once and for all that she might consider all was over between us; and she had the bad taste to say she was extremely pleased, and that she was going to sit with the Frenchman, who was being put to bed.

I told her it wasn't proper and she had no right to do it, but she said she didn't care, and what business was it of mine any way?

Of course *I* ought to have been put to bed if any one was—my foot ached like everything—but I sat out on the verandah with my leg up on a chair and ate a jolly good dinner. He only had a cup of washy stuff that Lydia made out of a dried jujube, so I had the pull of him there.

The next day I had it out with the Frenchman. At least, he came to me—

he was ashamed of himself, I suppose — and said that Lydia had promised to marry him (I should think so, after sitting in his bedroom!) and that I had every right to consider myself wronged (I agreed with him there), and that he was anxious to offer me every satisfaction and the choice of weapons was mine.

As I had never handled a sword in my life, and couldn't hit a horse at a hundred yards, I merely said "Pooh!" and passed

it off with a scornful smile. I implied that the suggestion was beneath my contempt and that the only satisfaction he could afford me would be in punching his nose, but as he didn't see his way to permitting this, the matter dropped.

After that, I cabled to the Mater that I'd had a bad accident but she wasn't to worry—which I flatter myself was rather thoughtful of me—

And then I went home.





A MONG the mountains,
Below the fountains
Are foaming far,
Now swiftly swinging,
The axe is ringing
Where woodmen are
Tall timbers felling.
Their blows are knelling
Some stately spar.
The maiden, tripping
Where lambs are skipping,
By meadows bright,
Sees rosy brightness
And silver whiteness
Around the height,
And amber-golden
O'er forests olden
Fair floods of light.
She knows her lover,
An anxious rover,
Where fairy dawn
Gleams, O so fragrant!

Her feet are vagrant
Where tender corn
Breeze whispered lightly,
Bends. Sweet and sprightly,
She starts. Forlorn
Her lover lingers,
With twitching fingers,
And nervous flush,
Until she meets him
And softly greets him
With girly blush.
One moment bolder
He dares to hold her,
With sacred hush,
And kisses tender,
Soft, sweet, to send her,
Throughout the day,
Sweet, songful, smiling,
Contented, toiling,
Grave, mirthful, gay;
While Love's pure story,
Her ageless glory,
Are round his way.



CHARLES OSCAR PALMER.
Drawn from a Photograph by A. D. Marks.

IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

By JAMES OUTRAM

THE annual problem of where to spend a summer holiday is now-a-days most difficult to solve: not from a dearth of wonderlands or healthful resorts and lovely scenes, so much as from an "embarras de choix."

With modern facilities of locomotion, cheap tours and other mediums, the beauties and marvels of Dame Nature are almost all within the reach of thousands, and fresh discoveries are adding to their number year by year.

These latter possess for many an additional fascination from the fact of novelty, being unhackneyed like so many of the world's famed "sights," while equal in their charm of scenery to countless widely advertised and long visited tourist centres.

Such a place is to be found within touch of civilisation, in the heart of the Canadian portion of the Rocky Mountains, that

magnificent Cordilleran belt which spans the North American Continent from Arctic sea to central isthmus.

Two summers since, in passing over the Canadian Pacific Railway, that prince of all transcontinental lines for scenic grandeur, the writer spent a week at Field, a little railway centre in British Columbia, and was so enchanted with its situation and surroundings that he determined to return in 1901, and spent three months ere he could tear himself away.

The journey thither is of continuous interest from either shore: from the Pacific, by the glorious Fraser canyon, and across the snowy Selkirk range: or from the busy East, over the deep-blue waters or skirting the rocky, indented shores of the Great Lakes; across a thousand miles of silent prairie, with its fields of waving grain; through the



FIELD AND MOUNT STEPHEN.

giant gateway of the mountains, where the precipices seem to rise straight from the undulating plain and suddenly en-

But the delightful situation of this charming centre and its many comforts, only give a preliminary foretaste of the



THE YOHO VALLEY FROM THE RAILWAY ABOVE FIELD.

gulf the approaching traveller; past sunny Banff, magnificent Mount Temple and its glacier-bearing neighbours of the watershed; at length "The Great Divide" is crossed, and ten miles further down, on the Pacific slope, lies Field, 4,000 feet above the sea, cradled in the arms of mighty mountains, whose snow-clad peaks and shattered crags appeal directly to the heart of every Nature-lover.

Close nestled beneath the castellated ramparts of Mount Stephen, the glory of the valley, beside the murmuring waters of the Wapta River, stands the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel; and the greeting from Miss Mollison, ablest of managers and pleasantest of hostesses, makes the guest feel immediately at home.

joys of its environment, with its boundless possibilities.

The mountaineer is amply catered for: magnificent view-points, with a fair spice of difficulty in the ascent, lie close round the hotel: and loftier peaks, which almost vie with those of Switzerland, can be reached in a day or two by camping out. Facilities for this are provided on the spot, and guides from Switzerland are stationed by the railroad company for the benefit of climbers. For more extended expeditions, also, three valleys offer pre-eminent attractions. Cataract Valley, leading from Hector to the exquisite O'Hara Lake, circled by noble crests; Ice River Valley, deeply cleft in the centre of the Ottertail group of mountains, whose charms were practi-

cally all unknown till last July, when Messrs. Fay and Scattergood and I made the first mountaineering expedition to explore the valley and attempt its three great peaks ; and Yoho Valley, of which more anon.

For the less energetic, geologic interest and natural beauties are encountered close at hand. On the slopes of Mount Stephen there lie extensive beds of fossils, where trilobites in myriads, of an infinite variety of size, may be picked up by any one ; and, higher still in the huge amphitheatre above, fine specimens of crystals can be found.

Two and a half miles or so from Field is a fine natural bridge, formed by the wearing of a narrow archway through a massive wall of rock, which stretches right across the river bed, and the whole volume of the Wapta foams through the contracted orifice in this mighty barrier with tremendous force and a fine display of lashing spray and turbulent disorder.

Barely two furlongs further the harassed river enters a narrow canyon, down which, with tortuous course and several thundering cascades, it tears its way between constraining cliffs, presenting a succession of effective

"bits" to wanderers above on either rocky bank.

But the grandest feature of the neighbourhood of Field is, most undoubtedly, the Yoho Valley, which, both by its own resources of lake and waterfall and glacier, and the delight of its approaches, whether by Emerald Lake or Burgess Pass, is destined probably to be the most famous of the many grand attractions of the Canadian Pacific Railway's wealth of scenery.



TAKAKKAW FALL FROM BELOW.

True, there is not the rugged, precipiced *entourage* of Moraine Lake ; nor the exquisite setting of Louise, whose

superb, snow-crowned sentinels, Victoria, Lefroy and Aberdeen, keep their eternal vigil over its fair waters: but there is infinitely more variety. One is led on from one sublimity of Nature's handiwork to another. Lakes, large and small; gorges black and awesome; lesser ravines, with twisting channels and sparkling rush of water, eddying between the well-worn rocks; grand woods and noble cliffs, with flower-decked alps and lovely vistas through the trees; glaciers, wondrous in form and colour, descending into the valley-bed; and above, the lofty mountain-sides, all hung with gleaming glaciers and culminating in pure snow-clad peaks or jagged, gabled masses, which pierce the very vault of heaven.

But it is the waterfalls that add the crowning charm to this concatenation of delights. The countless tumbling cascades that seam the steep walls on either side; the grandeur of the great, glacier-fed Takakkaw Fall,¹ and the less lofty, but perhaps yet more effective Twin Falls, scarcely to be surpassed in any land for picturesqueness and for charm.

In this idyllic corner of the mountain world, the writer spent two or three weeks as Mr. Edward Whymper's guest, and had the opportunity of climbing all the hitherto untrodden peaks in its vicinity and of exploring thoroughly its recesses, vast snowfields and outlying passes.

There are two main approaches to the Yoho Valley now. The principal by waggon road through a grand forest (where one long vista leads the vision down the enshadowed avenue of tall, tapering trees to the white sunlit crest of glacier-crowned Mount Vaux), to the shores of Emerald Lake.

Here a hotel in the Swiss chalet style is being built, and comfortable accommodation will be provided for a lengthened stay. Situate on the edge of a small wooded promontory, lapped by the peaceful waters, with pleasant paths meandering through the forest growth

¹ *Takakkaw*, a Cree Indian word, meaning "It is wonderful."

along the shore, and cosy corners everywhere for rest and scenery to be enjoyed, it stands beset by alpine slopes and rocky pinnacles, Mount Wapta's castled ramparts and the splendid precipices of Mount Burgess; and in front, the sheer face of the Emerald mountain with its snowy curtain and encircling glaciers, far above; the whole rich setting re-appearing in sharp-detailed duplicate upon the mirror surface of the tree-girt lake.

But we must leave the chalet and, on foot or horseback, resume our expedition. Quitting the lake, a stretch of gravel flat is crossed, and a steep trail winds past some pretty falls and ere long buries itself in the thick woods, through which we steadily ascend until the summit of the Yoho Pass is gained, at an elevation of just 6,000 feet, between Mount Wapta and the Parsons' Peak, the culmination of the eastern spur of the Emerald Group of Mountains.

Here a trail converges from the right, a beautiful alternative by which to come direct from Field or to return.

It is a way replete with lovely pictures; the pine trees and the lowlier growth upon the slopes and ridges of Burgess Pass form a succession of admirable frames and foregrounds for many a striking view, so that the 3,000 feet of ascent, by a good pony trail, seems scarcely half the altitude, so constantly enjoyable has been the scenery—down the valley where Mount Vaux's elegantly moulded glacial apex shines against the blue; up the narrow wooded canyon to the Great Divide; or straight across to Stephen's splendid mass (seen here perhaps to better advantage than from any other point) and the Cathedral's ruined spires and towers.

As the narrow ridge of Burgess Pass is crossed, the Emerald Group bursts on the sight, with the bright lakelet in its leafy setting 3,000 feet below, more exquisitely emerald in colour from this vantage point than from a lower altitude, and the tremendous wall of Burgess towering above our heads.

The trail now skirts the bases of Mounts Field and Wapta, trending downwards at an easy angle. The latter peak is well worth climbing and not difficult, provided that one expert and a rope are of the party. It affords a glorious panorama in all directions, and is, in many ways, the finest point from which to get a comprehensive survey of the Yoho Valley.

The path swings round to join the lower one on Yoho Pass, and brings us, in a few paces, to a restful little lake, enshrined in forest, with a fairy peep of whitened summits far beyond, and the sharp Parsons' Peak its dominating feature in a backward look.

Again we have a choice of routes at our disposal. The upper one, soon passing timber-line and clinging to the rugged flank of the east ridge of Emeralds, just below its fringe of glacier, presents a series of fine prospects. Before the path emerges from the trees, a booming as of distant thunder reverberates with ever growing volume and intensity, and in half an hour we issue in full sight of the grand Takakkaw Fall, on the far side of the valley, more than a mile across in an air line.

The great névé between Mount Balfour and Mount Niles gleams white above; a crevassed glacier tongue streams down a narrowing gully, worn in long ages in the face of a tremendous wall of rock, nearly 2,500 feet in height; the torrent, issuing from an icy cavern, *rushes tempestuously* down a deep,



THE FOREST VISTA : MOUNT VAUX, THROUGH SNOW PEAK AVENUE.

winding chasm till it gains the verge of the unbroken cliff, leaps forth in sudden wildness for 150 feet, and then in a

stupendous column of pure white sparkling water, broken by giant jets descending rocket-like and wreathed in volumed spray, dashes upon the rocks 800 feet below, and breaking into a milky series of cascading rushes for 500 feet more, swirls into the swift current of the Yoho river.

Down the far-stretching steeps, clothed with their wealth of pines or rugged in their barrenness, dash other silvery cascades: the river gleams below: majestic lines of cliff and jagged pinna-

long leap over a splendid belt of cliffs to join the foaming river.

A somewhat long but interesting digression may be made to the head of this valley, which soon grows wilder, hemmed in by the ragged spurs, the massive peaks and lofty glaciers of the Emerald group on one side, and the broken ridges from Survey Station 18 and Insulated Peak upon the other.

Near the top of the pass, the gable of Kiwetinok Peak forming an effective background, lies a lonely alpine tarn,

almost entirely frozen over, when visited in August last, with deep snow-banks and barren boulders bordering its chilly surface. Across the pass, a way, laborious and long, can be made into the Beaver-tail Valley and on to Field.

If the lower path from Yoho Lake is taken, we round its further end and traverse thick pinewoods, with



CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN AND MOUNT STEPHEN FROM BURGESS PASS.

cles cleave the clear sky, and glaciers and snowfields lie along their base.

When we at length move onward, the sharp-cut point of Angle Peak rises above us to the left, and we swing round the shoulder of the Emerald massif into the Upper Yoho Valley, a tributary descending at right angles to the main. It is an ideal upland vale. The lower portion is draped heavily with trees of varied foliage, screening an exquisite little lake, and the torrent's course, rugged always and broken by repeated cataracts and miniature canyons, grows deeper and narrower and more abrupt, as it plunges downward to a final head-

the roar of the great Fall ever sounding louder in our ears. Then comes a rapid descent, with a view of the Takakkaw on the way, and sharp zigzags to the floor of the valley, where rich grassy meadows lie extended at our feet.

Soon we are standing by the river brink, face to face with the huge cataract, whose glistening mass of foaming water seems to pour straight from the blue firmament that crowns the frowning walls, and crashes with a ceaseless thunder on the boulders at their base.

Traversing shingle flats, green sunny meadows, and shady forest groves, we pass the shallow Lake Duchesnay, its

waters wonderfully warm and its shore thickly strewn with tiny shells, with Yoho Peak, so often visible as we ascend the valley, rearing its pure snow dome above the pines, and the white, gleaming glacier forming the central feature of the background.

Hard by, the river passes through a narrow, crooked flume, worn deeply in the solid rock, a turbulent and seething flood; and, a short distance higher up, two considerable tributaries enter from the west. First the Upper Yoho stream, leaping from out the dark-green woods that cling to the steep cliff sides, makes its lofty plunge close to the trail, forming the Laughing Fall. Two hundred paces further, the torrent draining Habel glacier comes impetuously down, and our way now lies along

its course. A forest trail with some ascent is followed, and soon athwart the pine trees to our left a glimpse is gained of what, by many, is considered to be the chiefest glory of the region—the Twin Falls—not equalling in grandeur the Takakkaw's single leap, yet still more picturesque.

A path diverges to its foot, ascending

steeply through the trees; and near the junction, with a fine view of the Falls, a rustic shelter is erected where the visitor may make a pleasant stay. Delightful peeps of the tumultuous stream are frequently obtained, and a superb gorge



TWIN FALLS IN THE YOHO VALLEY.

is passed, with vertical precipices fully 200 feet in height, whose crests are almost touching as they overhang the boiling torrent.

Soon we arrive at the foot of the Twin Falls themselves, and from a wide, sloping terrace, covered with undergrowth and shrubs, gaze up at the noble cliff, which rises abruptly some four or

five hundred feet and stretches right across the valley. From two deep grooves worn in the centre of its upper

istic Yoho valley lake comes suddenly to view amidst the trees, and from its lower end, above the heavy fringe of firs, we



EMERALD LAKE.

rim, the parted river pours its glittering twin streams in ceaseless cataracts, which rush united downwards in a succession of turbulent cascades and sweep below us wildly in their headlong haste.

A *détour* to the right enables one to clamber to the summit of the cliff, and thence a pleasant stroll through an open flower-strewn glen will take us to the end of Habel glacier, with its three tongues; or, by keeping to the north, an interesting rock scramble leads to Yoho Peak.

The return from the Twin Falls should be by the footpath beside the little river. Frequent cascades and foaming rushes, miniature canyons and meandering curves, form many a lovely picture, set off by the varied greenery of bush and plant, and framed by massive trunks and over-arching boughs.

Crossing the stream, another character-

catch a distant glimpse of the Twin Falls, and see them again reflected in the clearness of the water, whilst the murmur of their far-off thunder fills the ear.

Then we complete our journey to the upper end of the main valley. Half an hour from the Shelter brings us on a sudden face to face with the vast tongue of glacier that pushes its resistless way from the great life-bereft snow regions far above, between huge barren cliffs, into the verdant heart of the warm lower realms of life and vegetation.

It is one of the twoscore or more great outflows from the enormous Wapta and Waputchek ice-fields, an expanse some thirty miles in length, which curves in the form of the letter J around the head of Yoho Valley, its long tongues descending on either side of the water-shed between each pair of peaks that form retaining walls for its vast arctic mass.

The Yoho Valley, thrusting itself as it were into the very centre of this great snow-field, is obviously an unequalled base for studying the glacial world. No glaciers near the railroad rival these for area, variety, or interest. Easy of access, all the characteristic features of these marvels of the alpine world are readily displayed within a few hours' journey of its sheltered woods and meadows.

Even a single hour on the ice will yield such scenes of interest that it would

longitudinal, are caused by the passing of the frozen river, from 50 feet to 100 feet in depth, over the rapid fall of bedrock, or by the compression of its mass between the narrowing cliffs. Séracs—the pinnacles and towers of ice formed by the combination of the two distributing causes—rise in bewildering chaos in the more broken parts. Great banks of brown moraine, the *débris* fallen from the mountain slopes and carried downwards by the advanc-



THE FLUME, YOHO VALLEY.

repay ten times the labour. There is the ice cave at the point, the source of the Yoho stream. Vast crevasses, lateral and

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ing stream of ice, line its sides and sometimes mark its centre. Here and there, perhaps, a glacier-table may be

seen, where a large block has by reflected heat melted the ice and snow in a deep hollow around it, but by its shadow shielded a pedestal on which it is upborn in isolation.

From Yoho Peak (an easy climb) a glacier panorama, seldom to be surpassed, save possibly in some far more inaccessible locality, is outspread. Situated between the Habel and the Yoho tongues, a wide expanse of snow-field, edged with noble peaks, almost surrounds our view-point; the one exception is the south, where a fine vista of the green Yoho Valley breaks the uniformity of white, and leads the eye down its deep, wooded cleft to the long indented range of splendid mountains beyond the railroad—Mounts Temple and Victoria, Lefroy and Hungabee, Cathedral and Stephen.

For those who have both time and inclination more extended glacier excursions can be profitably made. The ascent of Mount Habel and Mount Collie, respectively 10,600 feet and 10,500 feet above the sea, are comparatively simple if a good guide is employed, and a stupendous panorama, particularly grand towards the giant ranges on the north-west, is obtained from either.

Others, who do not wish to climb but may desire to see the beauties and interests of glacial scenery and experience, are recommended to essay one or more of the three passes opening up new worlds upon their further sides. But an experienced guide is absolutely necessary for the safety of these trips. As yet no shelters are erected on the other side, and a night out is necessary if a return by the same or by another pass is planned. But a night out in the Rockies, wrapped in a blanket on a springy couch of branches underneath the spreading fir-trees (especially beside one of the beautiful lakes that nestle at the terminal of each of these three glacial passes), is a delightful experience and well worth the experiment.

The Balfour Pass to Hector Lake is an exception, however, and a long day's

rapid marching will take the traveller to Laggan the same night, and make an agreeable variation in the return route to civilised society.

The treasures of this alpine valley and its varied environment, its wealth of forest, flowers, streams, lakes, glaciers, waterfalls, and mountain peaks, are far from being exhausted in this brief survey. Weeks might be pleasantly passed exploring its recesses and wandering amongst its still untrodden haunts.

One only lack there is, in common with the Rocky Mountain region generally—the lack of life. Deep tracks of cariboo and other big game witness to their quondam multitude, but they are driven now to more secluded fastnesses. The mountain goat is sometimes seen, and a herd of seventeen were watched with interest by our party one morning on the southern slope of the bare ridge which bounds the Upper Yoho Valley. Marmots, it is true, are seemingly abundant, and their whistle echoes often among the higher rocks. The squirrel, too, peeps out at times amongst the pines or races across the pathway. Bird life is scarce: a whisky-jack or two, a few grouse, and occasional small birds are seen at intervals, but silence usually reigns supreme. The porcupine is fairly common and frequently amusing to encounter: several visited the precincts of our camp, and one I met in circumstances of special interest.

When traversing the snowy ice-field which overhangs the end of Habel glacier, at an altitude of some 9,000 feet, a round, dark object was perceived close to the edge of a crevasse. On going nearer to investigate, we recognised that it was a porcupine, a record mountaineer amongst its species, 1,500 feet above the timber-line. Getting as near to it as possible, for the great crevasse yawned deep between us, I took a portrait of this alpine enthusiast.

We were not certain whether he was dead, asleep, or wrapped in meditation, so we snowballed him. At this indignity he uncurled hurriedly and waddled off,

A second photo was recorded as he disappeared beneath an overhanging ledge of snow, but soon he slipped and fell some 20 feet into the chasm, where we saw him wandering about unhurt, but probably, alas! unable ever to climb out. And there we were compelled to leave him to his doom, the victim of the only fatal accident recorded for the year in the Canadian mountains.

It may appear unwise to close the story of the Yoho with a tragedy. But unless, like this victim, travellers will climb alone

or insufficiently equipped on glaciers and other unsafe places, there are no dangers on these mountains; and their grand summits and extensive panoramas, the glaciers with their wondrous beauties of form and colouring, the sombre forests and the flowery alps, the splendid cataracts and lovely lakes, unite in calling to the lovers of the sublime and beautiful to come and pay them a visit, which cannot fail to lead to admiration and affection, and send them home refreshed, invigorated, and inspired.



EMERALD MOUNTAIN.

[The writer desires specially to acknowledge his indebtedness to his friends the Messrs. and Miss Vaux, of Philadelphia, for their kind permission to reproduce several of their beautiful photographs.]

FROM ANTHEA

By DOROTHEA DEAKIN

"IT'S no use," said Anthea desperately, "I can't tell her—I won't tell her—I wouldn't tell her for anything."

"But why?" I asked again. "What possible reason can she have for objecting to *me*?"

Anthea was standing in her garden with her elbow on the red-brick wall. I had climbed the wall from the lane, sunk four feet below the level of the garden, and was sitting on the stone coping very near to Anthea's elbows. The month was June, and the thrushes and linnets in the red hawthorn behind her echoed my simple question jubilantly—

"But why?—why?—why?"

"I have told you why, dozens of times. It is not you in particular she would object to. It is because you are a man, and she hates men."

"Does she hate *all* men? Surely *I* might—"

"You think you would be an exception? You think *you* would be quite irresistible, Paddy? No, you wouldn't. She would hate you more than the others, because—because—"

"Because of what?"

"Because you are better looking, and—and nicer."

I smiled. This was undoubtedly true, but it didn't seem to me to be an objection.

"I am glad you think I am better looking—and nicer," I said; "it is very gratifying. But I wish you would tell me now about your aunt. I don't quite understand her point of view."

Anthea laughed.

"You naturally wouldn't. You can't

imagine any one disliking such a nice person as you, can you, Paddy? And neither can I. I don't really know why it is. I don't know much about Auntie, you see. She never talks to me about anything. I've only picked up things from the servants. I believe something sad happened to her a long time ago to make her so sour and miserable. Something disappointing, I mean. There was somebody once—a man—who was false to her, and she is always thinking about it. That is why she hates men. She says they are all alike."

I was silent for a moment.

"I am sorry for the poor lady," I said at last slowly. "But it is very hard on us—deuced hard."

"Yes," Anthea sighed; "it is hard on us."

"Something must be done," I said decidedly.

Anthea didn't speak.

"We can't go on meeting in this sneaking, underhand kind of way indefinitely," I went on.

"No," Anthea replied demurely. "Perhaps we had better give up meeting altogether."

"You wouldn't like to do that, any more than I should," I said serenely. "You know you wouldn't."

Anthea laughed, and I thought—for the hundredth time that summer—how very, very pretty she was. Prettier to me—as she stood there in her quaint cotton pinafore with three purple pansies stuck ridiculously into the loose hair over her dear little ears—than anything else in the world.

"Did you choose your frock to match your eyes?" I asked irrelevantly, touching a straight blue fold with my finger, "or your eyes to match your frock?"

"A horrid faded old pinafore," cried Anthea disgustedly. "I do think you're rude, Paddy. I shall go in."

I put my arm round her and kissed her.

"Don't do that, darling," I said, smiling into her sulky face. "We had better arrange something definite before you go in, hadn't we? This kind of thing can't go on much longer."

"What kind of thing?" Anthea asked innocently. As if she didn't know!

"You are a little humbug, Anthea. I mean that we can't go on meeting here, in the evening, and deceiving Miss Kenworthy. It is all nonsense, and not at all honourable."

"I don't agree with you," said Anthea with a sigh. "I think it is rather nice; but, as you say, perhaps we had better part. Do look at those yellow pansies, Paddy, turning up their dear little faces to the sun to say good-night."

"Never mind the pansies," I said severely. "You know I said nothing of the kind. We are going to be properly engaged."

Anthea freed herself from my restraining arm and faced me.

"But we can't!" she said. "We can't be engaged. How can we?"

"I shall go and speak to your aunt myself."

"Oh, Paddy, you mustn't. You don't know——"

"Why not?" I demanded. "She can only say no, after all."

Anthea laughed.

"Oh, can't she. You don't know her. She will shut me up in the house, and read all my letters, and forbid me to go out alone anywhere. You don't know Aunt."

"Then what *are* we going to do?"

Anthea sighed. "I can't think," she murmured. "You had better give me up, Paddy."



"Does she hate all men?"

"Don't be a little goose," I said, smiling at her dismal face. "You know I shall never do that. And I shall not wait much longer, either. Why should we wait? I have plenty of money."

"How nice!" said Anthea.

"I can see that there is only one thing to be done, if we can't get your aunt's consent."

"Well?"

"We must marry without it."

Anthea gazed at me with wide blue eyes.

"Marry?" she echoed, "without it?"

"Yes!"

"You don't mean——?"

"Yes, I do. That's exactly what I do mean."

"Not—not run away?"

I laughed again.

"We shan't have far to run. Etherege will marry us, I am sure. He finds it worth his while to oblige the lord of the manor, and we've always been the best of friends. He says your aunt is a heathen, Anthea. He will be glad enough, no doubt, to save such a nice little brand from the burning as you."

"But—Paddy!"

"Well?"

"I—I daren't."

"Oh, yes, you dare." I had a strong will, and generally found it easy enough to have my own way with people. Anthea, with her childish heart and pliant nature, was hardly likely to prove an exception to the rule, I fancied.

"And then we will go to Italy," I went on slowly, "and look at pictures together."

Anthea's face was a study. She was fond of pictures, and played a good deal with paint and crayons to lighten the dulness of her days. That, I suppose, is why she wore a blue cotton pinafore when she came out in the evening to talk to me in the pansy-garden.

"Oh!" she cried, with sparkling eyes. "Paddy! Italy?" Then with an obvious effort—

"It would be very wrong," she sighed. "Very wrong indeed."

I saw then that there was nothing for it but to shake off the pleasant laziness which enwrapped me, and set to work to prove to her how mistaken she was. I can argue most convincingly if I like, and I showed her plainly and logically within ten minutes that it was the only right thing to do; that her aunt was the only person who was wrong; that she owed her first duty to herself—and me, and that the wickedest thing she could

possibly do would be to ruin a young and promising life like mine; to give me up, and consequently drive me to destruction.

I ended by convincing her. Of course I had known I should, and I wended my way home with a light heart, quite sure of her compliance with my wishes. But the next day when I climbed by the high red wall into the pansy-garden as usual, I found it empty. Anthea was not there. I looked quickly round the little square, hedged in by espalier trees of plum and pear, which was mysweetheart's own special domain; where she tended so successfully half a dozen quaintly-shaped beds, bright with pretty violas in every charming shade of purple and lavender and yellow; but the lady of the garden was absent. I looked at the little gate in the corner and hesitated. Dare I go through? To risk a probable meeting with the antagonistic aunt—an almost certain discovery by one of the servants. Personally, of course, I didn't mind in the least. It would be rather amusing than otherwise for the lord of the manor to be turned forcibly out of the grounds of one of his own tenants. I might, with a bit of luck, be even taken for a strawberry-thief. But—was it fair to Anthea? I decided after some hesitation that it certainly was not, and turned sadly back to the wall again to wait a few minutes longer. No one ever came into Anthea's little corner in the evening after the gardener had gone home, and so far no one had seen me there. But I had never before, in the whole of my life, done anything underhand and dishonourable, and I felt glad to think—pleasant though they had been—that our meetings here were nearly at an end.

"She shall have the prettiest pansy-garden in the world to play with when she comes to live with me," I said to myself, "and she shall wear a blue gown every morning when she works in it. She is adorable in blue."

There was a convenient hollow under the coping of the old wall, which Anthea

called her post-office, and here sometimes, when she had been late, or unable to come, I had found a little note from my sweetheart. I looked in it carefully before I climbed down, and even moved one of the loose bricks to one side in the vain hope that there might be a message for me there; but there was nothing, and I went home sadly, in some perplexity.

Had I frightened her, I wondered, with my bold suggestion? Surely not—and yet—she was very young. However, frightened or not, I found her waiting for me next evening at the usual time, and to my consternation she greeted me with a catch in her voice and eyes full of tears.

"Why, darling!" I said in amazement, "what on earth is the matter? I have never seen you cry before. You are spoiling your pretty eyes."

"I am the most unhappy person in the world," she said with a sob.

"But why? What has happened? Why didn't you come yesterday?"

I put my arm round her and drew her close to my side; she seemed to find the collar of my coat a comfortable place to cry on, and her sobs redoubled.

"What have they been doing to you?" I said. "Who kept my little sweetheart away from me yesterday?"

"I—I—I had—a—toothache," she whispered at last, and my heart grew suddenly lighter. Was *that* all?

"Poor little girl!" I said tenderly. "Is it aching now, darling? Don't cry—it makes *me* miserable too, when you cry."

Anthea raised her head suddenly.

"You don't think I am crying for *that*?" she cried. "For a toothache? It is something much, much worse than that. It—it is Aunt."

"Tell me all about it," I said wisely.

Anthea pushed a dishevelled strand of brown hair out of her right eye, with a small earthy hand.

"The day before yesterday," she began pathetically, "directly after you had gone, I went in and the toothache

began, and it was most awful—the jumping, hammering kind, you know, and I couldn't bear it."

"I know," I murmured sympathetically. "I have had it myself."

"And Auntie found out about it and came to me, and—and did things to make it better."

"Yes?"

"She took such a lot of trouble, Paddy; she roasted onions, and figs and things herself, and she sat up half the night putting hot vinegar cloths on my cheek—and——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, Paddy, don't be angry——"

"Angry? Why should I?"

"She was so kind and nice, I couldn't help it——"

"Help what?"

Anthea hid her face against my shoulder again.

"I told her about—about us," she said in a whisper.

I was very much surprised, but after all it was what I had been counselling from the first.

"She was very, very angry," Anthea went on in a subdued voice, "and she forbade me to see you again."

"Oh—she did, did she?"

"She said I had grieved and disappointed her beyond everything—that she would rather I died than lived to have my heart broken by a man."

"Good heavens! What did you say to that?"

For a minute or two Anthea was silent, and I repeated my question.

"I told her I would give you up," she said at last very slowly.

"Anthea!"

She turned her head away and picked nervously at the stonecrop on the coping of the wall.

"That's why I stayed in yesterday," she said in a low voice.

"Anthea!"

"But last night I thought it all over," she went on, "and I find that I can't give you up."

"Anthea!"

"And that's why I'm here to-day," she finished demurely.

"Then the situation stands as it did before?" I said at last.

"No, it doesn't."

"I don't quite understand."

"Because," Anthea said slowly, "I wasn't sure before, and to-day I am. I know now that Auntie is wrong to keep me away from you, and I know that I simply can't bear being alive—without you, Paddy!"

I laughed.

"When will you come?" I said. "I will go and see Etherege to-night. Will you come on Wednesday?"

"Yes," in a very small voice, "I will come on Wednesday."

The next day was Friday; I went about with a light heart, making all the necessary arrangements, and met with so few difficulties that by the time I went to the garden again to meet my promised wife I could have sung for pure joy.

But once more I was disappointed. Again Anthea was not there. Perhaps it was toothache again, I told myself gloomily, or perhaps the grim Aunt had turned gaoler, and locked up my poor little sweetheart in one of the stuffy attics of the old house to keep dismal company with the mice and spiders her soul abhorred. I waited half an hour and still she did not come—then looked in our post-office, to find it still empty.

I scrambled down the wall angry and disappointed, and when one of the crumbling old bricks came crashing into the lane behind me with a shower of rubbish, I turned and swore at it—and—something in the lane at my feet caught my eye.

What a funny little box! How did that come to be on the wall?—or had it been lying in the lane all the time?

I picked it up.

A little wooden box with a washed-out picture of something on the lid which had evidently been a cathedral once; it was without a fastening, and

inside it a little pink note written in very pale ink—a note in Anthea's handwriting—the old-fashioned sloping Italian hand her aunt had taught her, and which I knew so well.

"It must have fallen out of the post-office," I said, smiling as I opened it. "How funny of Anthea to shut it up in a box! And what very bad ink!" I laughed outright when I began the note. Was the child mad?

BELOVED,—I cannot do this thing. No happiness can ever crown such deceit as this. If you love me as you say you do, you must go to *her* to implore her consent and ask her blessing on our union. I cannot see you again, heart of my heart, until you have done this.

Until death, my beloved,

Your ANTHEA.

I have said that I laughed when I began the note, but I did not laugh when I had finished it, and I read it again impatiently. What did Anthea mean, I asked myself angrily, by changing her mind like this? And why had she written such a strange, formal little note, so unlike her usual way of expressing herself? I tried to imagine Anthea calling me her beloved, but it was impossible. She generally began her love-letters "My own Paddy-boy." "Beloved" sounded quaint and unreal to my ears, and why had she given up everything so unkindly and inconsiderately?

"Perhaps she had toothache again," I muttered gloomily; "with more onions and vinegar to play upon her feelings. What nonsense it all is!"

However it was no good standing grumbling there, waiting for a person who had expressed her wishes so very plainly, and I pocketed the wooden box and the pink note, and walked home in the worst of tempers. If Anthea had asked me to go and interview her aunt a week ago, I should have been both pleased and relieved, but now!—now that everything was settled—the parson and the license and everything, it did seem a little hard.

"I suppose the only thing for me to

do is to try to square Miss Kenworthy. And if she refuses—but she can't refuse me—she surely won't be such a fool to deny her niece the Cedar House and seven thousand a year—and me?"

It was half-past four on Saturday afternoon when I gathered all my courage together, and knocked boldly at Miss Kenworthy's front door, but when I was shown into the faded, heavily-scented drawing-room, without exaggeration I was trembling like a leaf; and when the door opened quietly and a little faded woman came in I was almost incapable of speech, and gazed at her blankly for some seconds. She was small and fair, like Anthea—but the sunshiny gloss of my sweetheart's hair had died away from Miss Kenworthy's smooth, colourless bands, and the china blue of her eyes seemed to have faded out a long time—washed out perhaps years ago by many tears.

She looked at my card, wondering, I suppose, why I was silent so long.

"You are Patrick Desmond," she said at last, "of the Cedar House? May I ask why—"

"I have come about Anthea," I said, taking the bull by the horns madly, and I wonder that I was not frozen when I met Miss Kenworthy's eye after that speech. "She told me that she had spoken to you. I have come about Anthea."

"About—Anthea?" she said.

"Yes! I have come to ask you to consent to our engagement."

Still that strange, cold, unfriendly look. I went on—

"Miss Kenworthy," I said gravely, "you have the happiness of two people in your hands—and why should you throw it away? Is there so much happiness in the world that when a little that is true and real comes in your way, you should destroy it?"

Still Miss Kenworthy's face was immovable. She sat bolt upright in her big chair—her hands crossed on her lap; but when I had finished speaking

she sighed, and I saw at once that the hardness of her look meant neither anger nor disgust—only unhappiness.

"There is no real happiness in the world," she said slowly. "Anthea is young, and she doesn't know. She was quite happy here with her garden and her paints and things, until you came. Why should you want to take her away from me, and break her heart?"

For a minute I didn't answer.

"Why should I break her heart?" I



Something at my feet caught my eye.

said at last. "God knows I only want to make her happy."

Miss Kenworthy shook her head.

"You are a man," she said. "And

men were made to break women's hearts."

"You are wrong," I said hotly. This was too ridiculous. "It is you who are trying to make Anthea unhappy, by separating her from me."

"If you go away," she said earnestly, "my niece will forget you. Indeed you had better go away before you have done more mischief."

"But this is absurd," I cried. "It is utterly ridiculous." Miss Kenworthy rose and interrupted me.

"That is enough," she said gravely; "you have said enough. You have taught my niece to deceive me, and encouraged her to meet you privately. I have lost my confidence in her—I shall never be able to trust her again. You have taught her to dislike me. Don't you think you have done enough? You had better go away. I tell you now, once for all, that Anthea shall never marry you. I will take care that she has no opportunity to deceive me again."

My blood boiled at this. My poor, poor little sweetheart!

"I will go," I said, "and at once. But before I leave you I will reassure you on one point. You are wrong in your opinion of your niece. She is quite loyal to you—rather too loyal, I think."

I took the little wooden box from my pocket, and Miss Kenworthy glanced at it curiously. I went on—

"I persuaded Anthea to promise to marry me without your consent, much against her will; but this letter came from her last night. Does *this* look as if she was dishonourable?"

Miss Kenworthy had stepped to my side when I opened the box, with a sudden, gasping cry, and she took the note from my hands with shaking fingers.

"My God!" she said. "This?"

I stared at her.

"Yes," I said, wondering why her face had suddenly grown so white and stricken; "I got that last night—from Anthea."

"From Anthea?—last night? This?—from Anthea?" Then suddenly changing her tone—

"Tell me at once where Anthea found this?"

I stared at her in amazement.

"Anthea? She wrote it, I suppose." What did it all mean? Why was this curious little woman trembling and gasping at the sight of a piece of pink paper?

"Please tell me where this letter came from!"

I told her hastily—unwisely, perhaps—about the post-office on the wall, the falling of the brick I had disturbed the day before, and how I found the little wooden box at my feet in the lane.

"But Anthea?" I said stupidly. "Anthea surely wrote that letter?"

The faintest shadow of a smile crossed the poor little distressed face.

"Yes!" she said slowly, "Anthea did write that letter—but she wrote it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago? Anthea? I don't quite understand."

"My name is Anthea too," she said quietly, and then I understood, and was silent.

"Thirty years ago," she went on, with a catch in her voice, "I used to meet my lover in Anthea's garden. It was my garden then, and I grew roses in it. Roses, not pansies." Here she paused, then went on sadly and slowly—

"I lived with my grandmother—she was strict and old-fashioned—I thought she was hard and unkind, and he was poor. He wanted to tell her, but I was afraid, and I promised to go away with him, as Anthea promised you. And then I was ill, and couldn't tell him, or send word, and my grandmother nursed me. She was so good to me then, and I was so glad that—that I told her everything."

"Like Anthea, with the toothache and the figs," I murmured, but she was lost in a flood of memory and did not notice my interruption.

"She told me that I should marry my

lover, if he had the courage to ask her himself, and directly I was able to go out I wrote this letter and put it in the hollow in the wall. The next day I

I took the wooden box from her side and touched the pink paper reverently.

"It must have fallen into a crevice in



"Does this look as if she was dishonorable?"

went to the place—the note was gone, and I waited. Days and days first—they were bearable, because they were lightened by hope—then weeks and months, till the hope died. He never came."

the bricks," I said. "And lain there unopened all these years."

She rested her chin on her hand and gazed out of the window with absent eyes.

"He was true," she said quietly. She

had forgotten my presence. "And while I waited, perhaps he waited too. . . . After all," she went on, "there was happiness for me in the world, and I never found it, because I was a coward."

I couldn't speak. The memory of those thirty weary years weighed on my heart like lead; until presently I caught a glimpse of something blue through the window, and in the close, scented drawing-room the thought of the light and freshness of the pansy-garden came

to my senses like a breath from heaven, and I rose and held out my hand to Miss Kenworthy.

"I don't think you will part me from Anthea now," I said gently, and at my words she turned with a start, and her face broke into a sudden smile, as charming and irresistible as Anthea's own.

"You will find her in the garden with her pansies," she said. "All the roses died one winter—thirty years ago."



THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA AND THE INTEROCEANIC CANAL

Adapted from the French of M. Raymond Bel
By MARY ALICE VIALLS

A FEW weeks' stay in Panama has given me the opportunity of inspecting the works still going on in connection with the interoceanic Canal, and I have thus been enabled to see for myself the far-famed cutting through the Culebra ridge, as well as that part of the Canal already available for large vessels, and also the route prescribed for its completion. And since the actual facts concerning this colossal enterprise are widely different from those generally received on hearsay, it may not be amiss to make a brief *résumé* of the work already done and that which remains to be achieved.

It must be owned that, like many more of my compatriots, I was cherishing dismal visions of the ruins of a wrecked enterprise, for when I arrived at Colon I thought to see an immense ditch choked with brushwood and mud, dilapidated cuttings filled up with mangrove-trees, and rusty plant flung out as refuse into the swamps. Grim and forbidding, there loomed in the distance the huge ridge of the Culebra—the grave of so many hopes—whose very bulk seemed a satire on those presumptuous spirits who had dared to measure their strength against such an obstacle. As I took the train at Colon, *en route* for Panama, I only



WHARF AT COLON.

spite of its sordid, poverty-stricken appearance which does not invite a prolonged stay. A railway journey to Panama now supersedes the old mule-track, *viâ* Matachin—a route that was both lengthy and costly.

Thanks to fifteen years of laborious initiative on the part of an American engineer, this line of rail was inaugurated in the year 1855, at a time when railways were in their infancy in the New World. The sacrifice of many

Panama Canal Company which acquired 93 per cent. of the shares, but left its direction and practical working in American hands, and thus they remain.

To return to my journey, however, which for me is full of novelty. On either side of us is a dense mass of luxuriant vegetation, impervious save to the axe, and only intersected, here and there, by footpaths leading to some Indian village. Every now and then we traverse mangrove-hidden swamps



MATACHIN RAILWAY STATION.

lives and many millions was entailed in the work whose difficulties comprised the construction of embankments, the damming of torrents, and the cutting through tropical forests—all carried out at a temperature ill-conducive to such labour. Small wonder that the estimated cost of each kilometre was reckoned at 500,000 francs. But the value of such a route was soon demonstrated by the rapid rise of Colon as a commercial centre, whilst the Company contrived to obtain a monopoly of transports, and fixed its tariffs accordingly. The Panama railway was bought in 1882 by the

and pass, at intervals, deserted stations—erected when the Canal-works were in full swing, to serve as depôts for labour and material. The Chagres river, which the line follows more or less closely, is crossed several times before we come to the Culebra ridge, the highest point of the Isthmus. On clearings near the stations are sheds, still the storehouses of valuable plant, the property of the original Company, and, contrary to what has been said on this subject, yet in good condition.

At Matachin, where the heat is tropical, we take in water, and thence reach the

Culebra Col, the highest point of the railway, about 73 metres above the sea. Here we are reminded that the work is

Although Panama boasts of a substantial sea-wall, a good cathedral, a "Grand Central Hôtel," and important shops



IN THE GROUNDS OF THE FRENCH HOSPITAL.

in active progress, for at a curve in the line, we catch a glimpse of cuttings higher up in the mountain, and of tip-waggons laden with earth that has been excavated and is being removed. Our train now leaves the track of the Canal to the right, and runs straight away down to Panama. From Culebra onwards we see great clearings on the undulating ground, and in the distance, groups of now deserted huts. The scattered wooden houses that we pass, with their little verandas and balconies, were once tenanted by the engineers or foremen of the Canal-works.

But we soon find ourselves in Panama itself. Founded in 1518 by Pedro Arias Davila, it enjoyed the monopoly of the commerce of the whole Isthmus till 1670, when a buccaneer, named Morgan, with his band of desperadoes, completely destroyed the original town, under circumstances of unbridled ferocity. The modern city was rebuilt in 1673, on a site more to the west, and lies at the foot of the eminence known as Mount Ancon, near the mouth of the Rio Grande.

and offices, including those of the Company, its purlieus are miserable enough. In the squalid wooden houses swarms a motley population, of which the Chinese section is the most thriving, owing to its monopoly of the tea-trade and money-lending business.

The history of Panama's ups and downs has been a strange one. Prosperity smiled on her as long as she swayed the commerce of Chili and Peru, whilst its loss nearly ruined her. The rush for the Californian gold-fields gave her a fresh lease of life, till the opening of the transcontinental railways of the United States deflected the stream of traffic. The construction of the Canal, carried on by 20,000 workmen, caused Panama to thrive once more, but her fortunes fell when the great scheme was arrested. The Isthmian railway and steamer traffic, however, must always give her a certain standing among commercial centres. Living here is decidedly expensive, and the meat-supply is chiefly limited to beef and pork, for the natives are too lazy to

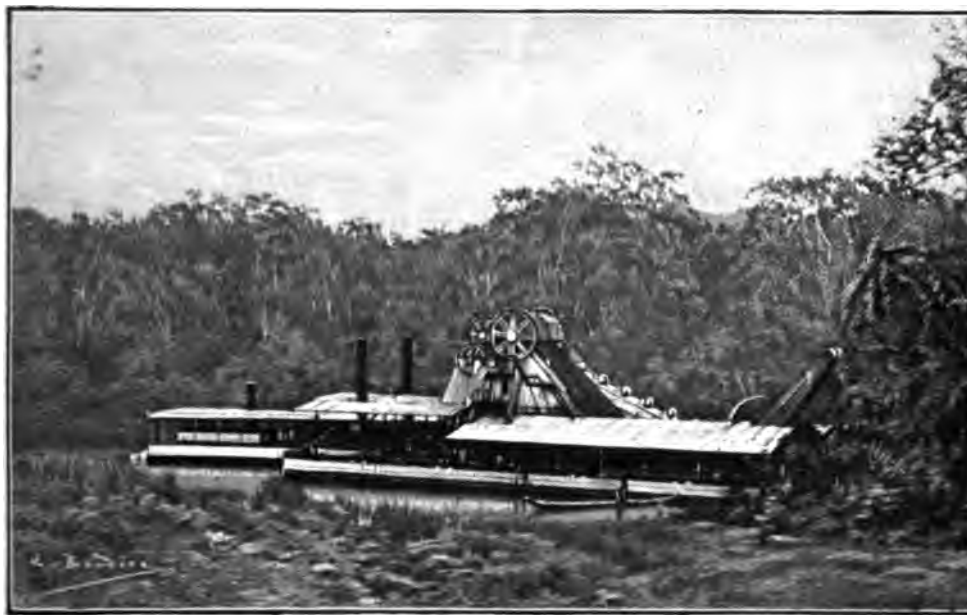
exploit the game with which the country inland abounds. Vegetables are scarce, but fish is plentiful enough and, dried and salted, forms the staple article of diet of the inhabitants. I found a most excellent and varied *menu*, however, during my stay at the "Hôtel Central," which is the best in the city.

The poisonous snakes and mosquitoes—whose bites provoke malaria—with which the outlying swamps are infested, render all explorations of the surrounding country dangerous. Of the buildings of Panama itself, perhaps the French Hospital is the most noteworthy: it is delightfully situated on a terrace overlooking the town and gulf, and can, at need, provide a thousand beds, with care and comforts for the sick.

However, the all-absorbing interest of Panama is centred in the famous Canal. There, on the spot, I studied with new zest the original plans for its construction and the work already

full of pathos and whose future is so big with immeasurable possibilities, that it is hard for both the Old World and the New to over-estimate them. How interesting, then, to a practical inquirer who examines the problem on the field of action, and, standing in the huge cutting of the Culebra, watches the actual labour going forward and remembers the countless interests at stake, the blunders made, and the lives sacrificed there in the past! After such tremendous efforts, it is bitter to reflect that the Canal may be completed by other than French hands, for the want of a few millions, and that France may have to see the profits of the enterprise reaped by outsiders.

A few words anent the scheme and its main features. Ever since the expulsion of the Spaniards from the South American continent, it has been a cherished dream of their successors to cut through the Isthmus of Panama. As early as



A DREDGER ON THE CANAL.

achieved up to date. And most fascinating is the record of this work—so great in its inception—whose past is so

No. 229. October, 1902.

1825, Bolivar the president of Colombia, started projects for an interoceanic canal. Since then other schemes have arisen—

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notably those of Garella, in 1843, and of Commander E. P. Lull, in 1875, which premised a canal with locks.

In 1879 Messrs. Wyse and Reclus enlisted the sympathies of Ferdinand de Lesseps—already associated with the success of the Suez Canal—for their projected tide-level canal. Their scheme embraced a canal 73 kilometres long, following the bed of the Chagres river on the Atlantic side, and that of the Rio Grande on the Pacific slope, obviating the difficulties of the Culebra ridge either by a tunnel through the rock, 39 metres high and 6 kilometres long, or by a deep cutting in the open, 100 metres in depth.

Although the Colombian Government suggested the 31st of January, 1893, as the date for opening the Canal, the sanguine Company were promising it for December, 1888, little foreseeing the disastrous ending of their dream whose *dénoûment* is already too well known to recapitulate here. Let it suffice to quote the liquidation report which registered only 443 million francs expended on the actual Canal-works, out of a total of 1½ milliards.

In 1890 the "New Panama Company" was reorganised with a modest capital of 65 million francs, and set itself to solve the problem of the completion of the Canal. It made a practical beginning by overhauling the enormous amount of plant and storing it under cover; and, by accomplishing some needful boring and draining, it prevented the cuttings already made from being choked. The Culebra was then tackled by a gang of four thousand navvies.

For ten years the work has progressed slowly but surely, undeterred by adverse criticisms or by the objections of the North American speculators who have their own game to play in this matter. Frenchmen would do well to remember that the anxiety of America to purchase the undertaking may not be uninfluenced by the fact of the Canal being nearly a *fait accompli* whose financial results will assure not only valuable profits to the owners, but a world-wide power to those

who properly estimate the prestige of such a possession. The Colombian Government, officially recognising that a third of the work was completed, has ceded 15,000 hectares of land to the New Company. It was then reckoned that 30,000,000 cubic metres of earth had been removed: 16 kilometres of the water-way had been rendered navigable on the Atlantic side, and nearly six had been finished on that of the Pacific.

Meanwhile the scheme of a tide-level canal has been superseded by that of one with locks, but three difficulties remain to be solved.

First: How assure the water-supply, and the possibilities of utilising the Chagres river? For this it has been necessary to measure the fluctuations of the Chagres, to gauge its frequent floods, and to register the rainfall for some years past. The knowledge of these statistics alone can promote the proper husbanding of resources, provide for the contingencies of four months' drought, and subserve the problem of hydraulic energy for electric machinery in connection with the lock and lighting



AN EXCAVATOR.

questions. In fact, the Chagres may thus prove a great help rather than the hindrance it has been supposed to be to the work.

Second : How far is the lower strata of the Culebra ridge practicable for cuttings of 70 metres without fear of landslips? This question has suggested the sinking of wells to test the nature of the underlying strata, as well as an oblique cutting through the doubtful

The answer to this is that the Jamaican navvies, who have taken their place, are proof against its unhealthiness, and are, besides, excellent workmen. As a matter of fact, the evil effects of the climate of Panama have been grossly exaggerated. Statistics show that if dengue-fever is frequent, it is seldom fatal, and testify to only six deaths, in as many months, from yellow fever, in 1897.



THE CANAL AT BOHIO.

region, following the axis of the canal itself, 9 metres wide and 70 at the top, its sides sloping 45 degrees at a height of 48 metres above sea-level; besides this, a tunnel has been driven in the same vicinity at 40 metres above sea-level, 210 metres long and over 3 wide. During these soundings, taken in 1895, more than 3,000,000 cubic metres of earth have been excavated, and all fear of landslips has been effectually dispelled.

Third : How are the malefic climatic conditions to be faced, with which the Chinese and African labourers, formerly engaged, were quite unfitted to cope?

Although the success of the Canal-works is now certain, the problem of the height of the level of the upper lock still awaits solution. Lock-canals at 29, 21, and 10 metres high respectively, above the mean sea-level, have been suggested as successively practicable. The first of these levels, it is thought, may be abandoned in ten years' time. By lessening the discharge of water, the Canal can then be lowered to 21 metres, which will do away with the higher level; the height will afterwards be reduced to ten, which will obviate the necessity of having a middle level, and only leave a single lock for the Canal to

be finally put on a sea-level, with an ordinary tidal basin.

As an expenditure of $2\frac{1}{2}$ milliards of francs and twenty years of labour would be necessary for the direct reduction of the Canal-level to that of the ocean, the wisdom of attaining the desired result by slow degrees is demonstrable enough, since, in default of international co-operation in such a costly enterprise, only thus could a nation, single-handed, achieve its fulfilment. The construction of a canal at a height of 29 metres implies the outlay of 800,000,000 francs and six years' labour; though shareholders, on the completion of this stage of the work, may reasonably expect a dividend of 5 per cent. Doubtless the rapid growth of traffic will hasten the reduction of the level to 21 metres, and by supplying the needful funds, will ultimately pave the way for the attainment of the sea-level—a consummation devoutly to be wished in the interests of commerce.

If the Suez Canal has developed, thanks to its own resources, how much more should not that of Panama outstrip it in expansion, considering the almost illimitable opportunities it will afford to those who control the merchandise of the American continents? The estimates of expenditure already made have been coloured by the remembrance of the original Company's reckless squandering—exemplified by their payment of 80 francs for every cubic metre of earth carried away, as compared with the five francs paid by the present Company for the same thing. We may hope too, from the improved methods of machinery and labour, an appreciable reduction of cost.

Briefly stated, the project of the above-mentioned locks comprises a dam at Bohio on the Atlantic side to form a lake of 30 kilometres square, at 16 metres above the sea-level, to collect the waters of the Chagres. This lake will feed the reach of the Canal from Bohio to Obispo; then a dam at Alhajucla, in the upper reach of the river, is to supply the

higher level, raised 30 metres above that of the sea, and 10 kilometres long. In the first construction-scheme, two locks adjacent, each raising vessels five metres, will connect the upper level of the Canal with the one on sea-level. Three locks close together will afford communication between the first and the upper level at 30 metres above sea-level, 10 kilometres long. Further locks will break the gradient on the Pacific side; two at Paraiso, two at Pedro-Miguel, and one at Miraflores, the last locks being 4 kilometres apart, while that at Miraflores will lead direct into the Canal on a tide-level. With the gradual progression of the work of levelling the Canal, these locks would, of course, be done away with, till only a tidal basin would remain at Miraflores.

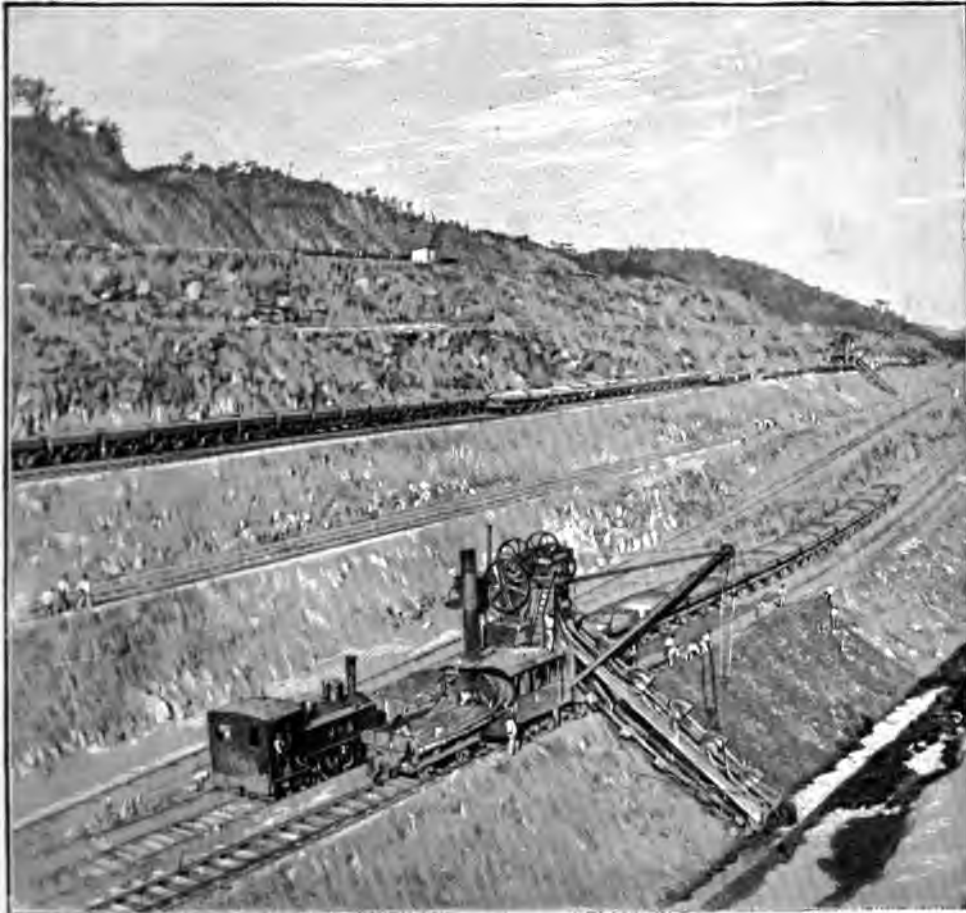
It was after mastering these plans in detail that I proceeded to explore the bed of the Canal itself, which, with its banks clothed with tropical vegetation and scattered villages, is really more suggestive of a river. The Canal reach on the Colon side is very dreary, but at Panama, where it debouches into the open sea, it is full of life and activity: here its channel is marked by buoys as far as the Naos islets, where deep water permits large vessels to anchor. A splendid wharf, 400 metres long, equipped with sidings, cranes for unloading, and sheds, is erected alongside, and affords the same facilities to ships as a great European harbour. The port of Boca, as it is called, is connected with Colon and Panama by the railway which provides an uninterrupted train-service.

But most interesting of all my *souvenirs* of Panama is the visit I paid to the Culebra excavations. From the little station you climb a hill, whence you have a full view of the renowned "cutting." My vantage-point commands a view over the whole area, including the Culebra peak, at a height of 60 metres above the gorge; to the left, the hillock-dotted plains of the Atlantic coast stretch away beyond the cutting,

whilst the Pacific slope is veiled in clouds.

In front, on the face of the mountain, notched, as it were, into huge steps, run relays of "tip-waggons": these steps are 10 metres high and the same distance apart, and give the idea of a colossal

accompaniment to the work. The ground beneath me slopes almost perpendicularly to the shore of the Canal—a hard and massive cutting, the bed of which—45 metres above the level of the sea—is over 1,500 metres long; at its extremity on the Pacific side, it is carried



REMOVING EXCAVATED EARTH IN THE CULEBRA CUTTING.

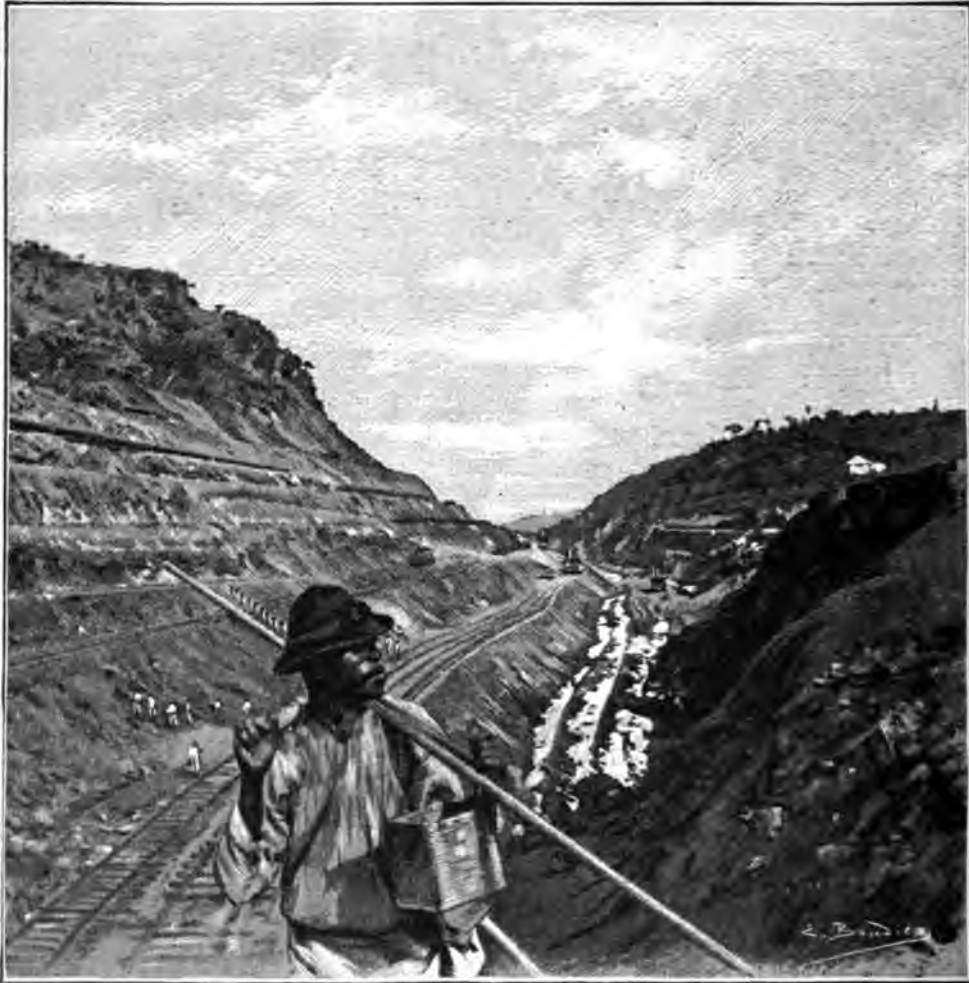
staircase up the mountain-side. On the lower stages, engines carry off the waggons full of excavated earth to the "dumping-grounds"; other waggons await fresh loads from the excavators. Miners, meantime, are boring to loosen the rock, to be carried off in the buckets of the excavators, whilst the griding of chains and the roaring of steam keep up

on by a tunnel 300 metres in length, but in a few months' time, the roof of this will have wholly disappeared under the attack of the excavators, and the cutting will become 300 metres longer.

It is a fascinating and pathetic problem—this struggle of human ingenuity with natural forces—and one you never tire of

watching. However, it is time for me to take my departure, so I find a place in one of the waggons bound for the "spoil heaps" in a distant valley on the Atlantic slope. Beyond Culebra, the Canal, till then 35 metres above tide-

So much for my visit to the Panama Canal — not easily to be forgotten. Much indeed must we admire in this colossal undertaking, but most of all, perhaps, the workers themselves. As I muse on the dogged perseverance, the



THE CULEBRA CUTTING ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE.

level, follows the natural gradient of the road as far as Obispo, where a sudden drop of 10 metres is met by two locks dividing the section of Culebra from that of Obispo. From here we make our way back to the Pacific slope, to the village of Paraiso, from which place to Miraflores the Canal is barely outlined.

tireless patience, the unwavering steadfastness of purpose displayed by these men in their gigantic task, I feel more and more convinced that such noble efforts must be crowned by the success they so richly deserve, and all the more ardently do I hope that France, who has borne the burden and heat of the day,

will herself reap the reward of her pains. For North American speculators are only too ready to profit by her temporary depression for their own ends. How otherwise would they bid 200 millions for what has already cost 1,500 millions when only 500 millions more would enable Frenchmen to reach the goal sought at such immense cost and toil? The threatened construction of the Nicaragua Canal is but a countermove, made in the teeth of the declara-

tion of American engineers that—even if possible, which is doubtful—it would be a more costly enterprise than that of Panama itself. Americans are well aware that the present New Company must stop the works in eighteen months' or two years' time, if it does not obtain fresh capital, and they think it a favourable opportunity for monopolising not only the profits of the scheme, but the honour of opening this great interoceanic highway to the civilised world.



ON THE TIP-WAGGONS.

HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH

By YSTRIDDE

"E schasté bielo tak vozmojino!
Tak blisko . . ."—POUSCHKINE
(*Eugene Oonéguine*).

"And happiness was so possible,
So near! . . ."

CHAPTER I

THE tired oxen plodding patiently along the uneven road beneath the mid-day glare loomed dimly through the sun-gilded dust-clouds. The clumsy carts seemed to be rocking on billows of dust—the Moldavian peasants were covered in it, from the crown of their fez-like caps to the tips of their high boots. Occasionally, heralded by the tinkling of bells attached to the harness, a carriage and four whirled—jolting dangerously—between the oxen-drawn carts. The cloaked and hooded figures of the occupants were scarcely distinguishable to the stolid gaze of the dusty peasants, and even had they been clearly recognisable the result would have been the same. The sturdy and stubborn Moldavian rarely removes his cap at the passing of a noble, before whom a Padolian will almost grovel.

To the left, beyond the high-road, the fields stretched green and inviting to the very base of the distant Carpathians, and the harbour of their cool shimmer attracted the gaze of the few travellers buffeted by the dust-storm.

Wading in that brownish-golden sea, the billow of which whirled round her as the wind raised them, Alice Conway regretted her own obstinacy and wished herself back in the shimmering shade of the garden she had left.

She wore a Panama hat, whose dainty whiteness was in deadly peril as the dust-waves surged over it, a grey alpaca skirt and a cape of the same material protecting a batiste blouse. Her entire

toilet was as cheap as it was simple, yet the rare passers-by—peasant and aristocrat—turned to look at her again, attracted by the picturesque grace of her appearance. She did not remark their glances; her eyes were fixed despairingly upon her neat shoes, grey as her dress from the dust.

She was following a footpath slightly above the level of the road and just in front of her several languid cows blocked the way while their conductor reposed under the hedge, his dusky head resting on his folded arms.

Glancing down, Alice came to the conclusion that if she waded in the path she would swim in the road. Her fears were not more exaggerated than fears usually are. She regarded the slumbering youth. "Why are thine animals right across the path?" she asked him.

The lad either would not or could not understand Russian. He merely lifted his bronzed face, opened wide his black eyes, flashed his white teeth as he muttered a few words in his native tongue, and resumed his position.

Alice had often glowed with virtuous indignation against the Goraieffs' coachman when inviting a sleepy peasant to move the cart from the centre of the road he used "Oh, thou cursèd Moldavian!" as his usual mode of address. For the moment she felt it was scarcely too strong as she descended into the road and, stepping with precaution, sank above her ankles in the golden-brown dust.

The sun was beating down upon her

head and shoulders, but the wind was too strong to admit of her putting up her parasol. She stood self-convicted of perfect idiocy in her persistence to return on foot at noon, and punished by the iron, or in this case the dusty, hand of fate.

She drew a breath of relief when the mill came in sight, remembering an opposite field-path by which she had once reached her present destination in company with the whole Goraieff family. Surely this was the place at last! She stood in front of a gateless archway flanked by a small, white hut. She certainly remembered the hut, but was not so sure of the archway. Possibly she had not been sufficiently observant. She took a few steps forward and entered a comparative Paradise. No one came out of the small, white hut to question her, not a dog barked protest as she passed along a narrow grass path-

way between a wealth of vines. She smothered the suggestion that the path she had followed before had been cut through golden-green waves of maize. The road was so green, so refreshing to the tread after the dust-sea she had waded through, and fell to rise again through vineyards and fields of melon and maize. There had been rain the day before, and though the high-road had long since been scorched dry

by the unsoftened sunlight, here in the shade a freshness of tint still remained. She walked on a carpet of tender grass, delicate convolvuli, fragrant clover, and



"Why are thine animals right across the path?" she asked him.

a deep madonna-blue flower which she could not name but, stooping, picked and fastened in the clasp of her cape.

The path descended. She seemed to go down into a sea of verdure, and the vine-clad slopes shut her in on either hand. She sat down in the fragrant, flowered grass and looked around. Not a soul was in sight. There were no sounds except the indistinct murmurs of the country, the twitter of birds and

the tap-tap-tap of a woodpecker. A lizard stirred the grass and shot away again, leaving a rustling undulation behind. Alice gave one more look around, then with the gesture of one who crosses the Rubicon she pulled off her shoes and stockings.

The sharp dust which had bitten through to the skin fell away at the soft touch of the grass, and her feet shone white amid the green. She shook out clouds from the removed articles, folded them neatly and put them—they were very small—in the velvet hand-bag she was carrying. Then she arose and continued her way in comfort, strong in the consciousness of her long skirt and thick grass.

The sense of comfort was not of long duration. For a delicate girl to walk nearly a *verst* in a whirlwind of dust and a temperature of forty degrees Réamur is little short of madness. Alice had been told so, but had cited the late rain and the present wind as proofs that the heat could not be so overpowering. She was undeceived now. The vines, the maize, the distant purple of the hills, the vivid blue above her, and the green around and below reeled in dizzy brilliance till she seemed to be hemmed in by a whirling mosaic. She tried to fix her vanishing sense of the reality of things. How flourishing the vines were! Before long they would be heavy with grapes. How many weeks to the vintage? What was the day? The 7th of June. June — July — August. Yes, the 7th of June. The vintage is a pretty sight. Some of the peasant girls are pretty, too. The Moldavians have such white teeth and bright eyes which flash in their brown faces. How many weeks? One—two—three—four. How the vines reel! No, they are not vines but trees which are closing round her, closer—closer—oh, for air! Had she wandered into a forest that it had grown so dark? She leant against a tree and struggled desperately to rise above the waves of faintness. It grew lighter, the reeling

foliage steadied and she saw that she was—where she certainly had no business to be—in a park with rustic benches and tables placed in the shade. She walked on hesitatingly. If she could only meet some one of whom she could inquire the way! Again all nature rushed into a confusing dance into which it seemed she must be drawn. She forgot that her small, bare feet gleamed through the grass like strange, white flowers; she felt as if floating, floating on a boundless sea of foliage. She must ask the way to the Datcha Goraieff — Datcha Goraieff — Goraieff. The repeated name was her hold on reality.

Help came to her at last. Her failing eyes caught sight of a small building in the shade, and close beside it a man lay on his back, staring straight through the branches of the walnut-trees into the patches of blue sky between. He wore a light-blue linen blouse, open at the shapely, brown throat and confined at the waist by a tasselled cord. Alice mechanically noticed his peasant-like costume and bare feet and hoped he would understand Russian.

“Brother,” she said in a voice that was scarcely audible though it seemed loud to her. “Dost thou know the way to the Datcha Goraieff?”

The young man brought his eyes from the sky to her. Did he answer? She could not tell, but all the brilliance of colour around her merged into one vivid flash before her eyes as she dropped down, down into a bottomless sea. A moment's blessed oblivion and then again a confusion of colour vexed her tired eyes.

“Better now?” said a voice, and in the convergence of many rainbows a straight and slender figure stood above her.

“Better,” she said bravely, and trying to rise felt herself withheld by a strong hand and lost consciousness again.

Dmitri Dmitrievich Skuratov looked at her in consternation. He had just issued from the bath for a lounge

beneath the trees, and lying in lazy comfort gazing at the skies had been recalled to earth by a grey-gowned, barefooted girl who, addressing him as "Brother" and "Thou," had dropped down at his side as softly as a sprig of crushed meadow-sweet.

Dmitri found it rather overwhelming. He ran his fingers through his damp, dark hair and called hastily, "Kirrel! Ivan!" But the men were not within hearing, and he bent over the girl with a kind of fearful curiosity. Her eyelids were closed, and her face had the look of veined marble with purple lines around the mouth and eyes. Dmitri rushed to the bath-house, finished his toilet in two seconds—he was bashful about appearing barefooted before a lady, even though she was unconscious and barefooted herself into the bargain—filled a glass with cold water and, returning, splashed the cool shower over Alice's face. She did not move, and with clumsy fingers he removed her hat, tangling the elastic in the hair and bringing down a shower of bronze. How soft the touch was! His hands trembled slightly as he laid them again on the white brow he was almost afraid to touch. The result was more satisfactory this time. The girl's eyes unclosed and looked dreamily into the young man's. Dmitri had little or no

experience of "the light that lies in woman's eyes." His youth was spent in the pursuit of another light, more severe, as alluring and as fatal.

Years of ordinary acquaintance would never have given him such a gaze as that in which he lost himself now. Her eyes were those of an imprisoned wood-nymph, and as he watched the consciousness rise in them he seemed to be witnessing the return of a soul to



"How my head aches!" she said in her own language.

its prison, impregnated with the freshness won by its brief freedom, and gradually shadowed by the slow realisation of its return to captivity.

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Reality resumed its hold over her. She sat up and pressed her hands to her forehead. "How my head aches!" she said in her own language.

"English!" thought Dmitri in surprise.

His ideas of that nation being taken from hearsay and tourists he found it difficult to believe that this delicate creature who had, as it were, dropped from the clouds could belong to such a mentally practical and physically angular race.

"It is not surprising," he said in the same language. Alice was too dazed to feel any surprise at the linguistic talents of this seeming peasant; in fact she scarcely noticed that he had spoken English, for shy of parading his knowledge and ignorances of that language he continued in Russian. "How could you think of walking in such heat? If you will do me the honour of coming to my house my housekeeper will take care of you while I let your friends know where you are."

"Please don't trouble to do that. I will rest a little and then go on alone. I don't think it can be very far now."

Dmitri scarcely understood her. She spoke in so low a tone and with so foreign an accent and hesitated so in her choice of words. In moments of weakness talents are often deserters, and Alice's carefully acquired Russian fell away from her in her hour of need. At that moment she would have found it difficult to express herself in English.

She had risen to her feet and stood clinging to the tree, for the effort had set the whole world reeling again, and she was threatened with an ignominious relapse into unconsciousness.

"I think," said the young Russian gravely, "that it will be better for you to allow me to carry you to the house." Taking her consent for granted he lifted her in his arms with the precaution due to Dresden china.

For several seconds he walked on with head erect, not daring to look at the burden he carried with an ease

surprising to himself. Was it possible that any one but a child could be so light? He took courage and glanced down, and his shyness and awkwardness vanished, giving place to a sense of protection at the sight of the small, pale face whose closed lids hid the eyes which had so strangely stirred him.

"Call Elena Alexandrovna," he said, walking on the veranda where his lunch and red-bloused servant awaited him. Michaël stood in open-mouthed immobility.

"Go quickly," repeated his master.

"God with you, *panitch!*" (young master) gasped the man, making a trembling sign of the cross. "Is the *barishna* dead?"

"Dead? No, idiot! Call Elena Alexandrovna, and don't rave."

Dmitri passed into what had been his mother's sitting-room, the coolest place in the house except the ice-safe. Even there the unconquerable sun streamed through the chinks of the shutters on to the divan, where the young man placed Alice, and sparkled in the loosened masses of her hair.

Dmitri stood erect and gazed down upon her. She seemed to him the prettiest woman he had ever seen. Perhaps the exaggeration of this opinion was due to the fact that he had never so studied a pretty face before.

Alice was one of those girls who always look picturesque, but whose beauty is far from indisputable. She had beautiful hair, and her wood-nymph eyes haunted even the unimpressionable. But she was one of those soft, small, white women who, while absolutely bewitching some, are ignored by others for a charm more vivid if less subtle. She repaid yet baffled scrutiny, being herself a bewilderment. Her appearance varied with her mood like that of an actress who dresses for a part, yet she was natural. To those who had not seen her passport her age was unfixable. At times she looked eighteen or even less. The small face between the bronze hair waves, lighted by the clear, wide

eyes, was that of a bright yet dreamy child; sometimes a rebel woman-soul looked out of a face lined and drawn by conflict. At present she looked a tired little girl; and Dmitri, still under the influence of that unforgettable look, felt puzzled as he gazed down upon her.

The entrance of his housekeeper put an end to his scrutiny.

"God with us!" exclaimed that excel-

through the chinks of the shutters, but the same kind, wrinkled face smiled down at her.

"Are you better, my little dove?" The "little dove" sat up, two heavy plaits falling over her shoulders, her pallor flushing red with remembrance.

"How good you have been to me! I am ashamed of myself. I am not given to fainting. And then to sleep so!"

"And now you must go and drink tea,



As Dmitri glanced up their eyes met.

lent woman. "What is this, Dmitri Dmitrievich?"

Dmitri explained as well as he could, and went softly out of the room to eat his lunch in great distraction of mind.

Alice was dimly conscious that someone removed her dress, clad her in a loose, light peignoir, plaited loosely her disordered hair, bathed her reeling head with eau de Cologne, gave her some deliciously cool drink and seemingly adled her into sleep. When she awoke the sun no longer streamed

and then *panitch* will drive you home. He is waiting for you on the veranda," said Elena placidly. She had accepted the situation and no longer found it strange. Her heart had gone out to Alice.

Dmitri Dmitrievich, trying to interest himself in "A Treatise on the Vine," looked up as he turned a page to confront a personification of "Mignon" in borrowed plumes.

Elena had sternly forbidden the resumption of the corset till the moment

of departure, and Alice stood in the doorway disentangling the long folds of her dress from her now shod feet. As Dmitri glanced up their eyes met. The young man preserved a correct gravity, but the sense of the ridiculous was stronger in the girl and she laughed outright.

"My sister is taller than you," said Dmitri, laughing too.

His rather stern young face was much more attractive when he smiled. Usually his expression was somewhat gloomy. His dark brows met over his dark eyes—eyes which really flamed sometimes, and always seemed to be smouldering. His black hair—very thick at the temples and inclined to wave—was too closely cut to follow its tendency. He held his head proudly, and the roughly cut features were cast in a proud mould. He was not particularly tall and his slenderness almost contradicted the strength expressed in his face; but his well-shaped hands had a grip of iron, and the slight, straight form was of iron too. He was barely two-and-twenty. A Northerner looking at the grave, dark face, with its thick moustache, would have given him at least half a dozen years more.

He placed a chair for Alice. "What a beautiful view!" she exclaimed, as she sat down facing the garden.

"It is not bad," admitted Dmitri, glancing across gardens and vineyards to the purple Carpathians. "But you? Are you better now?"

"Quite well, thank you, and"—here she dropped into French—"and ready to make you numberless apologies."

"For what?"

"Trespassing."

"I arrested and still hold you under arrest," he declared gravely. "But what induced you to walk in such heat?"

"My obstinacy."

"Possibly. But the direct cause? I hope I am not indiscreet."

"A judge is never indiscreet. You are my judge. But no, a judge does not arrest."

"A policeman does that," admitted Dmitri, laughing.

"Oh, what a comparison!" exclaimed Alice, knowing as she did that the term policeman is fraught with scorn in Russia.

"Flattering for the policeman."

"But I answer my judge. Yesterday evening I went into town to play tennis and give a lesson to Mademoiselle Sergayieva. Generally I pass the night there and come back in their carriage in the morning. To-day there was something wrong with the horse; they have only one and a basket-carriage. Madame Sergayieva pressed me to stay till the evening, but, as you see, I refused."

"But why not take a *droschkie*?"

"Perhaps you know where the Sergayievas live? Right at the end of the Sadovaiya. I meant to take a *droschkie*, but there was not one in sight. There never is when you want one badly. I thought that instead of wandering about to look for one, I might just as well walk as far as the mill and take the short cut across the fields. I can't imagine how I got into your park."

"Through the vineyard."

"But I had no intention of entering the vineyard."

Dmitri smiled. "The prisoner is acquitted," he said.

"But there is something else for which I must apologise. *Je vous lutoyais*."

"A trifling mistake which you have soon rectified," said Dmitri politely, thinking meanwhile, "Why on earth did she take me for a peasant? I suppose I can't ask her."

Convention was beginning to set its seal on their acquaintance. It was certainly delightfully unconventional to sit *tête-à-tête* with a young Unknown, but the Unknown herself was, at present, simply a pretty girl in a too long gown; not an ethereal, motionless, marble-faced creature whom he carried against his heart. He found himself regretting the briefness of the

walk through the park and the strange look she had given him. The wonderful woodland eyes had lost half their wonder now, and met his gaze frankly if fleetingly. The wood-nymph was a well-behaved young lady sitting at his tea-table and talking nothings while waiting for the *samovar*.

It came at last, steaming and brilliant, carried by the red-bloused Meesha. Dmitri began to make the tea himself, not venturing to ask his guest to do so, though he was sure she would do it better and quicker than he did. He dropped the lid of the tea-pot as a commencement, and Alice rose from her seat.

"Let me do that," she said, "I can't bear to see a man trying to pour out tea."

Dmitri yielded readily, and watched her hands gleaming white through the lace of her loose sleeves as she handed him a glass of the clear, golden-red beverage.

"If ever I return to England it will be with a *samovar*," she asserted. "I like the Russian manner of making tea."

The hot coals in the funnel of the *samovar* crackled as she spoke, and glowed on the bright brass tray. Dmitri handed her a small glass saucer filled with apricot preserve.

"But perhaps you prefer cream."

"No, thank you. I seem to defy the whole system of English boarding-school education when I eat whole spoonfuls of jam to two or three sips of tea. The joy of feeling emancipated is worth all the cream in the world."

"But you might have both cream and preserve," suggested Dmitri, and then exclaimed with unmistakable force and seeming irrelevance, "I am an idiot."

"Why?" laughed Alice.

"To offer you tea and fruit when you have not lunched."

"But I never lunch. We drink coffee at eleven and dine at three."

"Then you must stay and dine with me, for it is past three now. But you

must have something substantial at once."

He moved towards the steps to call Meesha, but Alice arrested him.

"If you order anything now I shall eat it," she said solemnly, "and not remain for dinner."

Thus threatened Dmitri returned to his seat and tried to satisfy his hospitable instincts with offerings of strawberries and cream and biscuits.

They spent the afternoon under the shade of the great walnut-trees below the terrace. There swung a hammock of crimson cord put up for that languid beauty Dmitri's sister, who, only a few days ago, had returned to her Roumanian home. Many were the hours Dmitri had passed in this favourite lounging-place with Tatiana—he in a wicker-chair, smoking, she swinging in her scarlet nest, lazily waving her Japanese fan.

But this was not as other hours. For ever afterwards the spot was nymph-haunted for Dmitri Skuratov. Shadowy and intangible in the years to come, the nymph was very real and human on that sweet June afternoon. He talked to her as he had never yet talked to any one.

The lonely summers spent here in his childhood while his mother went from one foreign watering-place to another in search of health—distraction, people said, but not Dmitri—his year of student life, the riots, his arrest and expulsion, his year's travel, and his present life in this his smallest estate—all this, and more—his hopes and discouragements, some of his most secret thoughts—he told to this girl whose very name he did not know. She accepted his confidences as naturally as he gave them.

What strange and subtle power acted on these two, strangers till that day and neither of the type which makes a bosom friend of the first-comer? Dmitri wondered afterwards. At the time it did not even appear strange to him.

"I cannot say I have one real friend," he said to her. "I am not what we Russians call 'sympathetic.' I

'thou' to many as among comrades. But a friend? There is one man who is very much to me, more perhaps than any one else in the world. But not a friend as I understand the word. He would not understand the want. He is young and handsome and full of life, yet it seems to me sometimes that he is scarcely human. I can make you understand in a flash if you have read 'Les

Miserables,' and remember Enjolras. He is an Enjolras of the twentieth century, even to his blonde, young beauty. *Ses vingt deux ans en semblait dix sept.* It is just the same with Victor Sokolovski."

"Enjolras—the cherub of Ezekiel.' Yes, I suppose he was 'scarcely human.' Is this Victor Sokolovski also devoted to an idea?"

(To be continued.)



VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI

By THE COUNTESS MARTINENGO CESARESCO

"HER contemporaries," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the brief notice which it gives of Vittoria Accoramboni, "regarded her as the most captivating woman that had ever been seen in Italy." It is natural that in this old *palazzo*, in which fortune smiled on this fatal and enigmatical being for the last time, I have often tried to shape for myself a consistent theory of the riddle of her existence. For a moment she was my predecessor here; she walked among the cypresses and roses as I do; she ascended the broad stairs, then a little less than now worn with the footprints of generations, she passed through the large *salon* and down the long corridor till she reached my room—there she stopped, for it was doubtless hers. Into this house she came surrounded by the splendour of an almost royal dignity, and glad in the belief that she had found a secure and magnificent retreat where to live, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Out of it she went to meet a cruel and violent death. Was it also retribution that she met? Her beauty, though that was the most praised in that most beauty-loving age, yet excited less admiration than her rare intelligence, her inexhaustible sweetness of temper. At the same time, she was the original of Webster's *White Devil*! Had she really a dual personality? Or was she the victim of some such network of calumny as that which enmeshed the Cenci? I cannot pretend to have solved the riddle, but I will endeavour to tell her story without prejudice, so that any one who reads it may be in as good a position as

I am to judge whether she was guilty or innocent, or in what measure she was guilty and in what measure innocent.

Her father, Claudio Accoramboni, belonged to the little *noblesse* of Gubbio; though his family was ancient, he could boast of no powerful or illustrious connections, and this must be borne in mind, because Vittoria was never forgiven for having climbed into a higher sphere than her birth warranted. Claudio was a studious man, who had proved himself a first-rate soldier, but he seems to pass through the series of events which befell his descendants like a shadow; we only know that he survived till the last act of the drama was played out. We see him at the beginning possessed of little money, no influence, eleven children and an ambitious wife. Vittoria, the tenth child, was still very young when the family abandoned their lovely little palace at Gubbio to take up their abode in Rome with a settled idea of improving their fortunes. An idea of this kind not uncommonly seized the collective mind of some quiet Italian household, every member of which henceforth devoted himself to its furtherance, even if it cost him his life. It became a mania rather than a pursuit. The most remarkable case may be traced in the annals of the Buonapartes (Italians to the backbone, and only to be understood from Italian standpoints), from the labours of Charles Buonaparte to get his sons and daughters placed in life, down to the great Napoleon's division of Europe among his brothers and sisters. This craze took hold of the Gubbio household, but

Claudio merely let himself be carried along; the prime movers were the mother and a son of the name of Marcello. The mother's name was Tarquinia; it first occurred to her that the extraordinary beauty which made the little Vittoria the wonder of Gubbio could be turned to account for bettering the position of the family. It was an accepted notion among private persons, as it remained much later among royal houses, that daughters were chiefly useful as a means of contracting profitable alliances. The alliance chosen for the sixteen-year-old Vittoria, after several offers had been rejected, did not seem at first sight to denote a rise in life. She was betrothed to an excellent, but not very brilliant, young man named Francesco Peretti, whose grandfather had been little more than a peasant. It seemed hardly an equal match for a beautiful and highly-educated girl, poor, indeed, but of ancient lineage. The Accorambonis, however, knew what they were about. Francesco had an uncle—his mother's brother—whose name he had assumed instead of his father's, which was Mignucci. This uncle was a monk, known in religion as Fra Frelice, but he had already reached the Cardinalate, taking the name of the place whence the Perettis sprang, Montalto. A sure instinct told Tarquinia Accoramboni that he would rise still higher. In those days people would have almost sold their souls to be able to guess who would be the future Pope. The Accorambonis must have felt sure of Cardinal Montalto's future elevation or they would not have married Vittoria to a man who was far from rich and below themselves in rank.

There is no good evidence to prove that Vittoria and her husband did not live happily together. But there was this of fault in the marriage: the wife was cleverer, more cultivated than the husband, so that she must have taken the leading part, but she had not the judgment or the experience to use her power for the advantage of both. At sixteen she had already spent two years

in Rome, during which all the wits and poets of the town celebrated her perfections. It was enough to turn any girl's head. As a young wife, she had a passion for spending largely with little money to spend. No doubt her mother encouraged her love of show and luxury. The young couple were soon plunged in debt, and the Cardinal, who then was not very rich himself, did not display much alacrity in coming to the rescue. The marriage took place in 1573. The adulation of Vittoria as a girl only increased after she was a married woman.

A childless young wife whose beauty was the talk of Rome stood perilously exposed to gossip, but the assertion that Vittoria was unfaithful to her husband only rests on the word of her bitterest enemies. Nor was it ever openly put forward while she lived. One later story represents Cardinal Farnese as her lover, but this is considered quite impossible, and it has been shown also that an alleged love affair between her and the Duke of Bracciano before her marriage cannot have any groundwork of fact. The admitted falseness of these statements should make one think twice before believing that the Duke of Bracciano was her accepted lover during her husband's lifetime. He was known to be her admirer, and that was more than sufficient in that time and place to give rise to the other hypothesis. Neither her husband nor her husband's mother, with whom they lived, seems to have doubted her virtue. The appearance of all the outward circumstances of the case is, on this point, in her favour.

Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, was twenty years older than Vittoria. He was the head of the great Roman family of Orsini and ruling prince of the Duchy of Bracciano. Among his kinsfolk were the greatest princes in Italy, and altogether he was one of the most superb personages of the time. Personally he was judged to be equal or even superior to his great position. He delighted in splendour to a degree that

amazed beholders even in that lavish century, and that severely taxed his revenues, though they were large. His

m a n n e r s were agreeable and condescending; in war he was known to have spared his soldiers as much as possible, then an unusual trait, while his personal valour was notorious. He distinguished himself particularly in the battle of Lepanto. A chronicler of the time ascribed to him "every supreme title of excellence; a noble soul, surpassing liberality, royal hospitality; largely charitable, gloriously magnificent, wise as a ruler, gentle and humane to his dependents, of incomparable courtesy."

It is true that there had been an "un-toward incident" in Paolo Giordano's life, but, shocking as it may seem to us, it shocked no one then. To put it *shortly, there is every reason to suppose*

that he had killed his first wife, Isabella de Medici. She was accused of misconduct with a cousin of his own, an



THE "FOUNTAIN OF JOVE" IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALAZZO MARTINENGO.

Orsini, and it appears that her relations, the Medicis of Florence, were determined that she should expiate the blot on the family honour by death. Men, deeply stained with crime, were so sen-

sitive about their sisters' good name ! It is still uncertain whether the charge against her was true, but it is generally thought to have been so. After discussing the matter with the Duke, Isabella's brother parted from him with the words : "*Remember that you are a Christian and a gentleman.*" Thus incited, Paolo Giordano invited his wife to join him at a country house to see some greyhounds, and after an evening pleasantly passed, he murdered her, with some pains to make death instantaneous and unforeseen.

We now come to the crucial moment in Vittoria's life. Late one night a messenger brought a letter purporting to be sent by Marcello Accoramboni, who was outlawed for having killed a Pallavicini. The writer begged Francesco Peretti to go to a lonely spot in Rome to speak with him on urgent business. Francesco's mother and Vittoria herself (of this there is no doubt) implored him not to go ; both warned him that the streets were very dangerous ; both suggested that the letter was a trap and a forgery, and that the object was robbery or worse, but the young man, who was brave, if not very clever, would not be dissuaded : he hastened to the appointed spot, where he was met, not by Marcello, but by bravos who murdered him.

Marcello's complicity might be disputed had he owned clean hands, but he was too likely a man to have committed his crime for us to doubt his guilt. His object was clear : the removal of the main obstacle to the Duke's marriage with his sister, which would make the fortune, so he hoped, of all the Accorambonis. He was himself a chamberlain to the Duke, and he was well aware of his master's infatuation for Francesco, Peretti's wife—nay, it was said that he had stimulated that infatuation to fever-point by constantly talking in his presence of his sister's beauty. The popular imagination did not stop there : it was very sure that a mysterious creature who was called a "Greek enchantress" pre-

pared potent love philtres from herbs which she gathered in nightly peregrinations at Bracciano and that these were administered to the Duke in his wine. No light is thrown on where Marcello discovered the witch, but he was never separated from her.

The Cardinal was, of course, one of the first to be informed that his nephew had been found murdered on the Roman highway. The holy man went to pray. Then, rising from his knees, he betook himself to the house where Francesco's mother and wife were wailing and weeping, and, it seems, demanded an investigation into the authorship of the crime, but Cardinal Montalto counselled, or rather commanded, composure and no inquiries. Soon after, among the visitors who went to condole with him was the Duke of Bracciano : on both sides the interview was most cordial. His line of conduct silenced Roman tongues. All historians have assumed that he was merely dissimulating with an ability never equalled ; this is probably true, though it might be argued that his suspicions were of later growth : many instances could be recalled of minds being consumed and corroded by suspicion which, at first, did not even enter into them. But it would be too much to affirm that this was the case with the future Sixtus V.

Though Vittoria wept, her tears, unfortunately for herself, were soon dried. No doubt she had never deeply loved Francesco Peretti ; her scheming mother perhaps instilled into her, all through, a grain of contempt for the peasant's grandson. There were no children to bind them together. If she had passed a year in decorous seclusion, no one would have ventured to say a word against her, but she committed the irretrievable error of drying her tears prematurely.

A priest came to her with a message from the Duke of Bracciano to the effect that he had made a vow long ago to marry her if she ever became a widow. This vow is the most serious piece of evidence against the Duke in connection

with the murder of Peretti, for, assuming that Marcello knew of it, he was doubtless encouraged by it to plan the crime. Vittoria appeared to be surprised, and urged that the inequality between her own rank and that of her suitor made such a match impossible, but the priest overcame her scruples and induced her, almost at once, to go through a form of private marriage with Paolo Giordano, which was to be made public in five or six months.

It has been often repeated that she cannot have been attracted to the Duke by any motive except ambition. He weighed sixteen stone and had a difficulty in finding a charger that could carry him ; how then, it is asked, could any woman admire him ? Whether Vittoria admired him or not, everything seems to show that she had for him as

strong an attachment as she was capable of feeling for any one, nor is this surprising when we remember what was said of his power of winning all hearts. Besides this, there is the fact of his passion for her, which is really a sufficient explanation, for of women very true it is, that "love exempteth nothing loved from love."

The secret marriage took place, but it was not long a secret, and every attempt was made to induce Vittoria to purchase safety for herself by giving up the Duke. To all threats and entreaties she answered that she was his wedded wife and that only force could separate her from her husband. Never but once did her spirit give way, which was when, by means of a forged letter, she was made to think that he repudiated her : on this she attempted to commit suicide. So far



A DISTANT VIEW OF CASTELLO MARTINENGO ON MONTE ISOLA.

(Photo by Tullio, Castelfranco.)

from there being truth in it, Paolo Giordano repeated the marriage ceremony three or four times to make it the more binding, till, at last, he carried her in triumph to Bracciano as his duchess.

Before that happened, however, Vittoria had many trials. The storm of jealousy and opposition raised by her marriage caused her to be thrown into prison and shut up in convents, all with a view to frightening her into taking the veil or marrying some one else! During her imprisonment she displayed such firmness and dignity and sweetness of manner that her very jailers worshipped her: the governor of Sant' Angelo begged her to be godmother to his new-born little daughter.

Her detention grew to be a public scandal. She was the Dreyfus of the day; the "affair" was talked about all over Italy, and S. Charles Borromeo thought it his duty to interfere: "If she is guilty," he said, "punish her; if innocent, let her go." On that she was set free.

She might now have enjoyed her new honours as Duchess of Bracciano unmolested had it not been for an event once desired by her family, but which was destined to prove her bane, the elevation of her first husband's uncle to the papal throne. The election of Cardinal Montalto, a seemingly feeble old man, with a stick and a quavering voice, caused amazement, but it was explained by the supposition that each party voted for him in the hope of making him its tool. By some his self-control on the death of his nephew was thought to have increased his chances; his chief strength, however, undoubtedly was his apparent weakness. When Cardinal Montalto became Sixtus VI. the infirmities of age vanished; the staff was thrown away and the trembling voice became the most terrible in Europe.

His desire for vengeance, long repressed, burst forth like a conflagration. Warned in time, the Duke of Bracciano discovered that his health (which was in reality shattered) required change of

air. Venice, then the safest place in Italy, was the climate which he thought best suited to him. There he went, and there he seems to have meant to remain, but Vittoria persuaded him to leave the city of the lagunes for the pure and mild country air of the most beautiful of Italian lakes. The particulars of the arrangement by which they took temporary possession of the *palazzo* at Salò have not come to light, but as I have said already, it is almost certain that it was lent, not let, to them. There is no other case of its having been occupied by any one but its masters in all those centuries. We find them installed in it in the autumn of 1585. Salò was under Venetian rule, but it would have been far safer for them to stay in Venice itself, where exiles, voluntary or involuntary, were under the immediate protection of the whole might of the Republic. Strangely enough, they do not seem to have realised that the Pope was by no means their only enemy.

Meanwhile, Sixtus prepared a case against Paolo Giordano with the intention of preventing him, at all events, from returning to his duchy. The worst characters among the Duke's dependents were collected in Rome and placed under arrest for debt and other small infractions of the law; by this means they were got into the Pope's power, and their testimony was then taken with a view to incriminating their master in the murder of Peretti. Evidence so obtained would be almost valueless.

The Duke and Duchess established themselves in sumptuous state at Salò, and spent their leisure in splendid pastimes on the lake. They seem to have had no gloomy presentiments, or, if they had any, they were determined to banish care by giving themselves up to the enjoyment of their lovely surroundings. It must be supposed that the Duke was feeling pretty well when he took part in these sports, but his health suddenly grew worse, and he died on the 13th of November, 1585.

Vittoria was so overcome with grief

that her attendants feared that she would take her own life ; but the sense of what was fitting roused her ; she had a por-

husband, and when this last duty was performed, she left Salò for Padua. Her grief was undoubtedly genuine ; during



THE PALAZZO MARTINENGO AT SALÒ ON THE LAGO DI GARDA.

trait made of her husband and caused his remains to be embalmed and deposited in the church of the Cappucines ; which forms a sort of private chapel to the *palazzo* ; here she directed that they should be kept till Don Virginio Orsini, the Duke's son by Isabella de Medici, came to claim them. The Cappucines, whose order had been generously favoured by the Duke at Bracciano, accepted the trust, and inscribed an imposing epitaph on the memorial stone, but, in the end, the Pope ordered them to efface the epitaph and throw the body out of doors, with which command they reluctantly complied.

Vittoria wrote suitable letters to several princes to announce the death of her

Paolo Giordano's different attacks of illness she had nursed him with unremitting care. We cannot tell whether she believed that he died a natural death ; on the whole it is probable that this was the case, though popular suspicion fell, not on the Pope, but on another relentless foe, now unmasked, the Grand Duke Francesco de Medici. Possibly this enmity had been at work, in the dark, for a much longer period than any writer on these events has hitherto surmised. This prince was capable of any atrocity. His relationship to the Duke's son, then thirteen years of age, had made him secretly disapprove of the Duke's second marriage, and, even, before Paolo Giordano died, he may have been in-

formed of a will made at Venice, in which, while he left to his son his full rights as successor to the duchy, he made Vittoria heiress to most of his personal property, an imprudent measure, since but for this the widowed Duchess of Bracciano might have lived out her days in peace.

Vittoria took up her abode at Padua in an old palace which at present is inhabited by my friend, Professor Favaro, who is editing Galileo's letters for the Italian Government. She lived in strict retirement, only receiving the visits of the great ladies of Padua, who came in a body to condole with her. Every one was struck by her matchless beauty, to which her sorrow lent a pathetic charm.

Her young brother, Flaminio, came from Rome to console her ; no dark suspicion rested at least on him, and he had much of his sister's beauty and accomplishments. Ill fortune would have it that not only Flaminio, but also Marcello, hastened to Padua, where he soon asserted his evil proclivities by murdering one of his servants to whom he owed money.

Presently there arrived at Padua a kinsman of the Duke and of Don Virginio, whose name was Ludovico Orsini, and who had started for Salò as soon as the news of the Duke's death reached Florence. Finding that Vittoria had left that place, he altered his route and followed her to Padua. Don Ludovico's avowed mission was to arrange amicably the questions arising out of the will. He represented his boy cousin, and also the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose first plan had been to induce the Pope to declare proved Paolo Giordano's part in the murder of Peretti, which would have rendered his second marriage void and his will invalid. The Pope was, perhaps, too cautious to agree to this scheme ; in any case it was abandoned, and it has been thought that, as an alternative, the Grand Duke dispatched Ludovico Orsini with express orders to have Vittoria murdered. He was quite capable of doing this, but the character of Ludovico

makes one unwilling to believe that he was guilty of such cold-blooded premeditation. He was a man of fine parts, on whom the Republic of Venice had recently conferred the appointment of Governor of Corfu, to assume which he was on the point of starting. It seems more likely that the Grand Duke trusted to Ludovico's well-known hasty temper and to Vittoria's inflexible soul when she thought her rights were concerned, to sow dissension between them. At first the interviews were courteous Vittoria showed herself willing to respect the proved rights of the young heir, but she declined to surrender the things which the Duke had expressly left to her. Then came Marcello's stupid crime, which enraged Ludovico with the whole Accoramboni family. Vittoria also especially incurred his wrath by refusing to give up certain holy objects which the Duke wore suspended to his neck. At last, angry and impatient, Ludovico resolved to cut short the discussion by having her murdered. He had certain hangers-on, among whom was a nobleman of shady antecedents, and he commissioned these wretches to do the deed. They easily found a band of men of the lowest class to assist them. One reason for thinking that Ludovico acted from sudden fury is that, as a servant of the Venetian Republic, he was certain to receive at its hands most rigorous punishment. He sacrificed his life and a splendid career to a fit of barbarous rage.

It was the 22nd day of December, the eve of S. Victoria, and in preparation for her saint's day Vittoria had taken the Communion. The evening was drawing in ; she was pacing her sleeping-room with a rosary in her hand, while in a larger *sala* Flaminio was singing a *Miserere* to the accompaniment of his lute. A few friends were with him of his rank and age. Suddenly, twenty-five masked and disguised men rushed up the stairs to the light of flaring torches, and into the *sala*, where one of them fired a mortal shot at Flaminio,

who was yet able to drag himself to his sister's room, the murderers following him. She was found kneeling before her crucifix. One of the assassins (it was the "noble" ringleader) began to tear open the handkerchief folded across her chest. "I pardon you," she said, "but I wish to die dressed." The man stabbed her under her left breast; then, while two others held her, he stabbed again and again, using the foulest language. "Jesus," she cried, her eyes fixed on the crucifix, and finally, as the breath left her, she repeated, "I pardon you." "What have we done?" exclaimed the recoiling murderer, "What have we done? We have killed a saint!"

As her lovely form lay in the Church of the Eremitani before burial, all Padua went to see it, and marvelled how a mortal could have been so fair.

The State of Venice had Ludovico Orsini strangled in prison, and nearly all the assassins and accomplices were put to death—twenty-one persons. Count Paganello, the ringleader, was stabbed with the knife with which he slew Vittoria. Marcello tried to escape with his "Greek enchantress," but on the Pope's urgent demand, they were handed over to his jurisdiction, and both were executed at Ancona, Marcello nominally for the murder of the servant; his companion, I suppose, as a witch—for I do not know that there was any definite charge against her. Marcello died bravely, the first thing that he had ever done well. So the river of blood ceased.

It is strange that no one has pointed out the analogy between this story and that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary married Bothwell after the murder of Darnley, and Vittoria married Orsini after the murder of Peretti, but while Mary has found a host of apologists, Vittoria's only

modern defender has been Ludwig Tieck, who wrote a novel in 1840 to prove her innocence, an attempt in which he might have been more successful had he not so misread her character as to credit her with a simplicity bordering on idiocy. English readers will always know her by the lurid delineation given in Webster's great—perhaps his greatest—play, *The Tragedy of Paolo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan*. The last two words are enough to show that Webster must not be taken as an accurate historian, for she was neither Venetian nor a courtesan. Whence

did he get his



SHIELD OF THE MARTINENGI.

version of the events? Later writers have, one and all, drawn on an anonymous chronicler whose MS. exists in sundry Roman libraries; the author obtained his knowledge through a nephew of Pope Sixtus V., and he could scarcely, therefore, write impartially, a fact which makes one inquire if too implicit faith has not been placed on his narrative. Be that as it may, he was not Webster's authority, for the MS. was written after the play. Perhaps the poet learnt something from unwritten ballad literature; then, as now, doggerel ballads grew up like mushrooms in a night after any tragic event; for instance, only a day or two after the murder of King Humbert I heard a blind ballad singer at Spezia drawling out a dismal lay with the refrain, *È morto il Re!* Webster knew of these ballads, as he mentions them in several of his plays; in the *Devil's Law-suit* he speaks of scurrilous ballads being made out of any sensational trial, and makes some one regret that "he cannot write his own ballad," as he fears that he will be "roguishly abused in metre." But although he mixes up events and characters, he is too minutely informed on some points for him to have relied solely on ballads. Perhaps the desire for further knowledge was one reason that he was so long in writing the play, which was produced in 1612, twenty-seven years after Vittoria's death, but he seems to have begun it at a much earlier date. People twitted him for being so long about it, as may be seen from his address "to the reader," in which he quotes the story of how, when an inferior poet scorned Euripides for having written only three verses in three days while he himself had written three hundred, the Greek dramatist retorted: "*Thou tellest truth, but here's the difference—thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.*"

It is likely that Webster owed much to that unacknowledged fount whence all his compeers drew, the talk of home-returned travellers. Supposing this to

have been the case, it raises an interesting question, for if such reports reflected current Italian opinion, they would not have been all of one complexion.

Immediately after her death, Vittoria was certainly regarded by many as a much injured woman, and, as she left no powerful descendants, such sympathy must have been disinterested. The Bishop of Fossombrone preached a sermon in memory of her, in which he refrained from alluding to her physical perfections, but held up for admiration "her life, modesty, prudence, goodness, dignity." He concluded by saying: "Let us all pray to be admitted to the heavenly mansions where she is already enjoying perpetual bliss." Had this view of the matter ever reached Webster's ears? It sometimes seems to me that he does actually represent two streams of opinion; that his Vittoria speaks occasionally as if she were not so much "innocence dissembling," to borrow Charles Lamb's phrase, as really innocent. There are moments in the play when you might think it was written by two persons, one of whom thought her innocent and the other guilty. The portrait cannot have been wholly imaginary; the indomitable courage with which he endows her, she actually possessed.

A brave spirit is shown in the wonderful death scene:—

. . . . I shall welcome death
As princes do some great ambassadors,
I'll meet thy weapon half way. . . .

And now I would ask, what would have been the effect on the spectators if, instead of this death scene, finely conceived as it is, Webster had reproduced one still finer, the real one? It would lend itself easily to dramatic representation. Vittoria with her beads, Flaminio with his lute, the sweet, solemn sound of the *Miserere*, the repose and religious gloom of the evening hour; then, the inroad of wild figures in grotesque disguises, brandishing torches and wielding arquebuses and daggers;

the shot fired at Flaminio, the savage attack of the foul-mouthed assassin on the woman kneeling before the crucifix; Vittoria's bearing, as brave as in the play, but how much more touching in its feminine modesty and forgiving grace! Finally, the murderer's horrified cry: "What have we done? We have killed a saint!"

Such a scene, well acted, would create an intense impression, but would the audience at any theatre in the world accept it or endure it as the winding-up of the story as told by Webster?

Of recent writers on the tragic events, by far the best informed is Count Domenico Guoli, but his book rather overwhelms one with minor details and dry records. J. Addington Symonds hardly treated Vittoria with the penetration that lends its highest value to most of his work on the Italian Renaissance. I think that he had some idea of returning to her. When he came to see me the year before he died, he was immensely interested to hear, what he did not know before, that it was in our house that Orsini died.



A SONG OF THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR

Translated from the French

By E. D. Y. DAWSON



BRAVE sight, I ween, are the men at arms,
Mounted and barbed, in their arrays!
And the slant of the sun on the bare steel charms
Where the golden gleam of The Standard sways!
And the sting of the string when the arrow swarms!
Ha! but the Lombard learned our ways!
And the ringing cry, and the wild alarms!
Gentles on! Where is he that stays?

Sting the string! let the bombards roar!
Spout the flame from the cannons large!
Hold steeds no more to chafe and to paw!
Bray trumpets—Up! To the charge!
Rich ransom our pouch enlarge!
And the shame of our fame through the land
Ring, till Paris on Seine's fair marge
Shudder to hear but the name of our band!



THE ADVENTURES OF AGA MIRZA

By AQUILA KEMPSTER

NUMBER IV

OUT OF HIS CLASS

IT was shortly after my first visit to the house in the Lal Bazaar that a very curious case came under my observation which seemed to show that the gods were still alive and quite as difficult of comprehension as ever. It all came out of the trouble the monkey had with the crow. The crow was one of the usual big, bold ruffians that are conspicuous by their size and audacity all over the Indian Empire. Why they should have been deified by the Parsee is beyond conception, as they are probably the worst scalwags of their size in the country. This particular specimen was camping out one hot afternoon in the sal tree that shaded Marshall's veranda.

The monkey—Peter by name—was a little brown imp with a curly tail, the familiar of the bungalow and the despair of Abdulla Din, the chief cook and bottle-washer, whose principal duty was to keep him out of mischief.

It was the habit of Peter, by the grace of Abdulla, to dine twice daily under the shady sal tree, and it was during these meals that he had learned to hate crow with an unholy hate. He could not nap for a moment during a meal but he was sure to wake with a start at the flapping of wings, just in time to see a great black thing whirring up into the tree. Of course his best bone was gone, and all that he could do would be to sit and pull faces and use doubtful language, while his enemy picked the bone with many a derisive "caw."

Although Peter was game to the core, he realised after several encounters that he couldn't afford to give away weight

to the crows. Their beaks were too hard and sharp; they would swoop on him suddenly from behind, give one vicious dig and away ere he could turn and retaliate. So, though he was more than ready to tackle a cobra, or even a stray bandakoot if necessary, he began to look askance at the crows.

On this particular afternoon Marshall was lying on his cot at the open window, a few yards from where Peter was discussing his supper. After a few mouthfuls of rice the monkey took up a tempting looking bone and dallied with it languidly for awhile, glancing surreptitiously up into the tree meantime. Then he sat, apparently thinking hard for a few moments. Marshall declares that he then turned and deliberately closed one eye in his direction, but that probably is fiction—anyway, he laid the bone down and himself with it, his eyes closed drowsily, and in a moment to all seeming he was fast asleep.

Of course, the crow up in the tree was waiting for this; yet he hesitated (possibly he had seen the monkey's wink); then, contrary to his usual custom, he gave a loud challenging "caw!" and an instant later another. These unusual demonstrations must have taxed Peter's nerves considerably; but he remained immovable. The crow hopped to one of the lower branches and tried again; this failing to stir the monkey, the deified one lighted gingerly on the ground, eyeing the situation still suspiciously, with head cocked first this side, then that.

The bone certainly was very close to

the monkey, but—well—— Getting a sudden spasm of courage, he made a long, low, feet-forward dive at it. The same instant Peter dived, too, also feet forward, and head held back well out of range. They met with a thud, and Peter, burying his four paws in the bird's feathers, put all his pent up hatred into one vicious tug, then sprang back and away over the veranda railing, lighting on the cot beside Marshall, chattering and grinning and waving aloft the enemy's feathers exultingly.

His triumph was short lived, for the demoralised bird recovered and made a sudden dash for the window, bent on vengeance; but he halted at the sill on catching sight of Marshall, who, however, was so convulsed with laughter that he could not have interfered if he would.

Peter, seeing his place of sanctuary invaded so boldly by the avenger, promptly turned tail and fled, dropping his trophies as he went. He reached the top of the door at the first scramble and then landed with a flying leap up among the rafters. His jump disturbed the dust, and something else.

It fell straight and true to the nose of the laughing man below, changing his laughter to a howl of pain and anger. A boot went flying at the sacred one and some fluent vernacular at Peter, and then the man turned to find what had hit him.

"Hey, boy! Abdulla Din, I say!

Hey! you son of an owl!" His nose was very painful. "Hither aow! Come here!"

"Ache, sahib," answered the Mahometan, entering on the instant and bowing at the door.

"Here! What's this, eh? Where did it come from, you rascal? What is it?"

Did the man's face stiffen slightly as his eyes fell on the object Marshall held?

If so, his master did not remark it, but continued turning the thing over curiously. It was



For the space of ten seconds the two men stood, each weighing the other.

a small, dark ball, apparently of jade, and covered with a delicate network of silver filigree; a pretty toy, if such it

could be called. Fortunately, it had fallen from his nose to the cot instead of the floor, and so was uninjured.

He looked up and straight into the khansamah's eyes as the man answered his rough questioning, and a sudden feeling of distrust and repugnance took the place of his anger as the fellow spoke smoothly :

"Sahib, I know not. I cannot rightly see ; but if the sahib will show——" stretching out his hand. And then he paused, for the sahib was looking at him with a curling lip.

For the space of ten seconds the two men stood, each weighing the other. And Peter sat above, watching them with an anxious face. Then Marshall spoke :

"So? Then it does not matter. I will keep it and see if the police sahib knows of it, in case it is, as I suspect, stolen property. Now go."

That night a storm, the first of the monsoons, blew up chill, and hearing Peter chattering and moaning on the veranda, Marshall opened the window and let him in, to the little fellow's huge delight. He made him up a nest on the floor at the foot of the cot, and then turned in himself and soon was fast asleep.

Just at that hour before dawn when the night is chilliest he woke with a start, aroused by a piercing shriek.

"Ca hai ! what is it? Who's there?" he challenged, staring out into the dark room, while his hand groped for his revolver. There was no answer save the moans of the monkey. He thought, on first starting up, he had seen something white melting from the foot of the bed toward the door ; but, being half asleep, could not be sure. The monkey came limping to him for sympathy when he struck a light, and he saw that the little paw held up for his inspection was crushed and badly bruised, for all the world as if it had been trodden on.

The next morning Peter's attitude toward Abdulla was one of impotent malice. From one coign of vantage and

another he chattered and gibed and mowed, a picture of nervous hate. Marshall might have found food for reflection in this had he not been so engrossed in his morning mail as to be oblivious to all else. There was an order from the surgeon general to proceed to Bombay by the night express and report immediately for emergency duty at the Byculla hospital. And so the luck began to work.

That night Abdulla—having received his discharge with quiet indifference—also left for Bombay, herding with a crowd of low-caste natives on the floor of a fourth-class carriage in the same train as his late master. He had shaved off his big, black beard, leaving only a fierce mustache. With this and one or two minor changes of costume the sleek khansamah had vanished utterly, leaving in his place as truculent looking a border man as one would wish to see.

It was during the journey to Bombay that Marshall discovered that the charm which had come to him so strangely, possessed puzzling properties. He was toying with the trinket when he found that it unscrewed from the centre, and the interior revealed what at first he took to be a large diamond ; but while examining it he noticed, to his astonishment, that it began to cloud, and then to clear, and then to cloud again as though from some inner pulse. Later he found by experiment that these pulses were in some subtle manner in direct sympathy with his own mental state while he held the stone. Again, he noted that the colour of the stone changed upon occasion from clear crystal to blood red, and at these times the pulse grew fast—so fast that the interior seemed like an angry, boiling caldron, and he could not help noticing that at such times his own mentality was, from some cause, similarly disturbed. Not unnaturally, he arrived at the conclusion that the stone had in some manner been sensitized so as to take impressions from the nearest mental magnetism. And then, not being interested in psychic things, he put the

charm away in an old cabinet, and in his waking hours, at least, forgot it.

In his sleep, however, it was different. He seemed at this time to dream all the evil dreams that imagination could evolve, and the climax ever was the little jade case with its pulsing crystal, till he learned, when all escape seemed cut off and just before utter despair seized him, to look to the help which it brought always.

He was clinging one night to a rock in a whirling storm of wind and rushing waters. A gull, swept before the howling gale, was caught, and its drowned body tossed high on the crest of a monster sea. The sky and the sea met before his eyes. He heard them roar and hiss at him. He knew the end was near, and yet he found himself listening; and his ear caught a bubbling sound beneath the din of surges, and as they closed over him they changed from slate to gold and then to crimson, and it was the inner pulse of the crystal and to its soothing lullaby he slept peacefully and without fear.

Marshall was at the time of the transfer to Bombay just an Indian army assistant apothecary, drawing seventy-five rupees per month in an up-country station. He was white, of English parents, and a fine shot, otherwise in no way different from the thousands of others of the same ilk. His ambitions had been simply nil outside of his shikarri work; at that he had made a reputation second to none in the Empire.

But once in Bombay he seemed to awaken suddenly. He became indefatigable. After his hospital work—and it was anything but light—he took up his medical studies where he had dropped them and read his way steadily up, passing his final exams. with infinite credit. Then he took up special lines in medical and civil service affairs. He developed naturally. Yet he had unusual success. In five years he was a man whom people noted as a person of mark, and other men of achievement

began to seek him out and to show their appreciation of his ability.

It was about this time that Slape and he met—at some scientific society, I believe—and, discovering that they had interests in common, they joined forces in chemical problems that both were investigating. Later Mirza and I met him and we fraternized. So it happened that one evening we were smoking in his comfortable library. We had not been there long when Slape turned up—he always does when there's anything good on.

He was chock-full of a new experiment, as usual, and for the next half hour the air grew heavy with chemical symbols such as: "Yes, I got the salt from $H_2SO_4 \times BaO_2 \cdot H_2 = BaSO_4 \cdot x \cdot OH_2$."

"Ah, yes! I see; your acid reacting on the base."

Then they argued as to the basic or acid character of the properties of the oxides of an element, Marshall holding up his end of the argument in a fashion that inspired respect.

It must have been fearfully dry work for Mirza; but he sat smoking with a face full of apparent interest, and even seemed disappointed when I howled at the men to shut up and give us a chance.

Marshall laughed and went to the sideboard, saying: "Here, you chaps! Here's a thing I want you to see, and I'll bet it's a chemical problem that even Dicky here can't solve." And he rolled the little jade ball on the table.

I took the thing up first and examined it curiously, then as our host called out "Twist it, Sutton!" I twisted, and, opening the case, saw the strange stone. I gave a gasp as the others bent over me. "A diamond! Here, you fellows! Don't breathe on it. Confound you, I can't see it!" And while I tried to rub the mist away, Marshall chuckled and finally burst into a roar as he saw my blank face when I failed.

Then we heard the story of how he had got the stone, and, suspecting his

servant, had gone to the police, but had failed to hear anything of its owner, and so finally had kept it until he had grown attached to it.

While he was talking Slape was studying the crystal carefully, sometimes bending down over it as if to hide it from the rest of us. When Marshall finished, he asked abruptly: "After you got it, what happened?"

Marshall looked puzzled a moment. "Happened?" he echoed at length. "I don't quite understand. Nothing that I recollect. I came to Bombay the next night, if I remember rightly."

"So! You were in the subordinate medical department then, with no ambitions and no prospects, eh?" Marshall nodded, evidently wondering what he was driving at. "And now," continued Dick, "I'll call on these two chaps to witness there's not a fellow in the department that's not either proud or jealous of you. You've risen from a rank outsider—no offence, more honour to you—to be a house surgeon to your own college hospital; you've written a book on Thanatophidia that bids fair to be our college textbook; it's certainly opened my eyes about snake bites, though where on earth you got your data beats me altogether. You've got this far in five years, with no favour, and the promise is that in five more you'll be one of the biggest medical guns in the country or——"

"Well?" questioned his host, seeing he had stopped suddenly.

"Never mind, old man; but remember your luck began the day you found this thing. Take care you don't lose it. There's many a man would sell his soul for the bare chance of stealing it; and they wouldn't be all natives either. And remember another thing. It's the fashion nowadays to steal such things, so don't trust anybody. You can't tell what's slumbering down in your best friend's soul."

He spoke so solemnly that we were all a little startled. Mirza was the first to break the rather awkward silence.

"What is it, Dick?"

Dick handed him the stone, that was pulsing like a living thing. I saw Mirza's dark face pale as it lay in his hands, then his lips moved slightly, and he walked over the room to Marshall, handing him the crystal, and saying as he bowed gravely:

"You will pardon me for adding my word to his. He is right. I, as you know, am supposed to be rich. I am a Rajput prince, heir to one of the oldest thrones in the world—an exile, it is true, but still envied by most. I love my life and the ways of it, yet I tell you that I would willingly give up all—my name and my hopes and my power—to stand alone and naked in the world with only that in the palm of my hand." He paused and looked earnestly at Marshall for a moment. Then he added: "You cannot understand these things. Your temperament is not quite as ours. But it does not matter so long as you keep your charm. You will fill up the measure of your possibilities whatever they may be; more no man can do, though his stars work ever so strongly."

Just how much impressed Marshall was by all this I couldn't tell. For my part I always had thought Mirza and Slape were a bit too eager on such things to be quite trustworthy, and Marshall hardly can be blamed for thinking the same. Probably he realised how hard he had worked for success, and to have the credit given to a trumpety external possession must have been trying.

Slape told me afterward that it was a divining glass of the rarest kind, infinitely superior to the great crystal of Narda, the Egyptian; and that there was a wonderful future before Marshall if he only held on to it.

A year later Marshall volunteered for the front in the last Afghan trouble and there won the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery under fire. Later he was promoted to acting surgeon-major, and at this time Slape received a letter and a package from him. The package



contained the jade ball in a little leather case, and the letter said that as Slape thought the trinket valuable he had enclosed it for his care, as the fighting was pretty rough and he might go under and lose it; and, besides, he was tired of thinking that possibly he owed his success to anything but his own efforts, and so he intended to show his friends that he could float alone.

Slape showed me the letter and then made me go with him to the safety deposit vaults and see the case locked in a fire- and thief-proof cell. As he turned away he said abruptly, "Now, watch out!"

No. 229. October, 1902.

In the next report from the front we read, "Acting Surgeon-Major Marshall badly wounded." Then followed a glowing account of the work of a sepoy who had brought the doctor in under fire, saving his life and getting him safely back to the rear.

"See how it works?" growled Slape. But for the life of me I couldn't;

She wore at her waist a curious little jade ball.

the luck was as good in saving him as it was bad in getting him bowled over. Besides,

I was sick of Slape's harping on "luck." If ever a man earned his spurs worthily it was Marshall.

He came down on sick leave. He had had a pretty close call. An Afghan knife had carved his helmet and then, fortunately, had slipped on his skull,

leaving, nevertheless, an ugly scalp wound and jarring the brain, so that he dropped as though he had been shot in his tracks. Fever and exposure had done the rest, and he contemplated a long rest before he got in harness again.

He had brought with him the man who had saved his life, and to our astonishment we heard that it was Abdulla Din, his old khansamah. He had enlisted at the beginning of the trouble, and, strangely enough, had been in the same skirmish with his old master. I saw him the first day I called and was anything but favourably impressed. Still, it's pretty hard to diagnose an Afghan.

Slape returned the crystal at the first opportunity and tried to point a moral from the wound; but I don't think he succeeded well, as his temper was short for some time after when we referred to Marshall.

Of course, the man with the Victoria Cross was a big man indeed, and for a while, after he got stronger, we lost sight of him in the social whirl. Then the news of his engagement to a certain commissioner's daughter nearly took our breath away. She was a star in the firmament of Viceregal society, and her dot was mentioned with a breath of awe. "See how it works?" said Slape, and I did begin to waver.

Soon after the announcement we saw her. It was at the engagement ball, and she wore at her waist a curious little jade ball, artistically netted with silver filigree. It was a pretty ornament and much admired by the guests who noticed it.

That was the beginning of the end. Two days afterward Abdulla Din, Marshall's trusted bearer, called with a note purporting to come from his master and delivered the same with many salaams to the girl. The note was a clever forgery, and he received in return for it a little sealed packet, with many injunctions to be careful not to lose it. He was most careful—so careful,

in fact, that it's doubtful if he has lost it yet, though certainly he has given us no chance to question him on the subject, for he vanished as only a native can in the burrows of an Indian city.

At once Marshall changed noticeably. He complained of his head a great deal and grew morose and irritable. The wedding was put off till he grew better, and then suddenly he disappeared—vanished as utterly as Abdulla had done. We found his house empty and his servants gone. Knowing the state of the man's health, we used every means in our power to find him, the Commissioner spending his money freely; but all with no result. Of course Slape said, "I told you so."

Two years later I was a casual visitor in the house of a big railway official at Agra. I was passing on a hunting trip and he kindly entertained me during my stay in the city. We were sitting on the veranda, smoking and yarning one ho evening, when a coolie entered the compound and enquired for Sutton Sahib. I answered him, and to my surprise he handed me a rather soiled looking note, waiting while I read it. It said:

"DEAR SUTTON—If you have not quite forgotten an old friend, come at once. Follow the bearer. If you care to come, do not delay. My time is almost up.

"Yours of old,

"P. MARSHALL."

I stared at the thing in amaze. Then I made an incoherent excuse to my astonished host and left the grounds.

In an old hut on the outskirts of the bazaar I found him. A native woman was crying at the foot of the charpie on which he lay. I took in the whole thing at a glance and understood. I had seen cases before, but none of them ever had come home to me like this. He was lying there an utter wreck. Gone native. Run amuck. Dying in a hut outside an old cow byre. I did what I could, but it was all too little,

and when the early dawn came creeping in he whispered a faint goodbye, touching gently the hair of the weeping woman before he died. She ran out shrieking and flung herself down among the sleeping buffalo, tearing her hair and beating her breasts, after the manner of her kind.

The broken man sobbed out his pitiful story in my arms that night before he went. He had grown to believe in the potency of the crystal, despite an incredulous temperament. Then when his success came he grew jealous of its supposed help and so sent it away from the front. The wound that he got after that frightened him but made him dogged, too, to stand alone, so later

he gave it to the girl as a kind of half measure. When it was stolen he imputed his weakness and lack of mental power to the loss instead of the wound. He got nervous with thinking and fearing, he knew not what. What he must have suffered before he ran—for he was a brave man—God only knows. He asked me pitifully before he went if it were true; if what he had done didn't count; if it was all due to the crystal. And I, though truly I was much troubled and utterly perplexed, answered boldly, "Bosh!"; that if he had not had the brains Heaven itself could not have produced the results. And I think that's true, yet—



He was lying there a wreck. Gone native. Run amuck.

SNUFF-BOXES AND SNUFF-BOX STORIES

By A. W. JARVIS

IN the days of good Queen Anne the gallants were as proud of their jewelled boxes of amber, porcelain, ebony, agate, and a variety of other precious materials, as they were of their flowing wigs and clouded canes. The heads of the latter were constructed to hold the cherished dust, so that they could inhale it, through the perforated top, as they aired their finery in the park. We are told by courtly Dick Steele that a handsome snuff-box was as much an essential of "the fine gentleman" as his chariot, diamond ring, and brocade sword-knot. Manufactured of the costliest materials, heavy with gold, and brilliant with jewels, they were quite in keeping with the lavish style of dress affected by the dandies of the period who pranced about in huge wigs, worth forty or fifty guineas each, and wore enough Flanders lace on their dress to have stocked a stall in the New Exchange. Tom Brown, in his "Letters from the Dead to the Living," speaks of "a flaming beau of the first magnitude, whose long lace cravat, reaching down to his waist, was most agreeably discoloured with snuff from top to bottom," and he describes the

periwig "as large enough to have loaded a camel." Another satirist writes :—

A wig that's full,
An empty skull,
A box of burgamot.

Pope, in his "Rape of the Lock," notes the use of the snuff-box as a luxurious appendage to the *bon ton* :—

Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane ;
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case.

Nor was the use of the snuff-box confined to the sterner sex. As early as 1650 it was said—

She that with pure tobacco will not prime
Her nose, can be no lady of the time ;

and, in 1712, the *Spectator* complained of snuff-taking as an impertinent custom adopted by fine women, and equally disgusting whether practised sedately or coquettishly. Some only used the box as a means of displaying their pretty hands; but the thorough-paced woman of fashion pulled out her box in the middle of the sermon and freely offered her best Brazilian to friends of either sex, and asked the churchwarden to take a



SNUFF-BOX PRESENTED BY NAPOLEON TO
LADY HOLLAND.

pinch as she dropped her money into the collecting-plate. Thus, for a time, the snuff-box was as much a part of "the fine lady's" toilet as the fan itself, and—

By snuff assisted, ladies killed the day,
And breathed their scandal freely o'er their tea.

Steele tells the story of a learned lady of his acquaintance whose use of the snuff-box once placed her in an awkward dilemma. One day she happened to have "a pretty fellow" hidden in her closet when some company called. She made an excuse to go there for something they were talking about. Her eager gallant snatched a kiss, but, being unused to snuff, some grains from her upper lip set him sneezing—much to the astonishment of the visitors and the confusion of the lady.

More than once the snuff-box has played an important part in political life. After the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, and while the Bonapartists were plotting for his return, they used to fill their boxes with snuff scented with violets—his favourite flower. When desirous of learning which side an individual favoured, they would offer a pinch and significantly ask, "Do you like this perfume?" Talleyrand always said that diplomatists ought to take snuff, as it afforded a pretext for delaying a reply and gave opportunities

for covering any involuntary expression of emotion.

Benson Hill tells a snuff-box story in connection with William Pitt. It was at the time of the French Revolution, when its advocates denounced the Premier as "an enemy to the human



SNUFF-BOX COURTESIES.

race." His secretary one day told him that a foreigner had repeatedly called to see him, but not looking a proper applicant he had been sent away.

"Have the goodness," said the minister, "to open the top left-hand drawer in that cabinet, and bring me its contents."

These proved to be a brace of pistols

and a morocco case containing a snuff-box in which a portrait was set.

"Is that like our visitor?" asked Mr. Pitt.

"It is the man, sir," replied the secretary.

"Ha! I have expected him for some

Attempt my life, and your own instantly pays forfeit. At best I shall have you secured and handed over to the law."

The intended assassin was dumb with amazement.

"But," continued Pitt, "there is another alternative; personal power and high rewards may be yours. Sell your secret services to Great Britain, and you will save yourself from speedy death and be liberally paid."

The miscreant at once accepted the offer, and for many years earned the bribe of a spy in our interests.

Snuff-boxes have always been favourite gifts both in official and in private life. At his coronation, George IV. spent over £8,000 on snuff-boxes for presentations to the foreign ministers. Though his Majesty always carried a box, it is said that he really took very little, allowing most of the powder to escape between his finger and thumb—a trick also practised by Napoleon.

Writing to his friend Mann, in 1750, Wal-

pole tells a strange story of General Wade. The General, who does not appear to have been very particular as to the company he kept, possessed a very valuable box richly set with diamonds. One night he was playing at a low gaming-house, when he suddenly missed the box. Everybody denied having taken it, and so he insisted on searching the whole company. This he did, and only one man, who stood behind



MR. PITT AND HIS VISITOR.

days; he is sent over to assassinate me. When he calls again, let him be shown up."

Accordingly, the next time the man called he was ushered into the room where Pitt sat alone, a loaded pistol in one hand and the box in the other.

"Monsieur Mehée de la Touche," he said quite calmly, "you see I am, in every way, prepared for you—thanks to an agent employed by the Government.

him, remained. He refused to be searched unless the General would go alone with him into another room. His request being granted, he confided to the General that he was born a gentleman, but was in reduced circumstances, living on what little he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. "At this moment," he said, "I have half a fowl in my pocket: I was afraid of being exposed. Here it is. Now, sir, you may search me." Wade—who discovered that he had not lost the box at all, but inadvertently had placed it in a side pocket—was so struck that he gave the man a hundred guineas.

Snuff-boxes were often made out of relics possessing historical associations, such as Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, the hull of the *Royal George*—in which

"brave Kempenfeldt went down, with twice four hundred men"—or the deck of the *Victory* on which Nelson died for "England, home, and beauty." Sir Henry Irving is the proud possessor of one of the mulberry-tree boxes which belonged to David Garrick, who cut the wood of which it is made. Our leading actor also has Macready's silver box, and a third decorated with a medallion bearing the bust and name of John Philip Kemble.

A story is told of a party of gentlemen who were comparing their snuff-boxes. One was made from a leaf of the table on which Wellington wrote

the Waterloo dispatch; another from Canova's footstool; a third from the rockers of Harry Bishop's cradle; a



THE LAST PINCH.

fourth from the sign of "The Bear," Devizes, beneath which Sir Thomas Lawrence began to paint; Crabbe's cudgel; and Siddons's desk. All these, a melancholy individual who had joined the company said he could eclipse with a collection of boxes of far greater interest and value. Among those he mentioned was one made out of the flooring of the garret where that remarkable idiot, Smith, was confined; another out of the door of Mrs. Brownrigg's coal-hole, in which she hid the 'prentices she beat to death. But the one he was most proud of was a box made out of a

bit of plank from the Red Barn, with Corder's shots and his victim's blood distinctly visible! An incredulous exaggerator, however, trumped all these wonders by boasting that he himself possessed a box, "certainly somewhat worm-eaten," which was turned from a section of the tiller of Noah's ark!

Our next illustration introduces us to the strange character who made the famous "Lawrence Kirk" snuff-boxes. Lameness compelled him to keep his bed; but round it a platform was fixed on which the poor fellow worked, turning out the beautifully finished little boxes, which were so justly famed, and con-

nature caused his home to be the gossip-shop of the neighbourhood.

The favourite receptacle with Scotchmen for their cherished snuff is the mull—made of the small end of a horn. Some are enriched with brilliant cairngorms and other stones, and have attached to them a variety of little implements of silver to assist the snuff-taker in the most luxurious style. A little woodcut shows a very splendid specimen—one of a pair owned by the gallant Gordon Highlanders. There is a hammer to tap the side of the mull, should the snuff adhere; a bodkin to pierce and separate it; a rake to collect the snuff into the little spoon or shovel; and a hare's foot to brush loose particles from the nose or lip.

We also give old woodcuts of two other highly curious boxes. One is a Moorish specimen, made of ebony, and has attached to it, by a silver chain, an ivory stirrer which also serves as a stopper. The other, made of tortoise-shell, gives a Chinaman's quaint idea of an English fox-hunt.

Many of the magnificent boxes of the old snuff-taking days have been carefully preserved. Some, rich in historical association, have been treasured and handed down from generation to generation. Others again are of such exquisite beauty and workmanship, often enriched with magnificent diamonds of the finest water, cameos of the most delicate design, or the no less valuable minatures, that their



THE MAKER OF THE LAWRENCE KIRK SNUFF-BOXES.

structing a host of ingenious instruments and mechanical contrivances. He was very fond of birds; and his cheerful

mere intrinsic worth, apart from their value as works of art, quite warrant the jealous care with which they are guarded.



THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS' MULL.

A large number were lent by their owners to the Stuart Exhibition. One, made of silver, belonged to the Marquis of Montrose; and it is said that it was the last thing he held in his hand, before mounting the gallows. Another, of oak from the Boscobel Tree, is mounted in silver with a representation of Charles II. hiding in the oak, and the party of soldiers searching for him. The boxes given by the Young Pretender to some of his followers also attracted much attention, as well as those decorated with his portrait. In one box, the latter is hidden behind a movable mask; and, in another, in an under-lid. Here, too, was to be seen a silver snuff-box which belonged to the Prince's devoted adherents the brave and daring Flora Macdonald and her husband.

The Guelph Exhibition also included a large number of interesting and beautiful boxes. Several contained some of Cosway's exquisite little miniatures. Here was to be seen the gold box given by Byron to Edmund

Kean, and Garrick's favourite box, with a portrait of his brother Peter. Another example much noticed was one with a painting of the "Hell Fire Club," which existed in Dublin before the Union, and embraced in its membership several notabilities of the day. The club held its orgies at a house on the hill above Rathfernham, in imitation of a similar institution in England called "The Monks of Medmenham Abbey," of which Wilkes was a member. Several royal snuff-boxes graced the exhibition.

One, presented by Princess Amelia, daughter of George III., to the Hon. General Fitzroy, contained a lock of her hair. Three or four others were owned by George IV., including the one he gave to Sir Walter Scott. Another curious specimen, made



A MOORISH SNUFF-BOX.

of bloodstone, lent by the Duke of



A CURIOUS CHINESE SNUFF-BOX.

Cambridge, had a dog on the cover with eyes and teeth of diamonds and a cornelian tongue.

Talking of royal boxes recalls a tale told of Frederick of Prussia who was an inveterate snuff-taker. There seems to have been some bad feeling between him and Count Schwerin. At all events, his Majesty presented the Count with a snuff-box, on the inside of which was painted a donkey's head. Next day the Count produced the box at dinner and showed it to the Duchess of Brunswick. "What an excellent portrait of His Majesty!" remarked the Duchess. The King look somewhat annoyed. "Is it not a fine portrait?" said the lady, handing it to her neighbour. "Most excellent," was the reply; and the box began to travel round the table, when the King ordered it to be handed to him. His feeling can be imagined, when he found that the wily Count had had the donkey's head removed and a portrait of himself substituted, in order that he might teach the King a lesson.

The Jones Collection, at the Albert and Victoria Museum, is peculiarly rich in snuff-boxes, of rare beauty and value.



SNUFF-BOX PRESENTED BY NAPOLEON
TO THE HON. MRS. DAMER.



HORROR AND MURDER LEAPING OUT OF
NAPOLEON'S BOX.

One alone, painted by Blarembeghe, has been valued at £1,500, and many others are worth nearly as much. Several of the miniatures inserted in the lids are by Petitot. One box, which was formerly in the possession of Demidoff, has miniatures of Marie Antoinette and the whole family of Louis XVI. Near by is the gold-mounted snuff-box of Sir Thomas Lawrence, made from the cinder or lava of Vesuvius. A fantastic specimen is one made of amethyst, representing a lamb lying down. The ears are of ruby, and the eyes, being of diamonds, seem positively to flash fire. Among the tortoise-shell boxes, is one said to have been given to Marshal Vauban by Louis XIV.; and another, supposed to have belonged to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, was presented to the family of the donor by Prince de Condé.

At the British Museum, the collection of snuff-boxes, though not large, is of a highly interesting character. In the Asiatic Saloon are a number of the quaint little porcelain bottles in which the Chinese kept their snuff. Some have tiny spoons attached to the stoppers, a few of which are enriched with precious stones. The designs and colour are most varied; no two are alike. There is one beautiful little specimen of the rare *Sang de Bœuf*—the brilliant red glaze the secret of which was never divulged by its maker, at whose death, in 1610, it was lost. A charming little collection of Chinese snuff-bottles, in

glass, will be found in the Glass Room. It includes some nice specimens of slip decoration, some clever imitations of onyx, chalcedony, turquoise, &c., and a pretty little box richly studded with fine imitation gems. In the Mediæval Room, are a number of curious old pressed-horn and tortoise-shell boxes decorated, in relief, with busts of various monarchs, classical and other subjects.

A few of the choicest specimens will be found in the Gold Ornament Room. Lying by the side of his watch is to be seen the gold snuff-box of Gibbon. It is said that whenever the historian was going to say a good thing he announced it by a complacent tap on his box. Here, too, is an enamelled gold snuff-box in which Queen Charlotte kept her dearly-loved mixture of Spanish or Violet Strasburg, to which her Majesty always added a little green tea. Another box which is sure to attract attention is one made of Lumachelli, or "fire marble," with its fascinating play of colours. The lid, and those of two or three other boxes, are enriched with lovely cameos.

The two Napoleon snuff-boxes are especial favourites with the public. One was presented to the Hon. Mrs. Damer by the Emperor, in acknowledgment of a bust of Charles James Fox, which the lady had chiselled for him with her own fair hands. A miniature of Napoleon which adorns the lid is encircled with magnificent diamonds.

The second box, which had been presented to the Emperor by Pope Pius VI., at Tolentino, has the lid set with a

superb antique cameo. At Napoleon's death, the box was found with a piece of paper inside bearing the following words: "*L'empereur Napoléon à Lady Holland témoignage de satisfaction et d'estime.*" Lord Carlisle, when he heard of the legacy, with very bad taste, gave vent to his feeling against the dead emperor in some lines commencing, "Lady, reject the gift, 'tis tinged with gore!" The verses greatly amused Byron, who thus parodied the first stanza:—

Lady, accept the box a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff:
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore,
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff!

Lord Carlisle's suggestion that Horror and Murder would leap out every time the box was opened, is also caricatured in the little woodcut reproduced; though it is evident that the artist had never seen the gift itself.

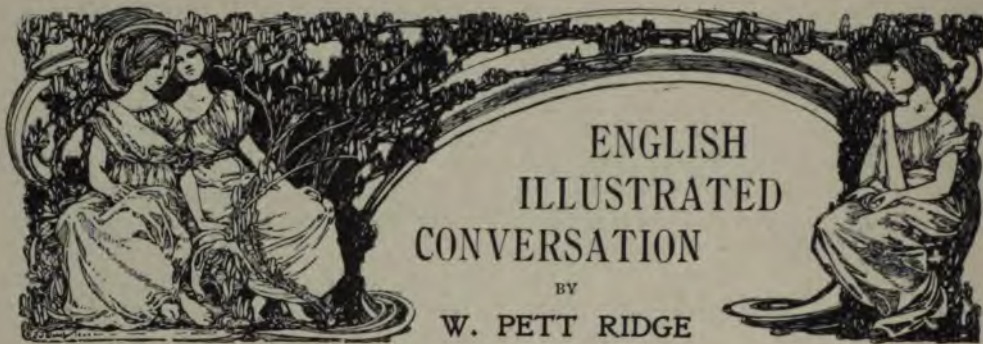
The snuff-box also elicited other poetical effusions more in keeping with Lady Holland's feelings. One is from Tom Moore:—

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day
To her, whose pity watch'd for ever nigh,
Oh! cou'd he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship—all his Kingdom cou'd not buy.

Lady Holland placed great value on this token of the Emperor's grateful remembrance of her kindness to him during his imprisonment at St. Helena. At her death she bequeathed the box to the Museum.



TYPES OF SNUFF TAKERS.



ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED CONVERSATION

BY
W. PETT RIDGE

Humour in Novels.

"A word," according to an elaborate essayist in one of the monthly reviews "a word must here be added on the decay of humour in modern fiction. Scarcely a novelist of the past was devoid of it. In America there is a flood of humour which cannot be stemmed by science." It does not appear from the article that the writer is able to fill this want; further, it seems likely that he is not more widely read in the forgotten fiction of years ago than the rest of us. The novelist of the past who is read nowadays is read just because his work possessed humour; the writer who had none has disappeared. The writings of Mr. G. P. R. James, for instance, did not teem with quiet fun, and the books by Mrs. Radcliffe sometimes failed

to extort uproarious laughter. But in regard to modern novels it is just possible that the essayist (without knowing it) may be partially right in his view. New writers are so much impressed with the awful dignity of their position, that if they introduce into the scrip an amusing character they strike him out as being "not in the picture," their affection for sudden ends and pathetic bedroom scenes induces them to kill off most of

the attractive people. The flood of humour in American novels alluded to by the reviewer has, I fear, escaped my observation; besides, few of us want humour in floods. We want to be refreshed by humorous writing: not to be drowned in it.

A Young Story.

If one ventures to say of Mr. Neil Lyons's book,



*Yours faithfully,
A. Neil Lyons*

"Hookey" (published by Mr. Fisher Unwin), that it is young, there is something of reproach, something of envy in the remark. The sub-title is "A Cockney Burlesque," and the chapters dealing with the Free Debaters and the wordy speaker from Bengal justify this, but Hookey herself, with her swift repartee, her good-humour, and her general alertness, is real; she makes a notable addition to the recorded types of London. I think Mr. Lyons has been unwise in making the narrator of the story a tipsy man; the more so that he gives him now and again the most precise and delectable sentiments. "And so," remarks this man in regard to songs at a music-hall, "there has grown up in the people a terrible conception of revelry, against which education may fight in vain." Now, this jars. For the rest, the small book is well written, and in parts amusingly written, and I am honestly glad to have met Miss Hookey.

Many Dialects.

I can recommend to you a book by Miss M. E. Francis, whom one has also to think of as Mrs. Francis Blundell. It is called "North, South, and over the Sea," and includes short stories and sketches of Lancashire folk, of people in Dorsetshire, of Irish peasantry. Of these I like best the Lancashire stories. "Th' Owdest Member," a story of two old inhabitants, both ill, but eager to score over each other in regard to attendances at club-days, is better than anything I have read for a long time; the finish of "Heather in Holborn"—"Wakken up, mother," he cried, "mother, 'tis time to wakken up"—proved to me that I still had tears. I think Miss Francis must love her Lancashire, for no one could write so well about a place and about a people unless prompted and helped by a sincere affection. I notice, by the bye, in the sketch called "Sentiment and Feelin'," a story of a baby which I have heard placed in Limehouse, in Kent, and in

the Black Country. It is a crude but an illuminating anecdote; so characteristic that the remark might well have been made by a bereaved young father in any or all of these districts.

Old and New Journalists.

A writer on a morning paper recently wrote of "the felicitous creations of Sir Robert Peel;" he meant to refer to policemen. I wonder how much longer this laborious, heavy-footed manner will continue in journalism; optimists used to say that it would go out with Mr. Sala, but Mr. Sala went and the method still remains. It covers space, but it has no other advantage. When the City of London School starts its classes for juvenile journalists, perhaps it will be worth while for the lecturers to collect a few specimens of the kind quoted above and cane the boy who imitates them. There promises in the future to be no demand for newspaper writers over thirty, and this will at least have the advantage of evading elderly methods. Already there is a story (which has the merit of not being true) of a proprietor of many journals going up the lift of his exalted offices and observing that a new boy was in charge. "But I seem to know your face, too, my lad," said the proprietor, wonderingly. "Yes, sir, please, sir," said the lift boy, "I used to edit your *Fireside Cackle*, but you gave me the sack."

Mr. Keary's High Policy.

I am acquainted with some members of Parliament (Heaven forgive me for bragging!) but I do not know any politicians: if I did I would warn them not to read Mr. C. F. Keary's book, "High Policy." Were they to do so they would find that Mr. Keary had betrayed them to the world. "Whatever was done," he writes of the work of an Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "whatever was done had to be considered in two lights: what it actually was, and what it would appear in the columns of newspapers and to the public at large, and

this fact again necessitated a new and elaborate system, as one might say, of double entry, an infinite skill in so manipulating and representing things that they might put on their smartest aspects." Many who read leading articles

helps greatly. So much cannot be said for the infrequent efforts to record dialect, and the Irish journalist (I think he is Irish) who says, "Well, I've ghot that artikul on North Sea Fisheries," is a man who fortunately makes a rare appearance. There are

no words but words of praise (offered here by an amateur to a professional) for the drawing of the character of Mr. Herbertffollett (what a name!) and Cynthia is a perfectly real and perfectly charming girl; so real and charming that she deserved better luck. Apparently, Mr. Keary in writing this notable novel himself fell in love with Cynthia for he does not give her away to anybody; as a matter of fact the men in "High Policy" are a mixed lot and not one of them is worthy of her. A fine novel though.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson's "Papa."

"Papa" is a book at the opposite pole. It affects nothing to which the phrase "insight into character," can be applied; the plot—a man of thirty-eight marries a girl who has pretended to be his daughter—does not strike one as being happily selected, and there is in it none of the perplexing clever-

ness that makes the heart of the reader lose a beat. It can be read without tears, without laughter, without excitement. But because it is a book written with ease and because the expected occurs at the end, I am prepared to wager sixpence that its sale will be



[By kind permission of "Country Lite."]

"So that were the girl ye left behind ye!"

One of Mr. Brock's charming illustrations to Miss M. E. Francis' "North, South, and Over the Sea."

have suspected this to be true of the other side, but it is painful to see it stated as a general fact. The worst of it is that Mr. Keary writes as one who knows. "High Policy" is not only a clever but a convincing book; the amazing naturalness of its dialogue

two or three times as large as that of Mr. Keary's book. "Papa" is the kind of book that the average reader likes. It has the advantage of exciting no animosity on the part of the average reader, who will hand it on to a relative with the remark, "This is good enough!" The average reader does not want to be puzzled by cleverness. Many of us possess minds that are like sieves through which we pour fiction; anything of an exceptional nature clogs the sieve and retards this process. The most successful writers of course (if one counts by sales) are those who affect to write deeply and abstrusely, and all the time give nothing but the superficial.

How to Finish an Evening.

The representative of an important foreign mission arrived in London recently, and the daily journals inform me that on his first evening he dined at his hotel, went to a music-hall, thence to the House of Commons. We all have our ideas of enjoyment, but the House of Commons is scarcely the place I should have recommended for the end of a jolly evening. The music-hall, now, was a good idea. I doubt whether any public entertainment has improved so much of late years as that of the music-hall, although, with one exception, there is generally something in the programme which tempers regret at the absence of one's sister. I wonder why this should be so. The indecorous reference, I admit, always raises an hysterical giggle, but it is out of keeping with the rest of the entertainment and the best people (the Dan Lenos, the Eugene Strattons) can amuse an audience without the assistance of remarks that are not deep but broad. My own plan for enjoying a music-hall is to go rarely, to stay for about an hour, and (this is important) to leave immediately after some good "turn." But you must take a cheerful, receptive temperament with you, and you must be very careful not to make the grievous error of expecting too much; also, you should

not go with a contemptuous mind. Nothing is quite so satisfactory in this world as it might be. I used to know in the country a lad, a stolid, deep-voiced lad who when rallied on the subject of marriage, answered contemptuously. I met him in Trafalgar Square the other afternoon looking thoughtfully at the fountains. He told me that he was staying at Morley's with his wife. In giving my congratulations I reminded him that he had always spoke of marriage as a mug's game. "So it is!" he replied gloomily.

Honest Injun.

I feared that I was not going to find interest in Mr. Ernest E. Henham's "Scud," but on page 65 (where the story might well have begun) entered Samuel Butchart. Samuel is now a friend of mine whom I shall not willingly forget. Samuel's family has a feud against another family, and only one representative of each remains. The other characters are Indians and negroes, and the conventional gambling settlers; all so ready to shoot each other that it seems inexplicable that in such a land any person should ever reach the age of maturity. But Samuel Butchart, with his uncle's little rifle, which he calls Louie, is in dead earnest, pursuing the one living member of the offending family with steadiness, good-humour, and with the courage that is found only in books of adventure. Honest too, and not wishful to be accused of plagiarism. "Man warn't made to be alone," muttered Butchart. "The Almighty's idea, not mine." You must read Mr. Henham's book and ascertain how the end of the feud happened, and why Samuel fired the last shot with Louie.

Two Heads are Better—

I suppose every writing man gets offers of collaboration; I have received letters of late from a gentleman who has had the rare advantage of serving twenty-five years in prison, and is now at liberty to accept other engagements. He thinks

that, together, we might produce something really worth reading, but it is a point on which I am not yet persuaded. Quite possible to imagine the situation where two heads are better than one ; only that one would have to select a collaborator with a good amount of caution, and it would certainly be painful as well as troublesome to have to count one's silver (presuming one had any) both before and after the colleague's visit. I often wonder how the credit is distributed, and how the blame is apportioned in cases of collaboration. Historic precedent suggests that firms of writers dissolve partnership so soon as anything like success is attained ; failure is the only bond that keeps them together. For which reason (and others) it is probably wise for a literary man to stand on his own head.

Hooligans, Real and Alleged.

A difficult thing to persuade the authorities to change titles which they have decided to confer, but I do wish they would reconsider their decision in regard to the term Hooligans. The word was first applied in South London to young street loafers, who, tired of having nothing to do, sometimes ran amuck in the streets ; sometimes organised frays against similars

of neighbouring boroughs. They were not, I admit, very far removed from the criminal classes, but they were not *of* the criminal classes, and the distinction is important. Victims of *ennui*, they could be reformed, if caught quite young and supplied with the right kind of physical exercise under control of the right kind of people. But of late the name has been applied to all sorts of law-breakers. If a peaceable man in St. Martin's Lane is caught by the neck and his watch taken from him with violence, this is reported as an assault by Hooligans ; the scoundrels used to be called garotters, and I don't know why they should be dignified by any other title. I have seen a report of a capital offence headed "Attack by Hooligans." On the other hand, I heard a lady on an omnibus the other day call the conductor by this name because he charged her twopence for a twopenny fare. The gentlemen of the Press have helped in this confusion of terms, and it is not too much to ask them now to aid precision. Hooligans form one set ; the thieves and violent scoundrels form another. You and I belong to neither, but we may as well keep them apart, if only for the reason that the treatment necessarily differs. For one, hard work ; for the other, hard labour.



THE END OF SUMMER

By WILL H. OGILVIE

A GRAY-CLAD, sad September
Lays chill hands on our hearts,
That so we may remember
Here love with lost love parts.
Brown tints are on the shading
Across the lime-trees tall,
And summer flowers are fading,
With leaves that soon will fall.

I have watched red Autumn's nearing
And harvest fields grow bare,
And Summer's disappearing,
Dead-leafed—and did not care ;
Once I would scarcely miss one,
But now, with love for guest,
I pray, "Ah ! God ! Let this one
Stay longer than the rest !"



Photo by G. Brogi, Florence.

JOHN CHURCHILL, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH,
From the painting by Van der Werf.

The English Illustrated Magazine

STUART RECOLLECTIONS IN FLORENCE

By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN

OF the many thousands who annually visit Florence, which cheap fares and fast trains have now almost converted into a suburb of London, few remember that the old Tuscan capital contained for some years the mimic court of the exiled Stuarts, and fewer still of these wearied and hard-pressed sightseers care to seek out for themselves any of the surviving landmarks of this ancient race of kings. The apocryphal house of Dante, the dwellings of Machiavelli, of Benvenuto Cellini, of Michelangelo, are all visited by hundreds of persons who have little real interest or concern in the lives of their former possessors, yet the fine old palace which for several years sheltered "Bonny Prince Charlie," whose romantic career and melancholy ending still live in the memory even of the most prosaic of English-speaking people, is rarely, if ever, made the object of a pilgrimage, although it lies within five minutes' walk of the Museum of San Marco, which every tourist visits as a matter of course. It is the same too as regards the various historical portraits connected with the fortunes of the House of Stuart that are to be found scattered throughout the two great galleries of Florence. English people will give a passing glance at Van Dyck's magnificent but sombre picture of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria which hangs above Raphael's "Madonna della Seggiola," especially since Herr Baedeker in his admirable guide-book has considerably put an asterisk in front of this particular work; and occasion-

ally some visitor, more imaginative than his fellows, will speculate as to the presence in Florence of an historical masterpiece which should rightfully now be adorning an English palace, or better still, English public gallery. But perhaps the marked refusal to visit and inspect what cannot fail to interest so many British and American visitors, can be accounted for by the fact that scarcely any mention of Stuart relics or memories is to be found in the many books that have appeared, and still appear yearly, on the artistic and historical treasures of Florence. It is partly to fill this void in the works of these modern compilers that this short article has been written, for the writer feels that in this continual neglect of Stuart recollections scant justice has been done to the memory of an ancient House, the story of whose struggles, misfortunes, and even short-comings must always remain fresh and attractive to the whole Anglo-Saxon race.

First of all, then, let the seeker for historical relics of the Stuarts make his way to the palace of the Duca di San Clemente, which stands in the present Via Gino Capponi at the angle formed by the Via Micheli. It is a large irregular pile of yellow stucco faced with stone, built at various periods, picturesque, but gloomy-looking from its many heavily-barred windows. On the highest point of its roof still swings the iron vane pierced with the royal cipher of Prince Charles Edward, its "C. R." being clearly visible from the

street below. The interior of the palace is not shown to strangers, but a peep into the garden behind, with its rows of quaint moss-grown statues of peasants and animals, and with its ill-kept lawns, gay in spring-time with tall buttercups

Albany to the world in general, but Charles III. to a small and decreasing band of followers—slighted by the Pope, neglected by the French King, and disappointed in his hopes of an heir, came from Rome to Florence with his young



Photo by G. Brogi, Florence.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

From the painting by Lely.

and the wild purple salvia, can be obtained from the Via Micheli.

How many memories of the last of the Stuarts, all sad or disgraceful, still cling to this iron-barred mansion and its old-world pleasure-grounds!

In 1775, Charles Edward—Count of

wife, Princess Louise of Stolberg. After spending two years at the Casino Corsini, near the Porta al Prato, lent by the kind offices of Prince Corsini to the royal exile, Charles Edward was enabled, thanks to the Papal and French subsidies he still enjoyed, to purchase this house



and garden from the Guadagni family in 1777. Here the *de jure* King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, continued to keep up some show of royal state, in spite of the marked disapprobation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, all the exiled Prince's movements being meanwhile closely watched and reported upon by Sir Horace Mann—so well

jealousy and violence. It was from this palace that the Countess of Albany, partly through terror of the Prince's drunken brutality and partly through her romantic but innocent attachment to the great Piedmontese poet, Vittorio Alfieri, who had conceived an infinite love and pity for the unhappy young Princess, managed to escape, never to



Photo by G. Brogi, Florence.

CHARLES I. AND QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.

From the painting by Van Dyck

known to us as the intimate friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole—then British Minister at Florence. In this house closed the career of the once brilliant Young Chevalier, now become a selfish debauchee worn out by "the nasty bottle," as the Cardinal of York used to call his elder brother's chief failing; and here were spent over three years of semi-captivity by his wife, Louise, made miserable by her husband's

return, in December, 1780, seeking a temporary refuge in the convent of the Bianchette in the neighbouring Via del Mandorlo, lately re-named Via Giuseppe Giusti. Failing alike by threats or entreaties to obtain the return of his persecuted wife, who had meanwhile placed herself under the protection of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, it was to this ill-omened house that Charles Edward, solitary, feeble, and despised,

finally summoned his natural daughter, Charlotte Walkenshaw, from Paris to console his last years of sickness and misery; and it is some satisfaction to think that this worthy practical woman (whom her father subsequently declared legitimate and created Duchess of Albany) was able to bring a little kindness and comfort to the forlorn and dying Prince. Here finally in January, 1788, the melancholy wreck of what had once been "Bonnie Prince Charlie" died in the arms of the daughter of his former mistress, a woman whom his cruelty had years before driven, as in his wife's case, into a convent for refuge. The centre of such a crowd of associations with one of the most brilliant, beloved, and unfortunate of British princes, it is indeed strange that so little interest is shown in this historical building, and stranger still that, contrary to Florentine custom, no tablet has yet been erected here to recall the memory of its former possessor.

Of Louise of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, for whose desertion of a jealous and brutal husband, old enough to have been her father, much excuse can be found, Florence still retains many memories; indeed, until quite recent times, there were elderly people living who had themselves seen the *soi-disante* Queen of England daily walking on the Lung 'Arno, a familiar figure in a huge bonnet and a red shawl. After several years of wandering in Germany, in France, and even in England (where Charles Edward's widow received much kindness and assistance from George III.), the Countess of Albany and Alfieri, in 1793, took up their abode once more in Florence, not in the gloomy palace in the Via Gino Capponi—which had in the meantime been sold and had now become, strangely enough, the British Legation—but in a large airy house on the Lung 'Arno, near the bridge of Santa Trinità, a house which may easily be recognised by the memorial tablet over its doorway to its former illustrious owner, the patriot-poet "*Villorio Alfieri*,

principe della tragedia." Here, in October, 1803, the poet died, to be buried at Madame d'Albany's expense beneath Canova's huge tasteless monument in Santa Croce, and here the woman to whom Alfieri had so devoted his life and talents continued to reside for more than twenty years after his death. Henceforward the house on the Lung 'Arno became more than ever a centre of intellectual life for both Florentines and strangers, and the *salon* of the Countess gained fame and popularity enough to rouse the suspicions of the great Napoleon, who, in 1809, peremptorily banished Madame d'Albany to Paris, where she remained a year. On her return, however, this widow of a *de jure* king continued to hold her miniature court in this house, many English travellers of distinction now frequenting the entertainments of the Countess, although each visitor was expected to bow or courtesy thrice as to royalty on entering or leaving the presence-chamber:

"When, after Waterloo, the whole English world of politics, fashion and letters poured on to the Continent, her house became, as Sismondi said, the wall on which the most brilliant figures of the great magic-lantern were projected.

"Thus, seeing crowds of the most distinguished and delightful people, receiving piles of the most interesting and adoring letters, Madame d'Albany grew into an old woman. Every evening until ten the rooms of the Casa Alfieri were thrown open; the servants in the Stuart liveries ushered in the guests; the tea was served in those famous services emblazoned with the royal arms of England. The Countess had not yet abandoned her royal pretensions; for all her condescending cordiality towards the elect, she could assume airs of social superiority which some folks scarcely brooked, and she was evidently pleased when, half in earnest, Madame de Stael addressed her as 'My dear Sovereign,' 'My dear



Photo by G. Brugi, Florence.

JAMES AND MARIA LOUISA, THE CHILDREN OF JAMES II. AND MARY OF MODENA.

From the painting by Largilliere



Photo by E. Ailmari, Florence.

THE LORDS JOHN AND BERNARD STUART.

From the painting by Van Dyck.

Queen'; and even when that vulgar woman of genius, Lady Morgan, made a buffoonish scene about the 'dead usurper' on the death of George III. But Madame d'Albany herself was getting to look and talk less and less like a queen; . . . she was squat, fat, snub, dressed with an eternal red shawl in a dress extremely suggestive of an old

housekeeper." [Vernon Lee: "Life of the Countess of Albany."]

On January 29th, 1824 (the anniversary of the Royal Martyr's execution), this widow of Charles I.'s great-grandson died at the age of seventy-one, and was buried in the Chapel of the Sacrament in the south transept of Santa Croce, where her richly ornamented marble

monument, designed by Percier and surmounted by the royal arms and insignia of England, will easily be recognised. After her death, numerous relics and papers of the Stuart family passed with the rest of her property into the possession of Monsieur François Xavier Fabre, a French artist of some note, who had been the mutual friend both of Alfieri and the Countess, and whom rumour declared to have secretly married Madame d'Albany after Alfieri's death. Good likenesses by this artist both of Louise of Stolberg and

of Alfieri hang in the French Room of the Uffizi, the pictures themselves gaining an additional interest by the fact that they were presented by Fabre himself to the gallery shortly after Madame d'Albany's death. Each portrait bears at the back of the canvas an autograph sonnet of the poet's, dated 1790, the year in which they were executed.

By visiting beforehand the two palaces with which the names of Prince Charlie and his widow are so closely associated the further inspection of the various



PALAZZO SAN CLEMENTI.

The Residence of Prince Charles Edward from 1777 to 1788.

portraits of persons connected more or less directly with the House of Stuart will receive an increased interest. In the gorgeous rooms of the Pitti Palace—in addition to Van Dyck's well known portrait of Charles I. and his Queen, and also another portrait of Henrietta Maria by an unknown artist—are good paintings of three Englishmen who each in his turn contributed greatly to the disasters of the Stuart kings. Firstly, in one of the side rooms, the Sala di Ulisse, is a small head (No. 324), attributed to Rubens, of the worthless George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The unpopular favourite of Charles I. is represented in a black and white dress with a high lace collar, and the handsome face shows much refinement and even dignity. Of more interest is Oliver Cromwell's portrait by Sir Peter Lely (No. 407) that hangs in one of the corridor rooms, the Sala della Giustizia. The oval canvas, showing head and shoulders only, depicts the great Lord Protector in armour with a plain linen collar, his red face framed in a mass of light brown hair.

“The story connected with this picture adds to its interest. When the persecution of the Waldensian Protestants, whose sufferings Milton has immortalised in his beautiful sonnet, had reached its height, the Lord Protector of England determined to avert its course. He accordingly sent a message to the Pope, Alexander VII., that if these barbarities did not cease he would send the English fleet up the Tiber. The result was an order to the Duke of Savoy to stay his hand. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand II., was so struck by the courage and character of Cromwell that he requested him to sit for this picture which Lely, then a young man, painted. When Cromwell sat to Lely, it is stated that he said: ‘Paint me as I am; if you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling!’” [Horner's “Walks in Florence.”]

Lastly, in the Sala di Marte (No. 76, near the window) is Van der Werf's large picture, in armour and flowing

periwig, of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, the great soldier who so ungratefully deserted his master and benefactor, James II., in his hour of need.

Passing from the Pitti Palace by the long mysterious passages that cross the Arno and ascending to the western corridor of the Uffizi Gallery, the visitor will find close to the entrance of the Sala di Niobe a large picture (No. 1532) by Louis XIV.'s court painter, Nicholas Largillière, which has only recently made its appearance in this collection. It represents James II.'s little son and heir at about the age of seven, with his sister Maria Louisa, who was born in exile at St. Germain in 1692 and died whilst still a child. The boy—the Old Pretender of the Hanoverians and the James III. of the Jacobites—magnificently dressed in crimson velvet and wearing the George and the Garter, has the soft brown eyes with the sly expression that characterise all the descendants of James II. and Mary of Modena. His tiny sister, a quaint, dark-eyed, dark-haired little figure, attired in a rich white dress and in the tall lace cap that is always associated with the name of Madame de Maintenon, stands beside him. A stone vase filled with an orange tree beside them bears a clear inscription, “*Jacobus, Princeps Walliæ: Ludovica Principessa,*” yet the authorities of the Uffizi have apparently failed to recognise the subject, which is officially described as “Portrait of two young Princes.” This canvas, unfortunately much spoiled by restoration, is probably the original of a similar work in the National Portrait Gallery of London; no doubt it once formed part of Prince Charles Edward's family possessions in the old San Clemente palace.

Further, in the same corridor, are two fine portraits (Nos. 145, 142) by Sir Peter Lely. The former represents “Milord Ossory” in armour with a red-plumed helmet beside him, and with a view in the distance of a naval encounter between Dutch and English men-of-war. With his fresh complexion, clear blue eyes and flowing flaxen hair Bryan Fitz-



Photo by G. Brogi, Florence.

PRINCESS LOUISE OF STOLBERG, COUNTESS OF ALBANY, WIFE OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

From the painting by François Xavier Fabre.

patrick, Baron Ossory (who, in strong contrast to his contemporary, John Churchill, was subsequently outlawed and his title attained for following James II.'s ill fortunes), appears as the beau-ideal of an officer of the Restoration period. The companion-portrait, so little known and appreciated as yet that it has never been photographed, is one of the

Hearts" (wife to one and sister to another crownless king) who, in spite of his military genius and natural talents, did the cause of his royal uncle so much harm both in the battlefield and at the council-table, is here represented as a middle-aged man in a buff-coloured coat and a cuirass, with red sword-belt and slings. The stern dark melancholy face,

marred by the presence of a mole, bears a most curious and striking resemblance to the portraits of both his cousins, Charles II. and William of Orange; indeed, Rupert's is a powerful portrait of which lovers of English history and historical paintings will carry away a most vivid impression.

Less creditably connected with the fortunes of the Stuarts are the four court ladies of

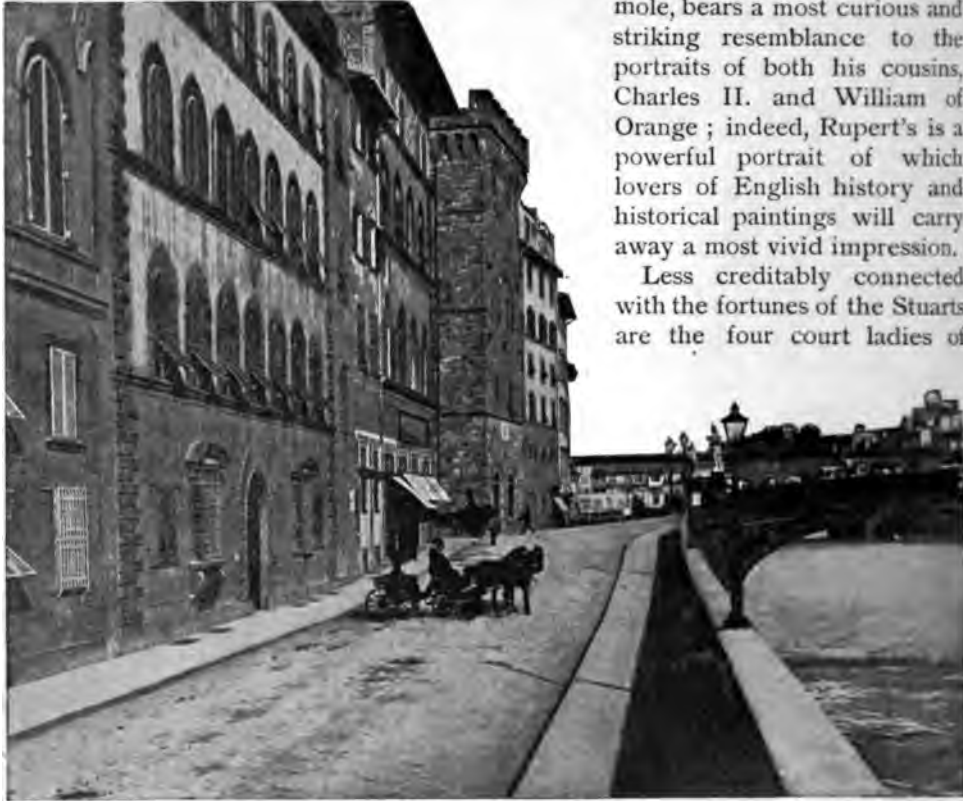


Photo. by E. Aimari, Florence.

CASA ALFIERI.

The Residence of the Countess of Albany from 1793 to 1824.

best English historical pictures in Florence, being a really magnificent likeness of a most remarkable and fascinating man, Rupert, Prince Palatine, son of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and nephew to Charles I. So fine and expressive is this portrait, especially in the painting of the beautiful hands, that Van Dyck himself might gladly have acknowledged the authorship of this masterpiece of Lely's. The son of the unfortunate "Queen of

the Restoration (Nos. 123, 149, 114, 135) which hang in the narrow passage that leads to the Sala di Lorenzo Monaco and which represent Jane, Lady Middleton; Henrietta Boyle, Countess of Rochester; Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland; and Nell Gwynne. All these four portraits, in old black and gold frames, with their soft flesh tints, their rich blue and yellow draperies and their graceful attitudes, are charming examples

of Lely's style, recalling his well-known works at Hampton Court.

In the newly-formed Sala di Rubens that opens into this corridor is yet another Stuart historical relic in the picture of Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart (No. 1523), who were the two youngest sons of Esmé Stuart, third Duke of Lennox, by his wife Katherine, daughter and heiress of Sir Gervase Clifton. Both these youths died on the battlefield in their king's service, John in a skirmish at Bramdene, and Bernard (whom Charles I. had previously created Earl of Lichfield) at Rowton Heath, and both were buried at Christ Church, Oxford. These two young Cavalier nobles represent, with their effete refined faces, their fine laces and rich clothes, a typical pair of Royalist youths such as followed Rupert of the Rhine in his dashing cavalry charges at Edgehill or at Marston Moor. This splendid picture (which must have been painted before actual hostilities had broken out, for Van Dyck himself died in 1641, that eventful and ill-omened year that preceded the fierce storm of the Great Rebellion) was for many years in the possession of English residents in Florence, and has only very recently been acquired by the Uffizi, so that one

cannot but lament that it did not ultimately find its way into some English public gallery, as much for its historical interest as for its undoubted value as a work of art.

In addition to the pictures already mentioned in this Gallery, there are the two portraits by Fabre (Nos. 679, 689) of the Countess of Albany and of Alfieri in the French Room, that of the Countess, a pleasant middle-aged woman with hazel eyes and grey hair, hanging side by side with Alfieri's with his choleric blue eyes, ruddy face and bright red hair.

Doubtless there are other buildings, pictures and relics connected with the Stuarts yet to be discovered in Florence by those interested in tracing the history of the last days of that unfortunate House; but by first visiting the Palazzo San Clemente in the Via Gino Capponi and the Casa Alfieri on the Lung 'Arno and then inspecting the historical portraits in the two galleries which have just been described, British and American students or lovers of history will feel that they have read a part of the last chapter, a sad and ignominious one truly, of the great romance of the royal Stuarts.



THE SUCCESS OF MR. SMITH

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

MR. SHERIDAN-SMITH, the dramatist, was at breakfast with his wife, the beautiful Mrs. Smith as she was known to London.

Certainly she did not belie her title ; her face was of a delicate almost childish beauty, with soft curves unspoilt by any particular suggestion of character : there were few women who would have made a pleasanter picture than was presented by Mrs. Sheridan-Smith as she presided over the dainty breakfast-table.

The dramatist, however, did not observe the picture, because he was at the moment engaged with his morning letters. There were very many of them, for the most part relating to his new play which was to be produced at the Victoria Theatre that evening. The circulars press-cuttings and the like he examined first, as was his methodical habit, gradually working down to the letters from his private friends.

Amongst these was an envelope bearing the writing of his old college chum, Jack Mougliston.

"I fancy I know all about this," reflected Mr. Smith as he opened it. He had written to offer Mougliston a stall on the first night, and this doubtless was a letter of acceptance. He began to read.

"My own darling——"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, in huge astonishment, "this is very extraordinary!"

"My own darling," ran the letter, *if I may dare to call you so, I got your sweet and most welcome little note yesterday.*"

"My sweet little note!" repeated Mr. Smith. "The man must have gone mad." He glanced again at the envelope : it was certainly addressed to him, and in the familiar handwriting of his friend, but the contents were beyond expectation.

Half unconsciously he permitted his eye to travel over the page. The letter was so short that before he had grasped the meaning of his act, it was finished. Then he realised that he had read a private note to another person, which had been placed by accident in the wrong cover, and as he laid it down the smile of perplexed amusement with which he had begun to read vanished ; the letter was not a matter for laughter.

Glancing at the pile beside his plate, Mr. Smith found in another envelope the missing note, which contained, as he had expected, only a few words of thanks. Evidently Mougliston had made the common error of addressing two envelopes alike, and thus Mr. Smith had received them both.

"But what on earth am I to do now?" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Smith caught the words and looked up from the paper which she was reading. "Your letter seems to agitate you," she observed ; "might one ask who from?"

"From?" repeated Mr. Smith guiltily ; "oh ! from Mougliston."

His wife folded her paper to a more convenient angle. "Indeed!" she said ; "and what does he say—of so much interest?"

"Nothing much," replied Mr. Smith ;

"nothing, that is, which you would understand."

He was lying in defence of his friend, because he could not say that he held in his hand a love-letter to the wife of another man. For the meaning of it was unmistakable, though it contained no names ("Fortunately," thought Mr. Smith), and ended with a signature which was evidently understood only between the two for whose eyes it was intended: practically it was a proposal of flight, so Mr. Smith lied and said that the letter contained "nothing much."

"I simply asked from curiosity," said Mrs. Smith. Her voice had an unreal note in it which might have meant relief or possibly that she had tried to make it appear interested and failed. The last was the impression which it conveyed to her husband.

"They have an article about your play here," she continued, turning to her paper. "One gets so tired of the whole thing; I thought probably the letter was about it too."

"So it was," said Mr. Smith, who was unused to prevarication, "a—er—a suggestion."

Mrs. Smith elevated her eyebrows slightly and continued to read. It would appear that she disbelieved the last remark, but was too much bored to pursue the conversation.

Then suddenly she laid down the paper, and looking across at her husband said, somewhat wistfully, "Won't you tell me about it?"

"Dear me!" said the dramatist, pushing up his spectacles impatiently. "It was nothing important: it would be of no interest to you, my dear."

He was almost angry. To invent untruth was in itself difficult enough, and it annoyed him that his wife should have selected that moment to take an inconvenient and quite unusual interest in his affairs. As a rule Mrs. Smith confined herself to her own business—to the consideration of clothes and house-keeping and the entertainment of friends,

and Mr. Smith was well content to have it so.

It never entered his head to consult her upon matters which were outside what he considered to be her proper sphere: she would probably have been bored, and almost certainly have made foolish and unnecessary remarks. In any case he could not share with her the secret which he had unwittingly stolen from his friend, that must be guarded jealously.

Beyond this, however, the idea came to him that he had a further duty in the matter. Here were two people, drifting towards a social destruction, from which perhaps the timely action of himself, the only spectator of their position, might yet save them. Surely some such action was demanded of him: it was the only recompense he could make for having surprised their secret. Moreover, the idea flattered his sense of management.

As he took up the note and glanced at it again a fantastic idea struck him. He had told his wife that it concerned a suggestion for the new play, though even she might have known that it is unusual to offer such suggestions upon the morning of a performance.

The words were merely the first clumsy lie that had occurred to him, but what if he should make them the truth?

With a little thrill of excitement the dramatist rose, still holding the letter in his hand.

"I am going to write in the study," he said; "please see that I am not disturbed. Then I shall probably stay at the theatre for lunch."

Mrs. Smith raised her eyes from her paper with a face from which every trace of interest had been carefully banished.

"Are you going to carry out the suggestion?" she asked, with the slightest possible inflection of sarcasm.

But Mr. Smith did not notice the tone. "Yes," he said, as he left the room, "I believe I am."

Seated at his desk, the author drew forth a bundle of typewritten sheets and studied them attentively, seeming to compare some portions with the note before him.

As he did so his interest increased.

"It is a magnificent idea," he said; "the thing fits perfectly." So saying, he proceeded to copy the original letter upon the margin of one of the typewritten pages, and the action serves to explain his purpose.

It chanced that in the last act of the play Mr. Smith had caused his heroine to receive just such a letter as this from a man who was tempting her, and he had been struck with the thought that by a slight transposition he might introduce into the scene the very words which Mougliston had written. The situation in the play and the real action, as Mr. Smith conceived it, were very similar, though upon the stage the skill of the dramatist had frustrated the force of evil and brought about one of those happy endings by means of which Mr. Smith's most daring work always managed to retain

No. 230. November, 1902.



She rose and crossing to a mirror she looked long and steadily at her own reflection.

some measure of popular respectability.

At the hearing of the new piece Mougliston would certainly be present, then he would listen to his own words and see his own actions carried to their inevitable consequence.

Mr. Smith remembered how often the critics had praised his work as an influence for good. "Now," he thought, "I shall be able to test the truth of what they say," and the prospect was very grateful to him.

As a student of situations, the letter itself interested him keenly. Considering it with perfect impartiality of mind he saw a human document which to his experienced eye conveyed an entire story. It showed him his friend's character much as he had before known it, for the letter was the work of an honourable man yielding reluctantly to an overmastering force. More than this, however, Mr. Smith read between the lines, and saw the woman to whom it was addressed a good woman starved into sin by the neglect and want of sympathy of the third person.

It was in this third person that Mr. Smith found the true villain of the tragedy. "It is the husband" said he, "who is entirely to blame." The ethical side of the question did not appeal to him so strongly as the emotional: almost (so impartial was he) he felt inclined to let the matter take its course. What restrained him from this was, in truth, mainly the artistic interest of his experiment and the love of string-pulling which is common to most of mankind.

He himself, however, called his motive by the names of friendship and duty, and there was the light of virtuous action in his eyes as he carefully destroyed every trace of the betraying document before setting out for the theatre with the copy in his pocket.

In the dining-room Mrs. Smith still sat as she had been sitting when the dramatist left her, after the slight rebuff with which he had been forced to check her curiosity.

The newspaper had fallen to the ground and the food was untasted upon her plate. She leant her chin upon her hand, thinking, staring before her into vacancy.

"Nothing that would interest me," she kept repeating under her breath; then bitterly, "Would he care at all?" and again "Oh, my God!"

At last she rose and crossing to a mirror she looked long and steadily at her own reflection. Then she laughed. "I have often wondered," she said to the other face, "what a wicked woman was like alone: now I know. Poor things!"

Meanwhile the dramatist pursued his purpose with success. At the theatre, where the final rehearsal was in progress, he encountered, as was only to be expected, some little opposition, chiefly from the leading lady, who very naturally protested against the alteration of her part at the eleventh hour.

But Mr. Smith was a person of sufficient theatrical importance to command respect for his whims.

"My dear lady," he assured her, "the change is nothing; you have only to read this letter instead of the other, and it is a great improvement, more natural, more worthy of the situation and your own genius. I have set my heart upon it."

The leading lady made a gesture of despair.

"Why not write a fresh one every evening?" she observed sarcastically; "that would be at least original." But she took the letter nevertheless; hers was the best acting part in London, and she knew it.

All that day Mr. Smith went about with an unusual sense of expectation at his heart. He had long ago outgrown any nervousness as to the reception of his work, but on this occasion he felt much as he had done twelve years ago, when he waited for the verdict on his first piece. It had been his thought then, he remembered, that if the play succeeded he would marry the beautiful girl whom he worshipped so strongly, and who was now his wife. The memory, in some

curious way, was a disquieting one. It came to him when he was sitting alone in his study, where of late he was in the habit of spending most of the day on account of its quietness and comfort. Mr. Smith pulled thoughtfully at his pipe once or twice, and half made up his mind to seek out his wife and confide

his anxiety to her. Then he decided not to do so. And at that very time Mrs. Smith was standing outside, with her hand upon the lock, hesitating. But she did not open the door, and after a moment she went quietly away. At dinner the dramatist spoke little, and was so preoccupied with the thought



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of his scheme that he scarcely noticed his wife. Afterwards, however, as they were waiting for the carriage to take them to the theatre, something in her appearance came upon him suddenly as unfamiliar. With a vague feeling of compunction he took her hand.

"You look tired," he said; "I have kept you too long in this working place. To-morrow you shall go into the country."

He did not notice how she winced from his caress as if it had been a blow, but the next moment she answered smiling, "I believe I am a little tired of London; to-morrow we—I will go away. Unless, of course, the play revives me. You see," she added, "I don't know much about it yet."

When Mr. and Mrs. Smith reached the theatre it was already almost filled with the brilliant gathering which a first night at the Victoria always collected. Poets, painters, critics, and great ladies, the whole of artistic and social London seemed to be represented. A burst of applause from a crowded pit and gallery greeted the popular dramatist as he appeared, and, having acknowledged it, Mr. Smith seated himself in a corner of the box from which he could survey the house unobserved. The scene, however familiar, could not fail to be an impressive and exhilarating one to the man in whose honour it was created.

On every side he saw faces that he knew: below him the soft lights of the theatre fell upon a confused mass of delicate colour, a foam of silk and lace, pierced by the sharper glitter of diamonds. On the ledge of the Royal box opposite to him there rested a superb bouquet and behind it sat a very exalted lady who had smiled and bowed graciously to the author when he entered. A murmur of low-voiced conversation filled the air, almost drowning the soft notes of a waltz played by the orchestra—a waltz which Mr. Smith recognised with a little pang of memory as the same which had heralded his first success. Was it an omen? All the emotions of

that night came back to him as he listened.

Suddenly, in a seat in the stalls, he perceived Mougliston sitting alone and looking, as Mr. Smith thought (though this might have been fancy) pale and anxious. From that moment he had eyes for nothing else, an overmastering emotion seized him, he forgot the crowded theatre, the triumph to which he was accustomed: he forgot entirely the woman beside him who was watching his face in a passion of silent jealousy. For Mr. Smith the world at that moment contained but two persons, Mougliston and himself.

A moment later the overture ceased, and amid an eloquent hush of expectation the curtain rose upon the new play. "Violets" is now so well known that there is little need to detail the circumstances of a success that has become historical. It is the story of a husband and wife, and of the third person; and for absolute sincerity and truth it has been considered the finest of all Mr. Smith's work. The playing, as always at the Victoria, was magnificent, and the audience was manifestly impressed.

When the curtain fell after the second act, Mr. Smith from his corner saw the man in the stalls glance up at the box with a half-frightened expression. Then he turned to his wife, "I am going behind to thank them for the way they played that scene," he said.

Mrs. Smith did not hear him; she sat still, mechanically moving her fan backwards and forwards, and gazing absently at the curtain which had just fallen upon what seemed a portion of her own life.

"You like the play?" he asked.

She turned at this and answered yes, and again her husband was startled by the pallor of her face and blamed himself for not noticing before how worn and ill she looked.

Behind the curtain an atmosphere of enthusiasm pervaded everything. "You entirely dear person," said the leading lady, in answer to Mr. Smith's congratu-

lations ; " this is going to be the success of your career ! "

" I believe it is," said he, thinking of something else, " but the next act will decide."

When he reached his box the curtain was already up, and in the darkened theatre he could only just make out the figure of the man whom he was watching : his wife, too, was invisible to him, only the beating of her fan betrayed that she still sat in the shadow.

As the scene progressed, that wonderful scene in which the heroine is brought to the extremest verge of ruin, the audience watched it spell-bound. All London was talking of that scene next day, but at the time the theatre held none more keenly interested than the author himself.

When, at the crisis of the play, the woman opens the letter from her lover, there was a little stir in the stage box, and Mr. Smith leant forward with eager eyes.

At the first words he saw the figure in the stalls start, and, watching intently, he felt rather than saw the strained attention with which Mougliston followed the reading of the letter. When it was over Mr. Smith leant back with a little sigh of relief : in the corner of the box the fan had suddenly ceased to move, but he did not notice this ; the moment that he had dreaded was over, and he could devote his attention to the close of the play.

It was not long in coming ; the author had a partiality for these abrupt terminations. A chance word, an explanation, and the whole cloud of estrangement was swept away, and the reunited husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms. It was upon this picture that the curtain fell, and then, as the lights flashed up over the theatre, the entire audience burst into a volley of applause. " Violets " was a triumph without one dissentient voice.

Again and again the curtain was raised, again and again Mr. Smith, from the front of his box, bowed right and left in response to the enthusiasm. His

cheeks were slightly flushed and his eyes glistened, but all the time it was less of the popular applause that he was thinking than of the empty seat from which Mougliston had fled at the fall of the curtain. This was power indeed, and he alone of all these people knew how great.

Then, radiant and full of triumph, he turned to find his wife watching him with terrified eyes.

" Shall we go round ? " he said ; " they will be expecting me."

Still with that strange look of fear she rose, but as they reached the door all her fortitude seemed to give way : for a moment her lips quivered piteously, then with a little cry she held out her hands to him, " Take me home," she said ; " I cannot bear it."

She would have fallen but that in a moment her husband was beside her, supporting her. " My darling," he said, unconsciously using a word which he had not spoken for years, " you are ill—this crowded place has been too much for you." But she only crept closer to him, shivering, and repeating, " Home, please take me home ! "

There were friends outside in the passage waiting to congratulate him, but with a hurried explanation Mr. Smith managed to escape the crowd and to help his wife to the carriage. She did not appear to notice the people who pressed round them, but clung to his arm trembling a little, like a child who had been beaten. Once in the carriage she began to sob hysterically, till her husband, frightened and anxious, drew her into his arms and soothed her with little caresses and words of endearment that had long been strange to him. It was odd how strongly the memory of that other night was upon him now : he was again the lover of twelve years ago coming from his first success.

Suddenly she drew herself away from him into the corner of the carriage. " Why are you doing this ? " she said passionately. " Is it because you do not care ? "

Mr. Smith looked at her in bewilderment. He did not understand. "My darling," he said, "what do you mean? Care for what?"

"Oh! don't let us pretend any more!" she cried. "I know I am wicked, but indeed I am not so bad as that you should not care. Indeed, indeed I am not!"

Still he could not realise what she was saying. He was so far from the truth that her words sounded meaningless to him, and he put out his hand to soothe her. With a quick movement she caught it to her lips.

"If you can only forgive me," she sobbed, "only try to forgive me, I will go away and never trouble you again. I did not love him at all really, only because he cared and I thought that you did not, and I was so alone, so utterly alone and miserable!"

Her words came shaken with sobs in an utter abandonment of sorrow. And Mr. Smith was silent, but the hand that she held had grown suddenly cold, for in that moment, all unsuspecting, he had found the truth.

"And all that time," she went on, "you knew about it, about his letters and everything. And I thought you never seemed even to notice what I did. Oh, how could you be so cruel! For weeks and weeks I have been striving against it by myself: often, oh so often! if you had made any sign that you knew I would have come to you. I had no wicked thoughts then, but always there was a barrier between us. You had your work, and I—I was outside, with no one to think about or to think about me, always outside and alone."

He could not answer her. Many things were flashing through his mind—pictures out of their life of the past years, and with each one he understood more plainly.

"Sometimes I used to think it was all fancy—about your not caring, I mean—and then I would try to make you talk to me, and let me share your thoughts, even if I could not understand them.

But it was always the same. You would speak kindly, and answer that the things would not interest me. You didn't know that it was you yourself I wanted. Oh, if only you had seen!"

If he only had! Blind fool that he had been. And now it was too late!

"So at last I got to hate that kindly tone, because it showed me how far I was from the real part of your life: it seemed to shut me away from you. We were like strangers in the same house: in everything that really mattered to you I had no part, was not even to be interested.

"You see," she continued hesitatingly, "it wasn't the same for you as for me. Perhaps a woman feels differently about these things, but at the last it seemed to me as if I were dead—not having people to care about. I can't explain it to you . . . dead or in an empty place. . . . You never meant to be unkind, almost that was the worst part of it all. If you had struck me even, it would have been easier to bear . . . but this feeling that you were so far away . . ."

She paused as if expecting him to speak, but he could not. There was nothing for him to say—it was all true, all his own fault from the beginning.

"And then," she went on, "he came, and I saw what had happened. At first I was vexed, and then it began to interest me (I had so little else to think of) . . . and at last, almost before I could help it, I found that I was not lonely any more, and I was frightened, for I knew then that I must have begun to be wicked."

"To-night," she continued in a broken whisper, "when we came to the theatre, my mind was made up to end it all. He—he was there, and I knew that he was only waiting. I thought that perhaps afterwards we might get happy again in that way. Then the play began, and it was all true, all me.

"At first I only wondered at it, and feared, but in the last scene, when that letter came . . . I saw that you knew it all. And then as I listened

somehow I was not frightened any more, only very, very glad, because to have done what you had I felt that after all you must have cared. Even while it struck me, I was glad because of that."

Still he was silent, but suddenly in his heart a great hope stirred.

"And now," she said, "now it is all over. It has been all a miserable mistake, and you, oh! if you have pity—cannot you understand?"

They were nearly home now, and the hope was changing to gladness, because he saw that even yet it was not too late.

"Can you not say," she whispered, "that you forgive me, at last, before I go?"

Then with a cry of gratitude he caught her in his arms. "My darling," he answered, "God has forgiven us both!"

The carriage stopped at their own door, and in the light of the lamp there stood a man, waiting. They both recognised him, but neither spoke as Mr. Smith helped his wife into the study and left her. Then he turned and met Mougliston in the hall.

For a moment the two men stood alone,

facing each other in silence. Mougliston was the first to speak.

"How did you know?" he asked hoarsely. "And what are you going to do about it?"

Mr. Smith's eyes were shining: the triumph of the theatre was still on his face, but brighter now than before.

"I read one of your letters," he said quietly; "dishonourably read what was



Mougliston turned and could not meet her eyes.

not meant for me. And I have done all that I intend to do."

"But surely you know——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Smith; "I neither know, nor ask to know, anything of the matter."

"Before God," the other burst out, "she is innocent, I swear to you!"

Mr. Smith's brow clouded a little. "That," said he, "is not in question. I will wish you good-night."

"Of course it's goodbye then, as well," said Mougliston; "even I have so much honour left."

"You are going away?"

Mougliston smiled bitterly. "There is always Africa, isn't there, after an affair like this?" he asked.

"There is generally," answered Mr. Smith, "a lot of impractical nonsense

talked about it. But perhaps in this instance you are right, and it will be better for—for—every one that you should go. Goodbye."

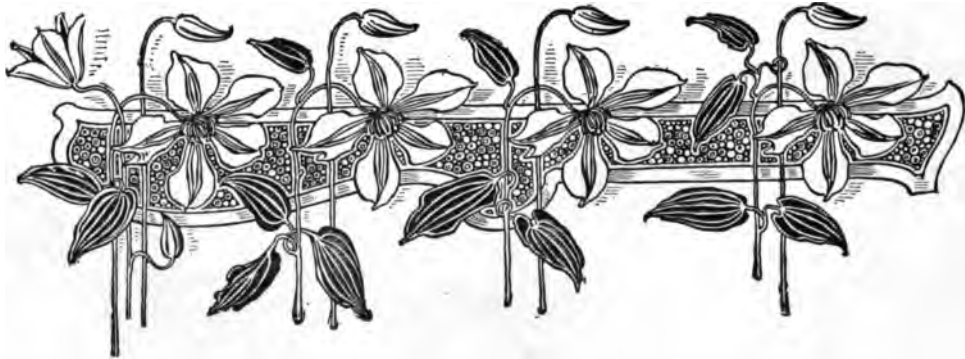
He held out his hand; for a moment the other looked astonished, then he grasped it silently.

As he did so the study door opened and the woman stood on the threshold.

Mougliston turned and could not meet her eyes, but Mr. Smith, who had conquered, crossed over to his wife.

"We were talking," he began, and hesitated. Then he laughed bravely. "Nothing that would interest you, dear," he said.

He put his arm round her and they stood together watching the other man as he went away.



LIFE IN A CANADIAN CAMP

By **FRANCES E. HERRING**

Author of "In the Pathless West; Among the Red, White, Yellow, and Brown People of British Columbia," etc., etc.

"**Y**OU could ride, you know," suggested Charley, who thought nothing of a twenty-mile ride.

"Me! On horseback!" he said, with a horrified air, and his light grey eyes grew large as he looked round at us all through his glasses. "I should make a worse exhibition of myself than John Gilpin did, and I suspect the road would nowhere be barred by turnpike gates, but the brute would carry me straight into that beautiful Fraser of yours. I really don't know how you ladies ride these half-broken Indian ponies!"

"Nothing like use," laughed Mrs. Wentworth. "I think it the most delightful riding in the world, notwithstanding I have followed the Kennelworth pack that 'cast off' from Bosworth Hall on the 1st of November, commencing the delightful Leicestershire 'meets.' All the tricks and antics of these animals are so amusing."

"Especially," said her husband slyly, "when they double themselves neck and heels for a glorious bucking escapade, or back down hill."

"Oh! I don't bargain for that. I must say when they start to 'buck' I leave them to it, and let them amuse themselves by splitting the girths of my saddle and flinging it off instead of me. Don't you remember, Claude, that time we rode to Vancouver by the new road, coming back by the old Hastings road?"

Mr. Wentworth said he did. Turning to us, she continued, "You know after passing the Hastings Hotel you make an abrupt turn and go up a rather steep hill?"

We all knew the place well; it made such a good ride of twenty-five miles in a circuit, and we often took it.

"Coming down the hill, if there were no bend, you'd go straight into the Inlet?"

"Of course," we returned, all attention.

"The horse I rode was an exceptionally handsome fellow, standing fifteen and a half hands high. Indeed, as we passed the hotel slowly, a man who was lounging near said to another, 'Don't she look like a horse-fly stuck up there?' to which the other coolly assented, although I was looking straight at him. The 'power of the human' was lost on him, poor man!"

"I hadn't been long in the country then, and knew nothing from experience of 'bucking' or 'balking.' As I said, we passed the hotel and turned to go up hill. Two men who were boring rocks for blasting below the bluff, ran out and called to us to 'hurry up,' as they had just lighted a fuse. Turning round in our saddles as we went, we saw them both run to a place of safety, and almost immediately Big Ben planted his fore feet slightly apart and refused to move a step.

"I whipped him; then he reared and tried to turn back. I resolutely kept his head up hill, and he as resolutely backed down in spite of the whip and spur I used rather freely. Claude rode up and tried a cut or two of his own whip across his flanks; Big Ben winced, but kept slowly backing down.

"He was so tall I couldn't very well

jump; in fact, it never occurred to me, as I intended to conquer him. But we were getting dangerously near the

from behind their cover, and the blast went off with a tremendous bang! Whether a piece of rock struck him,



WAGON ROAD ROUND A BLUFF IN THE MOUNTAINS—RAILWAY TRACK THROUGH IT.

(The tunnel entrance to right of the semaphore against the rock face.)

edge of the bluff, which drops from fifty to sixty feet sheer, and is covered at the bottom by broken rocks and jagged boulders. Claude jumped from Pat, intending to seize the reins, lift me down, and let Big Ben go over alone if he was fully determined to break his neck.

"The men shouted and gesticulated

or the sudden explosion startled him so that he forgot his purpose, we never knew, but he bounded forward as Claude reached for my reins. It was well I was still seated firmly in my saddle, for he never waited to draw breath till we were going up the long hill, where I have heard you say your much-respected pioneer, Dr. Black, was killed. He went up hill and down dale, over broken corduroy and through water-holes with never a stumble, and I seemed to be expending my strength in vain, although I lashed the reins around my pommel and put on the curb."

"I felt it was rather a narrow escape," said Mr. Wentworth seriously, "and blamed myself greatly for not having ridden him more myself before I allowed

Dora to mount him. However, his price was one hundred and forty dollars, and, as I hadn't paid for him, I simply sent the creature back."

"Yes, and we heard of him working in one of the six-horse stages that run on the old Cariboo road."

"How long is that ago?" inquired Daddy.

"About four months."

"Well, last March I had business in the upper country, and a horse of that description was going round a bluff, harnessed in with five others to our sleigh, when he began to balk. The mountain rose inaccessibly on one side of us, the Fraser was tumbling and foaming among rocks and boulders five or six hundred feet below us on the other. Our road was built out on trestles, and was only just wide enough for the one team. The passengers sat still waiting to see what the driver would do, for a false step or two would land us all into eternity. People don't say much at these times, and we all had the greatest faith in our driver.

He spoke to the horses; the five seemed perfectly aware of their own peril and ours; only this big, handsome fellow was obstreperous. Taking out his revolver, Bill aimed for the animal's ear, and the horse, which had the inside of the road, fell without a struggle, leaning against the mountain-side."

"That was a cool shot," said Charley admiringly.

"It was that. Some of the passengers got out, cut the traces, led his companion forward, and tumbled him over the precipice, where those whose nerves were steady enough might look over and see his carcase buffeted about in the surging waters below, looking no bigger than a jack-rabbit. The other horses were hitched together, the

odd one going on ahead, and all danger for the present was over."

One evening as the camp fire of driftwood blazed high, giving out beautiful hues and tints, and we sat or lolled among the water-washed giants of the beach, Dad knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and remarked, "You were asking me, Wentworth, about those Northern Indians who dressed themselves in their shell-embroidered blankets for your edification to-day.

"The blanket worn by the brave to your right was only of white men's manufacture, but the two to your left were of Indian weave, made from the hair-like wool of the mountain goat.



INDIANS FROM THE NORTH IN THEIR SHELL BLANKETS.

"I've been with some of these Northern Indians on one of their hunts, and it is rather an unique experience. Getting

an early start, with some dried fish or bear meat in your pocket, you follow these men, or try to, for, stout-built as they look, they climb a mountain-side like cats, and you have to put forth your

have died away it will be followed by several others, making a varying reverberation from peak and cavern that is heard far and near.

"Then they wait. Presently you will see the agile mountain goats or sheep coming up with leaps and bounds, heeding nothing but to get up higher. Perhaps you had sighted neither horn nor hoof as you ascended, for these creatures are keen of scent and swift of foot.

"They have one fear, however, which overpowers all others, and the Indians work upon this by simulating the commencement of an avalanche or landslide, and the fear of being buried alive, or the instinct of self-preservation, makes him race for the upper regions and safety.

"Thus he becomes an easy prey, and the Indians secure all the wool they need for their squaws to card and twist with their nimble little brown fingers whilst shut away from the sun in the long winters which they spend in their kequeally-houses (underground houses).

"Here they weave the blankets in their own primitive fashion. One of these they brought down hundreds of miles in a canoe for the 'Great White Mother,' as they called her late Most Gracious Majesty, and gave it in charge to H.E. the then Governor-General of Canada,



AN OLD SQUAW.

best endeavours to keep them sufficiently in sight not to get lost.

"They keep on, well up into the snow-line, till they find a good deep chasm, or bare precipice. Exerting all their strength, two or three of them will roll a boulder over, and before its echoes

now H.G. the Duke of Argyle, and the Princess Louise. This had no shell-work upon it, but was white and heavy, and when they heard that the Queen intended to use it herself they were highly gratified, and more than compensated for all their trouble. One of these men came to me when the sad news of the nation's bereavement was spread abroad, and with bated breath and solemn face said, 'Our

ring of gold, and the under-lip extender of ivory, ornaments derided by the young squaws of to-day, although they still prize the heavy carved bracelets of gold and silver; but the art of making all these things will probably die out with the present generation of old people.

"The canoe makers we came across were Indians of the lower Fraser. A



THE FISH TRAP AT LOW WATER.

(Note the white shadows of the last fish in the space between the half-filled flats.)

Great White Mother is dead! What shall we do now?'

"The braves carve the shells in quaint designs, the borders being hung in such a way that they make a pleasant little tinkling when his braveship walks abroad.

"The hat of the one upon the extreme left is woven in one piece from grass, the pattern worked in with strands of the same dyed red or blue, from the juices of roots, barks, and berries. No doubt it is the work of the old grandmother-squaw who sat and watched you so stolidly, wrapped in her blanket. You noticed she had the old-time nose-

father and two sons. Different in feature, physique, and character to the Northern Indians. They have no need of kequeally-houses, and generally pursue this avocation in the winter-time, as the spirit moves them.

"Before the white man came they used a flint hammer about six inches long, a little narrower at the top than the bottom, from both of which a flange projected, to protect the hand above and below as they grasped it in the centre, and chipped away with a little flint chisel, chip by chip, till the giant cedar took on the beautiful proportions of the

graceful and swift canoe. They then hardened them inside and out with fire and smoke, skilfully applied. Thus a canoe was the work of many months, but time was no object, and patience one of their characteristics.

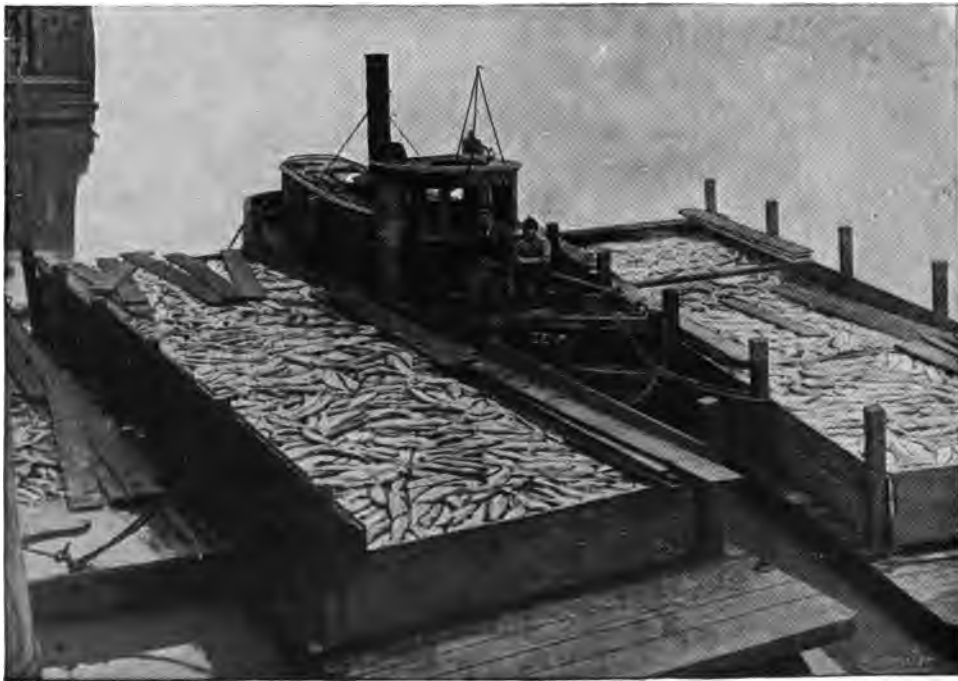
"They generally fish in the summer for the canneries, when they form their own camps, away from the white men, each tribe to itself. Those we took a snapshot of to-day belonged to the Squamish tribe, and work for the cannery we saw the tug bringing in the twenty-five thousand fish for. Here the squaws do most of the cutting and cleaning, using their strong arms to good purpose."

When I awoke next morning Josie was standing with the tent-opening drawn a little apart, and gazing out in

transparent amber, was just coming over the mountains, and tingeing the snowy crown of Mount Baker, and the chains of peaks and crests which stretched away from him, with gold; the sands below were wrapped in a grey stillness, and the waves in the distance, tossing restlessly, gave out no sparkle.

We watched his majesty as he slowly revealed himself, and extended his golden veil of light down, down, revealing dark crevices, deep ravines, ragged chasms and silvery lines, which we knew to be torrents dashing and foaming down the sides of those mighty mountains fed from glaciers of immemorial antiquity, till everything was flooded with his brightness.

Hastily dressing, we were soon on our way to see the Traps "lifted"; which had to be done at low tide. We were



CANNERY TUG COLLECTING FISH.

(There are 25,000 salmon in the two flats.)

rapt attention. I rose and joined her, and we both stood in silent awe and admiration. The sun, like a globe of

soon seated in the bow of the little *Caprice* on coils of rope and empty barrels, and steamed along a line of poles driven

into the sands by means of a pile-driver. These were placed about twenty feet apart, and on them was stretched one

dey find de leetle opening, an' dey's in de pot. But dey not mooch find deir vays out any more. An' de nex' ting



INDIANS MAKING A CANOE FROM THE TRUNK OF A TREE.

continuous fish-net for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. This was called "The Head" and terminated in "The Heart," at the apex of which was the only outlet, and through this the fish found their way into "The Pot," which was an immense bag net, supported by many piles, and kept from closing at the top by other horizontal poles fastened between the perpendicular ones, and which had no opening.

"De feesh dey coom oop de channel," said the Danish captain, putting his head out of the wheelhouse window, "skirting de land all de vays, an' tastin' for de Fraser Ribber water. Dey t'ink dey find him ven it ees only dis Bay. Dey swim all round, an' ven dey strikes des net, dey keep along, dey can't go oonder, 'cause eet ees fastened to de bottoms, and den dey get into de heart; dey swim on round, for dey never turns back, an'

dey gets into blenty people's pots." With a laugh at his own wit, he went off to place the scows in position.

The trap, although the most inland and smallest of them all, was like a huge basin filled with fish, leaping and springing, and bulging out the net on all sides.

The tug steamed alongside, and a lad stepped from it on to the cross poles, holding on by a second line of cross poles above the net. He made his way to the opening of "The Pot" from "The Heart," which, by drawing up a rope and fastening it, cut off all means of egress. Then, returning to the point from which he had started, and where the scows were waiting, each manned by four or five stalwart fishermen, mostly Norwegians or Icelanders, encased from head to foot in garments of oil-skin, some black, some yellow, he undid another rope, lowering the net sufficiently for one scow to

enter; a few fish escaped as he did so, but he soon drew up the rope again and refastened it.

The scow was now in the midst of the surging, silvery mass, the men, all standing on one side, slightly tilted the scow, and they began hauling up the net by its meshes. The scow itself formed a barrier below, and the squirming, shining mass, fighting for life, gradually raised above the water, came flapping and sliding round the men. When that lot was mostly secured, they hauled in the net again, and so on, until the men stood waist-deep in the slippery, silvery beauties. Indeed, you could scarcely distinguish them from the fish, so covered were they with shining scales.

The lad who had manipulated the

ropes amused himself by standing on the highest parts of the scow, and with a stick, into which was driven an iron hook, he threw overboard flounders, crabs, skate, an occasional halibut, many dogfish salmon, with their ugly wolfish mouths and teeth, and a splendid spring salmon, weighing, they said, some sixty pounds, who had lost his way, and come in with the sockeyes, which only weigh from five to eight pounds apiece.

The scows being now full, and the trap empty, the little tug returned with its haul.

"How many fish do you think you've got there, Captain?" asked Mr. Wilbert.

"Vell, I reckon deres some five thousand to a scow, an' deres four scows. Pooty good for one night's catch, eh?"



GROUP OF INDIANS ENCAMPED AT THE CANNERY BUILDINGS IN THE FISH SEASON.

THE VEIL BETWEEN

By MARY E. MANN

Author of "The Mating of a Dove," etc.

HER husband had died suddenly in the third year of their marriage, and she had been left a young widow with their only child.

The husband had been dead a year—a year passed in close seclusion in her country home—when she went out on a bright morning of the early spring, taking her little daughter with her, to gather primroses in the plantation which bordered one extremity of the park around her house.

She had remembered when she arose in the morning that the day was the anniversary of her husband's death. A year only! It had seemed like twenty years. For she was very young, and fairly rich, and much admired, and the life she had hitherto led had not prepared her to support loneliness and seclusion profitably. The shock of the sudden death had been terrible. She had thought that she should die of it; but she did not even fall ill; and there was the child whom she adored; and later there had arisen a new interest.

The new interest, in the form of Major Harold Walsh, was at her elbow on this kind morning of sweetest spring; a middle-aged man with a handsome, hard face and a very tender manner. He had, as some may think inopportunistly, chosen the anniversary of the husband's death to make the widow an offer of marriage.

The widow had reminded him of what had happened on that day a year ago, had pointed out that she could not possibly entertain such a proposition so soon, had even cried a little when she

spoke of her husband, but had in no other way discouraged the tender-minded major with the hard face.

It would have been well-nigh impossible for a man to make an offer of marriage with a child of three years old clinging to her mother's skirts and incessantly babbling in her mother's ears, so the child with her nurse had been sent into the interior of the plantation in search of lovely clumps of primroses, said to flourish there, while the two elders wandered with slow steps and downbent eyes upon the outskirts.

There they would have been content to wander for hours, perhaps, he begging for assurances which she with an only half-feigned, pretty reluctance gave, but that this agreeable dalliance was cut short by a sufficiently alarming interruption. She did not absolutely dislike him. She liked him—very much, even. That was well. Years hence, if he waited patiently—and he would try, he would try to wait—she might even get to love him a little. Was that asking too much? Well, not just yet, then; he had said he would wait. But he was not to go away unhappy? Not utterly discouraged? He need not, for what had taken place between them, debar himself entirely of the delight of her society, he might—?

But at that instant of the Major's soft-toned pleading, and of the widow's low monosyllabic replies, a voice from out the plantation on their left smote sharply upon their ears, calling affrightedly upon Mrs. Eddington's name.

Following the direction of the voice, the mother, whose mother-love was

and would always be the strongest passion of her life, fled into the wood. In two minutes she came upon the kneeling figure of the nurse; and the nurse's white and terrified face was looking up at her across the unconscious form of the little child.

"I found her so," the woman got out through chattering teeth. "I sat reading, and she ran to the other side of the tree. She was talking to me, and then she didn't talk, and I went round, and found—this!"

With shaking fingers the mother tore asunder the broad muslin strings of the hat upon which the child lay, rent open the dainty dress at the throat: "Look at mother! Milly! Milly! Look at mother!" she called wildly, impatiently, angrily.

As if in answer to the passionate appeal the child's eyelashes stirred for a moment on the transparent cheek—were still—stirred again, and the dark eyes, so like the dark eyes of the dead father, opened upon the mother's face.

"Only fainted," the gentleman who had been proposing to officiate as Milly's step-father said. He was much relieved that the scene, at which he had looked on awkwardly enough, was over. That for a three-years-old child to faint was an unusual and alarming occurrence he did not of course understand. Certainly, if Mrs. Eddington thought it necessary, he would go for the doctor. He could probably bring him quicker than a groom. Should he carry the little Milly home first?

But the mother must carry Milly herself. No; nurse should certainly not touch her. Never again should nurse, who had let the child for a minute out of her sight, touch Milly.

Nurse, surreptitiously grasping a frill of the child's muslin frock, wept, silent and remorseful, as she walked alongside.

Once the child, who lay for the better part of the half-mile to her home in a kind of stupor, opened her eyes again beneath her mother's frightened gaze, and was

heard to mutter something about some flowers.

"She is asking for the primroses she had gathered!" Mrs. Eddington whispered in a tone of intensest relief. "Did you bring them, nurse?"

The unfortunate nurse had not brought them.

"Milly's p'or flo'rs is dead," Milly grieved, in the little weak voice they heard then for the first time. "Milly's Dadda took Milly's flo'rs, and they died."

To that astonishing statement the child adhered during the first days of her long illness, till she forgot, and spoke of it no more. For any questioning, she gave no explanation of her words. She never enlarged upon the first announcement in any way, nor did she even alter the form of the words in which she expressed it. She always alluded to the curious delusion with a grieving voice, often with tears.

"Dear Dadda is dead, darling," the mother said to her in an awed whisper, kneeling at her side. "He could not have come to Milly."

"Milly's Dadda took Milly's flo'rs, and they died," the sad little voice protested, and the child softly whimpered upon the pillow.

"The child can't, of course, even remember her father," Major Walsh said with impatience, being sick of the subject and the importance attached to it. "She was only two when he died."

"How can you tell what a child of two remembers?" Mrs. Eddington asked. "She was very fond of Harry. I think she does remember."

Of late, persistently in her mind was an episode of that last day of her husband's life. He had carried his little daughter, laughing and prattling to him, down from the nursery and had put her in her mother's arms. The child, when he turned to go, had clung crying to him: "Don't leave Milly, Dadda. Take Milly too." Laughing and kissing her, he had promised that, "Not now—not now—but later" he would come to take Milly. Then he had gone out with a

smile still on his face, and had fallen dead as he walked across the park.

It was inevitable that in these days the memory of her husband should more fully occupy the young widow's mind. He had died of heart disease; his child, it was now discovered, had a certain weakness of the heart. A superstitious feeling that she had not remembered him enough and that this was her punishment took possession of Mrs. Eddington's brain. She remembered with remorse what was occurring at the moment the child had fallen insensible among the primroses. On the very anniversary of her poor Harry's death she had forgotten him so far! Never would she forget him again.

The words the child spoke had recorded a mere delusion, the doctor told her, of the little dazed brain in the moment preceding unconsciousness; but, for all that rational view, they awed the mother, haunted her.

"Milly's p'or flo'rs is dead. Milly's Dadda took Milly's flo'rs and they died," Milly had said.

Never would Mrs. Eddington leave her child or forget Milly's Dadda again.

Yet, when the anniversary of poor Harry Eddington's death came round again, Milly had been for three-quarters of a year running about as of old; and her mother had been for a month the wife of Major Walsh.

They had spent their honeymoon at

Major Walsh's own place in Wiltshire, had stayed for another month in his London house, and they at last turned



"Milly's Dadda took Milly's flo'rs and they died."

their steps in the direction of the home which had been Harry Eddington's and where his child had been left under the guardianship of the new Mrs. Walsh's mother.

"You used to complain of the dullness of the place and of how buried alive you were there. You have been away for eight weeks and you are mad to get back to it," the husband said with a jealous eye upon her.

She subdued judiciously the joy which had been in her voice. "I am glad to see

the old place again—yes," she said. "Won't it be delightful for us to be together there where we first knew each other?"

"It is the child you want—not me," he said with grudging reproach. She found it necessary to make some quite exaggerated statements to reassure him.

Her mother was in the carriage which met them at the station. "Milly is staying up till you come," she told them. "I left her capering wildly about the nursery with delight."

"I hope she won't over-excite herself," the mother said, and the grandmother laughed at that anxiety. No child of hers had ever had a weakness of the heart, and she was inclined to ridicule the idea that Milly required more care than had been given to her own children.

Full of the longing to see her child, Mrs. Walsh sprang from the carriage and ran up the broad steps to the wide-open door of her home. Then, with a happy afterthought, turned on the mat and held out her hands to the new husband.

"Welcome—welcome to our home, dear," she said.

He grasped the hands tightly: "After all, I suppose I am a little more to you than the child?" he asked.

She smiled a flattering affirmation, and at the instant there came a scream in a child's voice from a room above, followed by an ominous silence.

When the others reached the nursery from which, as they knew, the sound had come, the mother was already standing there holding in her arms the unconscious form of the little girl. From a tiny wound in the child's white forehead drops of blood were oozing.

"I left her for one minute to fetch the water for her bath," the nurse was saying, hurriedly excusing herself. "She was running up and down and round about calling, 'Mother, Dadda, come to Milly. Come Dadda, come!'"

"~~She~~ fell and struck her head against ~~the sharp~~ corner of this stool," Major Walsh said. "Look, what sharp corners ~~it has~~."

The child was only unconscious for a minute. She opened her eyes and smiled upon her mother, and hid her face in her neck, and presently was whispering a question again and again in her ear.

Mrs. Walsh looked up in a bewildered fashion from the little hidden face: "What does she say?" the grandmother asked.

"She says, 'Where is Dadda gone?'" the mother repeated, faltering a little over the words and with scared eyes.

"He is here," said the practical grandmother, and took Major Walsh by the arm. "We have told her her Dadda was coming with her mother," she explained. "She was more excited about him even than about you, Millicent. Look up! Here is your Dadda, darling."

Slowly the child lifted the little throbbing head from the mother's shoulder and looked at the big man with the hard face now stooping over her. Looked for half a second, then shut her eyes again, and again hid her face.

"It isn't my Dadda," she said with a baby whimper. "Milly wants *my* Dadda that came and danced with Milly. Where's my Dadda gone?"

Later, when the child had been put to bed, the mother, having hurriedly dressed for dinner, kneeling by the side of the crib to hold her daughter in her arms, and kissing the tiny wound upon her forehead, asked how it was she had managed so to hurt herself.

"My Dadda came and danced. He whirled Milly round and round," she said, grievously. She knew nothing more of the occurrence, it was the only explanation she ever gave.

The look of awe which had been there once before came back to Mrs. Walsh's eyes. Only to the doctor did she ever repeat the child's words. He, being a man of good common sense, refused of course to be impressed with the coincidence.

"She made herself giddy by, as she says, whirling round and round. In the

moment of losing consciousness—who can tell by what unintelligible mental process—the figure of her dead father, undoubtedly imprinted with unusual clearness on the child's memory, was present with her. A vision, yes, if you like to call it so; say rather a dream in the instant before unconsciousness. Such a babe as this knows no distinction between dreams and realities, between the momentarily disordered mental vision and the ordinary objects of optical seeing."

For the rest, the unsatisfactory condition of the heart was still existent. Nothing that with care might not be obviated. With the absence of all excitement, with entire rest of mind and body the child would outgrow the evil.

Yet, in spite of this cheerful view of the case, it was long before Mrs. Walsh could successfully conceal the uneasiness and unhappiness she felt. Her punishment again, she told herself with morbid iteration. She had turned her back on her child, had forgotten her dead husband, nay, even in the moment of the child's accident had she not been in the act of welcoming another man to that dead husband's home?

So it came to pass that with a new life just begun for her and new interests arising on all hands she found her mind continually reverting to the days of her earlier married life. Often, when bent on any expedition with Major Walsh, dining with their neighbours, receiving them in her home, walking, driving with him, talking over the details of the business of her little estate, she was thinking, thinking how she and that other man had gone here and there, said this and that to each other. How he had looked, the words he had said, his gestures, his laugh came curiously back to her, and her heart sank beneath a constant sense of self-reproach. How could she not have remembered all this before and been true to the claim he had

on her—that poor young husband who was the father of her child?

Once, but that was months later and she was weak in body as well as depressed in mind, she sat alone over her bedroom fire as the dark came on, too tired to dress, and longed for her husband to come in and cheer her. Then the memory came to her of how once before, a few weeks before Milly was born, she had so sat in that very room



Later, when the child had been put to bed.

and had longed inexpressibly for that other husband; of how she had felt that she would die of fright and of unfulfilled longing if he did not come; of how he had come, bringing warmth and love and comfort to her failing heart; of how he had laughed, and said he had felt she was wanting him and so was there.

And as she thought of this, lying with shut eyes in her armchair, a curious feeling that he was there again, with her in the room, took possession of her. She was not afraid; she lay quite still, hardly

breathing, feeling "He is here! If I open my eyes I shall see him."

And often, in the weeks that followed, she was haunted by that strange consciousness of her first husband's presence, the curious, forcible impression that there was between her and him but a slight veil she lacked the desire to rend, but that, rending it one day, she should see him.

Then Harold Walsh's child was born and these unhealthy fancies were naturally vanquished.

It was a son, and there was much rejoicing. Poor little Milly's nose, it was said, must indeed be put out of joint by this advent of an heir to his father's large estates.

The child was born at Royle, his father's place, and christened there, during which time the little Milly had stayed in her own home with her grandmother; the home where she had been born and her father and mother had passed their brief married life together. When the son and heir was two months old he came with his father and mother to stay in that house also. Then her mother and the neighbours who had known her through all her experiences of joy and of sorrow were glad to see that the Major's wife had got back her health and spirits and happiness.

The boy was a fine boy, and his mother idolised him; the father, contrary to general expectation, continued to be very much in love. They were a prosperous and happy trio, seeming to suffice entirely to themselves; and little Milly, who had longed for her mother and the new brother, found herself of comparatively small importance and decidedly on the outside of the completed circle.

Who can measure the bitterness, the desolation, which no after experience of the unkind tricks of destiny can ever equal, of the little heart which feels it is not wanted where it longs to cling?

Then Milly's birthday came and she was six years old: a delicate lovely

child with dark, straight hair, and eyes of darkest greeny-grey, and a complexion which was as a finger-post to her father's history and her own, and should have said "Beware." Milly had always a birthday party, and this year also she must have one.

But it was not a party such as Milly had been promised; with the small drawing-room turned into a cave of delights where a real white-robed fairy with silver wings and a wand presided over presents to be given to Milly and all her little guests. The promise, in the pleasurable excitement of the Walshes' arrival, had been forgotten by all but Milly, and when Milly demanded its fulfilment it was too late.

So the little guests could only dance—those that were big enough—or, assisted by their elders, in the form of governess or elder sister, play at forfeits and twilight, and blind man's buff. These innocent gambols they carried on in the wide entrance hall. Some flags had been hung, to please Milly, against the heavy beams of the ceiling, and the gardener had filled every niche and corner with hothouse plants.

Being bent apparently on spoiling his sister's pleasure the heir of the house of Walsh must be taken with a colic on that day. His mother was anxious about him, fancying him feverish, and insisting on the doctor's presence. So it came to pass she was oftener sitting in the nursery, seeing her son jogged, howling lustily, on the nurse's lap, than making merry with Milly and her friends in the hall.

As the afternoon drew to a close and carriages began to arrive for the children and their guardians, she came out of the nursery, and standing in the comparative darkness of the corridor, looked down upon the bright and pretty scene. The children in their dainty white dresses with their flushed faces and tossed curls were as lovely as the flowers everywhere surrounding them, the music of the chattering voices, of the clear laughter was more agreeable to the ear

than that of the piano Milly's governess was playing.

The fun, as is apt to be the case when such a gathering is nearly over, waxed livelier as the time came for the children to part. "Just one more game!" Milly's high little excited voice was heard pleading—"only one more!"

It was the old-world favourite they chose, and formed themselves into a ring, putting the littlest boy—boys were scarce among them and very small—in the centre.

It was in the midst of much laughing and chatter and noise that the two little girls on either side of Milly Eddington felt her hands turn ice-cold in theirs and slowly slip from their grasp. The next instant she had fallen to the floor between them—dead.

The doctor—luckily on the spot, attending to the baby-brother—was with her in two minutes. There was nothing to be done. She was dead.

She had been the loveliest and the gayest there, laughing her pretty, happy laugh, babbling with the rest. Several of the elder guests had apparently been looking at the child and listening to her, when all at once she had become silent, had sunk backwards and died.

This they who looked on had seen, but nothing more. Mrs. Walsh, standing alone in the shadow of the corridor and looking down upon the brightly-lit hall, had seen this:

She had seen the figure of her first husband, the smile upon his face with which he had left her and her little daughter on the last day of his life, come silently into the hall. She had seen him, moving softly, attracting no notice from them, pass the groups of ladies standing near the walls, noiselessly thread his way through the ring of playing children till he stood at the back of his own little girl. She had seen him, smiling



Standing alone in the corridor and looking down upon the brightly-lit hall.

still, and clasping his hands tenderly beneath the child's chin, pull her softly backwards, and lay her dead upon the floor.

THE ANDAMAN PENAL SYSTEM

By S. BEACH CHESTER

THE punishment of the criminal should be a subject of interest to all respectable members of society, for on the punishment depends, to a large extent, the very existence of society itself. If murder were not punishable, there would be a homicidal epidemic. The logical basis of the argument is, of course, that the dominating characteristic of humanity lies in the fear of consequences. The "consequences" of a criminal act form punishment. It is with the Andaman system of punishment that I am now concerned. Before entering into any details, however, I must express my deep indebtedness to

Lieut.-Col. Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bart., C.I.E., Chief Commissioner of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, Superintendent of the Port Blair Penal Settlement, and to Mr. Edward Horace Man, C.I.E., late of the Andaman Commission, for the able assistance they have rendered me.

Port Blair,¹ in South Andaman, was first chosen as the site of a penal settlement in 1789. The real motive for the settlement may be attributed to a desire to restrain the Andamanese, who were known to have murdered and ill-treated many shipwrecked sailors. For some time after its establishment, the settle-



THE STATION STEAMER (R.I.M.S. "ELPHINSTONE") AT HER MOORINGS OFF ROSS ISLAND.

¹ Situated 796 miles from Calcutta, and 387 miles from Rangoon.



PORT BLAIR HARBOUR, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

ment flourished, but in 1792, it was removed for strategical reasons from Port Blair to the present Port Cornwallis, situated in North Andaman. The newly chosen site proved to be unhealthy, and, in 1796, it was abandoned and the settlement given up. In 1824, however, Port Cornwallis was employed as the *rendezvous* of the fleet conveying the expeditionary force for the first Burmese War. But no attempt at re-settlement was made until fresh reports of murders and other outrages, perpetrated on shipwrecked crews by the Andamanese, began to reach the Government. These reports decided the authorities in the matter of re-settling the Islands. In 1857, the Mutiny brought the Government a great number of dangerous characters with whom it was not easy to deal, but, after due consideration, it was determined that they should be sent to the Andamans. The Andaman Committee was then appointed to thoroughly investigate the question, with the result that in 1858 the Port Blair Penal Settlement was once more established. The late General (then Captain) Henry Man, Superintendent of

Convicts at Maulmain, was directed officially to re-annex the Andamans. He was given for the time being complete judicial and executive authority.

Soon afterwards, the first permanent Superintendent was appointed.

General Man some ten years later again became the administrator, and during his tenure of office the Nicobar Islands were annexed and affiliated to the Andamans.

In 1872, the Viceroy, Lord Mayo, who was much interested in the penal settlement, visited the Islands on a tour of inspection, during which he was assassinated. Only a few weeks before Chief Justice Norman, of Bengal, had been struck down by a fanatic. It is, therefore, greatly to be regretted that, by his Excellency's own wish, the convicts of the stations which he visited were kept at their ordinary routine work, and, moreover, that he delayed his return from Hopetown to the flagship (*H.M.S. Glasgow*) until an hour after sundown. The actual deed, which occurred five days earlier, is described in the *Gazette of India*, for February 13, 1872, in the following manner :—

"After several posts and stations had been inspected, it was nearly 5 p.m., and the Viceroy decided that he would visit Mount Harriet. This is a lofty hill, on the main island. There is no regular convict station on the hill, but below is Hope Town, where there are convicts, chiefly invalids and ticket-of-leave men, with a few others required for work at the station. . . . Eight policemen accompanied him throughout." After reaching the summit, the party descended the

fifty in number, had been drawn up, were passed. General Stewart had stopped to give orders to an overseer, and the Viceroy had walked about one third the length of the pier, preceded by two torch-bearers, and a few paces in advance of the rest of the party, when a man jumped on him from behind, and stabbed his Excellency over the left shoulder, and a second time under the right shoulder-blade, before any one could interpose. The assassin was at



ROSS ISLAND (HEADQUARTER STATION OF THE PENAL SETTLEMENT).

hill with a view to embarking. "Two ticket-of-leave men," the report continues, "addressed his Excellency on the way down, and were informed by General Stewart that on their making formal petitions their cases would be inquired into. No other convicts were met on Mount Harriet; they were all at their huts at Hope Town below. . . . By the time the Viceroy reached the foot of the hill, it was a quarter past seven and quite dark, and lighted torches were, by the order of an officer of the settlement, sent to meet the party. The huts where the convicts, some forty or

once knocked down by the guard and people in attendance, and but for the interference of the officers, would probably have been killed. There is no consistent account to show how the man made his way to the Viceroy, and it is not clear whether he was lying concealed on the side of the pier, or whether he rushed in from behind."

The assassin proved to be one Sher Ali, "the son of Wullee." He came from a village near Jamrud, so he said, at the foot of the Khyber. He claimed to have no accomplices, but had committed the act "by the order of God."

Sher Ali, whose photograph I am enabled to present through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Man, was undergoing a life sentence at Hope Town at the time for a murder committed in India. For assassinating the Earl of Mayo, who died a few minutes after the attack, he was sentenced to death at Port Blair.

The system of punishing the convict who is transported to Port Blair may now be described. It differs from other penal systems in that it aims at the reformation of the criminal, who, on his release, is not turned out as a destitute "jail-bird," but as a trained artisan, possessed of a little money with which



SHER ALI, THE ASSASSIN OF EARL MAYO,
FEBRUARY 8, 1872.

The sentence was confirmed by the High Court at Calcutta, with the result that Sher Ali was executed at Viper Island Station, of which Mr. Man was then in charge. Rumours of a conspiracy were entertained, but no sufficient evidence was forthcoming to substantiate them. Owing to the official status of the victim, the crime may almost be classed with that of regicide.

to commence a fresh existence. The idea of reforming men who have thought nothing of perpetrating the worst crimes known to the law, seems a little too humane to be practical, but it is obvious from the statistics, nevertheless, that it can be done in certain cases. The mental condition of the Oriental criminal is materially different from that of the European criminal, and, in consequence,

what may be done in the East could not be done in the West with any satisfactory result. Indeed, in the opinion of Sir Robert Anderson, there are men in England who should never be released from custody, and this opinion is shared by other criminologists less widely known, perhaps, than the recently-retired head of the Criminal Investigation Department.

When the convict arrives at Port Blair, he is received into what is known as the Cellular Jail for a period of six

for the next three years he is a slave, as that word is ordinarily understood, locked up with other slaves in barracks at night, but working in the open at any kind of task that the needs of the settlement may require of him, according to his capacity—an unpaid, unrewarded labourer, but well fed, housed, clothed and cared for, and always under watch and guard. During the following five years he is still a labouring convict, but the severity of his life is eased down a little for him. He is now eligible for the petty posts of



THE CONVICT WORKSHOPS AT PHENIX BAY (PORT BLAIR).

months, where the discipline is most severe, but the actual work comparatively easy. "We teach him," to use Sir Richard Carnac Temple's own words, "what it is like to be forced to bend his uncontrolled nature to the iron yoke of a régime, not of hard toil, but of soul-crushing monotony." At the expiration of the six months, the convict is transferred from the Cellular Jail to some station¹ where he labours in the company of others. "Here he stays for a year and a half," to continue the Chief Commissioner's description, "and then

¹ The scheme provides for "associated jails" in which the newly arrived prisoner, after passing out of the Cellular Jail, will be confined for eighteen months. These jails will, it is understood, be constructed as soon as the necessary labour and material are available

supervision and for the less irksome and less slave-like forms of labour, and he gets a little—a very little—allowance to buy a few small luxuries or to place in the Savings Bank against future necessities. Having thus served ten long probationary years, he becomes eligible, if he has the capacity, to take a ticket-of-leave and become what is locally known as a self-supporter. . . . The convict is now in a sense free. He earns his living in his own chosen way; he lives in a village in his own hut; he farms² a little land, keeps cattle and sells milk and poultry; he can move about unwatched; he can send for his wife and children, or, the far more frequent course, he can marry a convict-woman, who, under her own

² Farming or trade is optional to the convict.



CONVICTS OF VARIOUS GRADES AT PORT BLAIR.



THE CELLULAR JAIL IN COURSE OF COMPLETION, FEBRUARY, 1901. ROSS ISLAND IN THE BACKGROUND.

regulations, is eligible for marriage; he can thus become *paterfamilias*, with a little hoard of his own earning, and differing outwardly in no way from the ordinary villager or properly conducted member of human society. In reality, however, he differs so greatly that he misses all those things that free men prize so highly. He has no civil rights under the ordinary law, and all the affairs of his life are dealt with by the executive authority; he must live where

cared for. Then for two years she is treated to the same sort of easing down of severity as is granted to the men, and after a total of five years she is eligible for marriage and domestic service. Assuming that she marries, she joins her husband in his village, where she leads the ordinary life of an Indian woman, but subject to the same disabilities as her husband, until she has completed a minimum period of fifteen years in transportation, when she may go



CZOLGOSZ, THE ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

he is told; and generally conduct his life as he is told; he may move about beyond his village and his fields by permission only; he cannot leave the settlement; he may not be idle under pain of a forced return to ordinary convict labour. In this state he remains for ten or fifteen years, according to the crimes that have sent him here, until the happy day comes when the order for absolute release is placed in his hands and he goes free as other men. . . . The women are dealt with on the same lines, but more gently, as becomes the gentler sex. For the first three years the convict woman works in the Female Jail as a mere slave, fed, housed, clothed and

free with him whithersoever he may go."

The convicts, whose treatment is so ably described by Colonel Sir R. C. Temple, amount in number to about 12,000, of whom 800 are women. They represent several religions: 7,111 Hindus, 2,959 Mahomedans, 1,825 Buddhists, and 42 Christians. The receiving capacity of the settlement is practically unlimited.

Rangoon supplies a garrison, which consists of 300 Indian troops and 140 British, while, in addition, there is a police force a trifle over half the strength of that of the City of London. There are departments of the usual Indian

type. As far as the labour of the community is concerned, it is supplied entirely by convicts, who learn everything from road-mending to ship-building. Courts presided over by the

superintendent and his deputy, administer civil and criminal justice. The system of administration is indeed complete, and but for the very limited space at my command I would enter into further details.

Detective Bureau		No. 757
POLICE DEPARTMENT		
CITY OF BUFFALO.		
Bertillon Measurements.		
Height, 71.8	Head Length, 18.7	L. foot, 26.1
Outer Arms, 79.0	Head Width, 15.6	Mid f. 11.7
Trunk, 90.9	R. Ear. Length, 6.4	Lit. f. 9.1
		Fore A. 47.3
Name <i>Ben T. Grotz</i> Alias <i>Grand Murrin</i> Crime <i>Murder</i> Age <i>28</i> Height <i>5 Ft. 7 1/2 In.</i> Weight <i>138</i> Build <i>nr</i> Hair <i>Brown</i> Eyes <i>Blue</i> Complexion <i>nr</i> Moustache Horn <i>Detrit</i> <i>Mud</i> Occupation <i>Mar. Porter</i> Date of Arrest <i>Sept 6-1901</i> Officer <i>Solomon Beany</i> Remarks <i>4 500 in</i>		

THE BERTILLON SYSTEM OF MEASUREMENT.

[The photographs used in this article are reproduced by permission of E. H. Man, Esq., C.I.E.]

THE ADVENTURES OF AGA MIRZA

By AQUILA KEMPSTER

NUMBER V

THE JADOO MAKER

ONE night, about two years after poor Marshall's death, there came a knock at my door, and to my astonishment the boy announced "Eshlape Sahib," and in he walked. To say I was astonished doesn't half express it. I had thought he was settled in London, where he had gone the previous year, and his last letter had said nothing to the contrary, but it seems he got weary of "its gritty pavements," and the girl's people being out here, too, there was no difficulty, so he packed up and came back as many another has longed to do. I couldn't understand it then, but now—ah well, perhaps some day—but that's a digression.

So our old times began again with this difference, that many of our evenings were spent in the house in the Lal Bazaar. I own I always made one of the party with some shrinking, though I certainly enjoyed myself, once under the charm of Narda's hospitality.

Hey day! what a woman she was and how she understood men! I think we were all more or less under the influence of her charm, and many a happy evening we passed discussing verily everything under the sun. Nevertheless, when those things which seemed to delight Mirza and Slape came up—those un-understandable things—as they naturally did often, the night was spoiled for me; that terrible figure of the ghostly fakir would rise up, and then, when I went to bed, dreams would come, and finally I got irritable about it, and refused to go there any more.

Perhaps there were other reasons, but

I steadily ignored them if there were, and it doesn't matter anyway.

Now I have always held—our scientists to the contrary notwithstanding—that there is such a thing as knowing too much—as growing bigger than your God, but I doubt if it pays. Let it be clearly understood that I am not referring to Narda, for as far as I can judge she used her knowledge wisely, as her lights went. For me—even though I had ceased to visit her—she stands exempt from criticism. She was always a law unto herself, and I, well I'm a plain man and beyond surgery and a little medicine not very wise.

But others there are who have strange knowledge also, whose ways are dark and devious, and whose end is always—mark me—always, sudden.

Such a man was Bizam Tak, the jadoo maker. He had not only outgrown his God, but become a devil, the better to mock him, and his brethren in Rajana took his name on their lips with awe, and their wives used it to frighten the little ones. Even at the court of the Raja his fame was great, and he might have held high office there: but who, bowing not to God, should bow to kings? So he lived aloof—none rightly knew where—and worked his wizardries. And the fame of his wonders had reached even me, for if the curry soured or the rice boiled hard, Boir Mas, my general factotum, would mutter the name of Tak, coupled with a malediction, deep down in his great black beard.

I think that even Narda stood a little in awe of him, and she once said that

his power for evil was greater than hers ; but, then, she never worked evil, and, despite her great knowledge, she walked with the God she knew, humbly, as a little child.

Now, Aga Mirza was a dauntless man before men. I have seen him face death with the smoke from his cigarette floating in a lazy, unbroken stream between his lips. I saw him open a box, and, as he lifted the lid, a cobra sprang with a hissing rush at his throat. It missed the flesh, and the next moment the man's slim brown fingers were twisted round the reptile's neck, and he was blowing the cigarette smoke into the angry snake's jaws, remarking quietly that it was another present from his friends who loved him.

Six months hardly ever passed without an attempt being made on the man's life, some subtle as the wisdom of a cobra, others as brutal as the hate that inspired them ; for they had long ago divined at the court of Materdas that the British Government was holding him as a whip over them, and that a change of policy might make the powers of Calcutta recognise Prince Aga Mirza's claim to the throne openly. Then to resist would be impossible. So it came to pass that many plans had been made by those whom Mirza called "his friends in Materdas."

All through the strain of such a life Prince Aga had passed on his way gay and smiling, probably the best-loved and best-hated man in the empire—certainly the most remarked. Yet this man of steel suddenly fell, and his fall was as mysterious as it was pitiable. I saw him at the races one afternoon a jovial, gallant, light-hearted gentleman, and three days later, keeping a dinner engagement with him, I found a nervous, distraught man, who started like a frightened child at his own shadow.

He told me the trouble after dinner, sitting in a glare of hot lamps in the

library, instead of out on the cool veranda. It was Bizam Tak.

I'm afraid I laughed, but his hurt look



Such a man was Bizam Tak, the jeweller.

sobered me, and I argued the matter out with him ; but it was all no use. Narda knew ; she had told him, and the shadow was with him always. What shadow ? Ah ! I could not understand these

things, and so on. Of course I couldn't, but I sent him a tonic, which he threw out of the window promptly; and which Selim, the dog boy, seized and drank with much gusto.

We had a rush of fever at the hospital at this time, and I was kept at it night and day, and couldn't see anything of the man; but I knew Slape was in town and looking after him, and I expected each day to see the pair of them lolling in my den when I got out of the wards.

It was ten days before I heard anything; then Slape turned up alone, and I knew something was wrong the moment I saw his face. His first words confirmed me.

"Have you seen him?"

"Seen whom?"

"Mirza, man; Mirza."

"Seen him? I? No. Is he lost?"

"Lost? Yes, that's just it. He is lost."

"Oh, get out; you're joking."

"Joking be damned! Listen, man. He's been ill all the week. That cursed Rajput devil was marking him as sure as fate. I stayed with him four nights, but had to leave yesterday afternoon. I was back by nine o'clock, and the man was gone—gone, and none of his people knew he was out of his room."

"Well, but he might have had business or——"

"Man, I tell you he was so weak he could hardly stagger across the room."

That settled me, and I stared in blank amazement while Slape rattled on: "I'm afraid he's off mentally. He acted strangely once or twice while I was with him, and now God knows where he'll bring up. If that devil gets him up to Materdas they'll murder him to a certainty. Narda said that the Bizam's people were at the back of this business, as usual, and it certainly looks as if they would succeed this time."

"And you actually believe this Bizam—what's his name?—has put a spell on him?" I asked, for the whole thing seemed beyond belief, even in a country like India.

"Believe it? Certainly I do, and it's

not so uncommon as you seem to think, only your friends and mine are usually exempt."

Seeing Slape's state of mind I said no more. It was useless, anyway. The thing to be done was to find the man, and from all tokens we'd have our hands full doing it. When a man like Mirza, half native as he is, steps out of his class and into the Bazaars for any cause whatever, he's hidden as safely as though the earth had swallowed him. A curtain, jealously guarded on the one side, hangs between the races, white and brown, and behind that curtain lies sanctuary for him who has a right to it. His brother who has aught against him as a man may stab him behind the curtain, but never will betray him to the "accursed" beyond the veil.

Besides this, we were denied what little assistance we might have had from the police, as long ago our word had been given to the missing man never under any pretext to introduce them into his affairs, so jealously did he guard the many secrets of his life. So, with this forlorn outlook, I was not so averse as I might have been (I hate messing with things I don't understand) to Slape's proposal that we should go to Narda's house, in the Lal Bazaar; and the late evening found us stumbling through the ill-lighted and often evil-smelling byways of the Boree Bazaar. Every white man reviles these noisome native haunts, with their high blank walls and low-arched doorways, with their steaming buffalo and fetid cow byres, where the fierce rush of a snarling bandakoot makes one spring aside with a mouthful of nervous curses—every one reviles them; yet, yet—ask the man who's left it all what particular thing it is that pulls his heartstrings as he tramps the London pavements, and he'll tell you, if he's honest, it's those evil, smelly bazaars with all their possibilities of wickedness. What if the walls are blank and high and the great rats scurry beneath? Sometimes—not too often—windows open, and maybe a spray of jasmine falls. For a brief

moment the veil of the unknown is drawn aside and the bandakoots are forgotten. What more would you, London, New York? Bah! They have no unknown.

So we came to the gate in the wall that leads to the place of Narda. She was pacing back and forth like a caged tigress when we lifted the purdah, but she welcomed us both with a hand, saying as she drew us in: "You are late, my friends. Or is it that I am impatient?"

"You expected us, then?" asked Slape.

"Yes. There is much to do. He must be found to-night or——"

"You do not know where he is, then?"

"No, but I will find him."

"Suppose he——"

"Yes, I know. Still I will find him—and avenge him."

She rose to her full height as she spoke—a tall, queenly figure; and as she did so a glittering movement in her dark hair caught my eye, and there, among all the strange ornaments, was curled a little serpent—the emblem of her strange power. Then we knew that she had come out like a strong man armed, and, looking in her eyes, I saw that which made me glad that my account with our missing friend was clean.

Slape asked her if she could not find him with the great crystal that still stood pulsing in the centre of the room; but she said, "No"; that the jadoo was too strong for the crystal; and it would no longer work true; but she had another and a higher way, and we must help her. And we gave our words as men to stand by her that night, whatever came; for, after all, she was a woman—a beautiful one—and seemed in dire trouble, despite her brave front, as one who had lifted a heavier burden than she could carry.

On one of the walls facing the north hung a large shining disk, on which vibrated a slender gold hand, and while the woman waited and talked she watched this hand continually. At last it slipped and fell with a ringing, musical slur, and we saw that it had stopped at

one of the zodiacal signs that ringed the disk. Then Narda rose slowly.

"The hour has fallen. May the gods sustain us now, for the door is shut and the issue is in their hands. Still, we know, each in our own way, that Good is greater than Evil. You know how to use your strength, Mr. Slape; and you, doctor"—turning to me—"I need your help in your own way. Do not try to understand anything you see to-night, but trust me a moment now and remember what I say."

She put her long brown fingers to my forehead, lifting my head by the action, till I was looking up into her dark, grave eyes. At the touch of her fingers a heaviness, a mental sluggishness, born of the strain of overwork, cleared away, leaving my brain fresh and clear, and her words sounded like bell notes ringing through it.

"Now listen. Set your mind, firm and fast, on the God your mother taught you, and whatever you see or hear in this room to-night trust Him, like a little child, to bring His way to pass. That is all. You understand?"

She left me then and busied herself with her strange preparations for the test of her powers. I may say before I go further that those words, "Trust Him like a little child," never for an instant left me through the scene that followed; while my flesh crept and my throat contracted with an agony of fear, ever at the back of my brain, staying me, ran the words, like a rhythmic silver chime, "Trust Him like a little child."

Narda made her arrangements, strange as they were, quickly and deftly. They consisted chiefly in the placing of tiny lights in various positions, till they took the form of a great scorpion, the zodiacal home of mystic power. These lights showed little more than tiny bright sparks, which were reflected back and forth in bewildering fashion by crystal reflectors set at intervals. At the lower end, or tail, of the scorpion Narda stood motionless for some minutes over a strangely formed brazier, like a great

chafing dish. Into this I saw her pour oil and water and several powders, but, I am ready to swear, set no light.

She passed swiftly round the room, putting out all the lamps save those of the sign, so that the curious emblem of good and evil stood out like a sparkling living thing, while all around the shadows hung heavy and seemed to crawl forward, only to be driven back by the sharp flashing of the crystals.

We watched Narda moving in the shadows, her long white draperies dim and indistinct; saw her shapely arms raised and moving now this way, now that, but of voice there was none.

Again came the slurring chime of the disk hand, and we saw that it held in the "House of Scorpio." At the sound Narda turned abruptly and seated herself in the big cushioned chair that stood isolated on its glass castors at the head of the flashing sign. We could see her dimly and watched her long. We saw her white-robed bosom rise and fall rhythmically till she seemed to sleep; but the serpent in her hair stood alert, poised and vibrating, its slim head darting restlessly from side to side.

How long we sat I do not know, but to my tense nerves at least the time and the silence seemed alike intolerable. There was no movement, no sound save the occasional slur of the hand on the disk, and this seemed to jar the whole room, so intense was the previous silence. The silence held till the sheer monotony of the thing quieted our nerves, and I at least grew drowsy as I sat. I believe my head nodded and my body lurched once and then again; then something horrible came and mixed with my half-dreaming mind, and in an instant I was awake and straining every nerve, while Slape gripped my wrist till the hand hung limp and numb with the pressure. Then it came again, a whimpering cry, as of a little child wailing just beyond the light.

I had often heard of the "child cry" used in the native magic, and had been at a loss to account for it; but now, when

I heard the lonely sound sobbing itself out in the shadows, like a baby soul shut out of heaven and forgotten, I realised the power of the thing for horror. The sound seemed to come from the brazier, and as we bent forward, gazing eagerly, we saw something in that brazier that was not there before—something vague, that moved and flopped helplessly around; and then again came the whimpering cry.

The cry had hardly died away when the brazier began to glow and fumes and smoke arose from it; then red fire, that seethed and twisted sluggishly, and in the fire a Thing that moved and moaned, as if in pain, and then half-crawled out; but the fire rose and licked at it, and it fell back with a little shriek, and the fire rolled smoothly over it.

Now, whether the room really grew chill or it was the horror of that fiery, slimy pot I cannot say, but we two strong men were shivering as with ague, the cold cut to the bone even while the great sweat drops rolled from us. And through all this Narda sat and gave no sign, but the serpent was poised, as if to strike.

Then Slape rose and shook himself fiercely, and I heard him swearing softly in his throat as he crept cautiously toward the glowing pot. I followed and leaned over him as he bent to peer at the hot, fuming mass. And while we looked a scarlet cinder detached itself and leaped clear, landing on the polished floor and rolling quickly away, scorching the boards as it went. It did not die out, but kept its scarlet heart burning brightly, and directly in its course lay the piled-up rugs and pillows that Narda used.

Seeing the danger of them catching fire, Slape sprang across the lights and out of the sign that had in a way shut us in before. With three long strides he had reached the rugs, and I saw his form loom up in the dusk beyond the rolling cylinder, saw his foot rise and fall upon it, and then there came a cry from him, and from the floor at his feet a tongue of flame leaped up in a sinuous, twisting

flash, and seemed to lick him as he fell back.

And as the flash of the flame died away there came a hoarse, brutal laugh, so malignant, jeering and horrible that I dropped back with a shudder, grasping the great pillows in an agony of fear.

To my dying day I know I shall not forget it. In the daylight it is weak, and I am a man ; but at night, even while

I—I cannot move—can barely breathe. I feel for one brief instant the touch of the clammy horror overwhelming me, and then—ah God, I wake ! Wake with the sweat of fear on my brow, with my body in an ague, and worst of all, with the knowledge that I am a coward ; one who dare not face the night, must burn a lamp forsooth, like a little frightened child.



And then the thing took a certain shape and form.

dreaming pleasant things, there seems to fall a sudden hush and I catch myself listening and wondering uneasily, and then, far off, back of the sunshine it starts. I cannot even hear it, but I know it is coming, and shiver and strain my ears even as I smile at my friends. They too grow uneasy, glance askance at me and melt away. The sun fades down, and then borne on the first breath of a chilling wind it comes, at first faint and thin, then growing louder and stronger, rushing down the wind upon me. And

Just what followed that laugh I cannot rightly say, only that I lay there among the pillows staring out with wide, strained eyeballs. The room was full of sulphurous smoke, and just out there in the shadows was my friend, probably hurt, for he had given no sign after that first cry—possibly dead—and yet I lay there, afraid to go and see.

The smoke in the room grew thicker, and heaved and tossed as if stirred by a mighty wind, and out of it came voices and sullen mutterings in words I could

not understand. Then a voice, harsh and jeering as the laugh, spoke words, again strange, but challenging, insulting. And as the words died away I heard a stir of drapery and Narda crossed the sign before my eyes and passed beyond, out into the smoke. And it swallowed her up so that I could not so much as see her robe, but I saw the smoke bank and heave and writhe and twist, and soon it drew away and seemed to concentrate in one great mass ; and as it did so I saw her for a moment facing the blackness and throwing out her arms forbiddingly toward it. But the mass grew blacker and its convolutions more and more rapid, and then the thing took a certain shape and form—a huge head, with toothless jaws and malignant eyes.

And this embodiment of the blackness drew close upon the woman, breathing hotly on her. For a moment she stood her ground, but the thing grew upon her, seeming to smother her, and back she fell, step by step, toward the lighted sign. She had just reached the first light of the scorpion's tail when the thing made a rush. Two long, hairy arms, with gnarled fingers on the horny hands, darted toward her, grasping her throat.

After the long horror the end came quickly. Ere the black quite touched the white something flashed in the strange yellow light—flashed in a long, hissing streak—and the serpent drew back and the bony hands fell away, while the smoke fairly boiled as it rose and fell, twisted, curled and writhed, and grew less and yet still less.

And oh ! I think it was the worst of all to watch that dumb agony, to feel the shrieks that you could not hear, and see the fearful thing grow smaller and smaller, till there was only a little smoky bubble left ; and then, like a bubble, that, too, burst, and all was still. But as our awe-struck eyes followed the faint trail of the last dim wreath there came upon the quiet room a sigh, so deep, so mournful that it seemed as though nature's heart were rent in twain.

Narda was bending over Slape, who lay on the pillows where he had fallen, touching him gently and lightly and speaking to him as he gradually came back to consciousness. As I came up she pointed to his forehead, and I saw an angry, red wound, as from a bad burn. And even as I looked Slape roused and spoke to us, and, looking around curiously, asked, "Hasn't he come yet?"

I would have questioned him, but Narda silenced me with a look as she asked, "Where did you leave him?"

"At the gate in the wall, of course, as you told me. He ought to be here now. Ah!"

There came a low knock at the bolted door, and Narda took up the lamp, and, opening it, drew back the purdah. A man, dressed like a coolie, stood at the lintel, dirty and unshaved ; but she drew him in, and, drawing him close, kissed his forehead. It was His Highness Prince Aga Mirza.

Of the man's wanderings we could learn nothing ; his mind was blank about it. The only thing he remembered was hearing the voice of Narda calling to him from a long way off, and he wanted to go to her, but could not find the way till Slape came and brought him to the gate in the wall that he knew so well.

And as I lay on my cot in the cool gray dawn, smoking and puzzling over the things that I had just seen, another new puzzle rose in my brain and put to flight all the rest—why did Narda kiss Mirza ?

The news of the death of Bizam Tak came by word of mouth to the native bazaars two days later. Rumours differed—he had been in a trance ; he had been drunk ; he had merely slept ; but he had died in the night, and, as they all agreed, from the bite of a snake, for its fangs had left two little purple spots in his throat.

Now here endeth the Chronicles of Mirza, for when a man has passed his prime it is meet that he should step



But she drew him in, and drawing him close, kissed his forehead.

aside and make place for another that is stronger than he. And I, too, am growing old, and all those happy days with Prince Al Raschid are past and gone and live with me in memory only, excepting when I dream.

Of course Mirza and Narda followed their fate, and the house in the Lal Bazaar knew the woman no more. They have spoken of visiting me here

in London—in Holborn. Ye Gods! Fancy Mr. and Mrs. and Master Al Raschid sitting down to that shabby mahogany! Think of my trotting them round to the Music Halls. No, no! It won't do, I'll keep my ideals. I know the Prince is old and fat and bald, and Narda—well there, the fire is out and my pipe, and I'd rather dream than think to-night.



LOVE LETTERS OF AN ENGLISH PEERESS TO AN INDIAN PRINCE

PREFACE

It will be remembered that certain letters were discovered by an eminent Anglo-Indian official amongst the baggage of that fugitive Indian prince, Nana Sahib, who was at once renowned for his great personal charm and his apparent staunch loyalty to British rule, until such time as the Mutiny broke out, when he declared for independence and placed himself at the head of the rebel Sepoys. After fighting daringly and betraying remorselessly, he suddenly disappeared, leaving a rose-tint of romance and mystery shadowing his name and fate that up to this has never been dispelled.

Seeing that he who found the following is lying under the dreadful drifting dust of death, and that the fair hand that penned the words contained therein has long been cold and still, the editor deems no apology necessary for giving them to the public just as they were brought to him.

LETTER I

REDLEAF,

October, 18—.

CHER PRINCE,—Many grateful thanks for your charming gift, which duly arrived and is now adorning my boudoir, the small room overlooking the terraces, where, if you remember, you liked best to sit. It is a very different outlook now to then, trees bare of leaf, and the whole landscape wrapt in a grey mist, dubious and uncertain as the happiness of human life. Then the gardens were filled with roses and the sun was always shining, and nothing was ever sombre save, perhaps, those memories that would intrude of the dead who not so long before had been living here beside one—how dreamy and how pleasant were those hours! I wonder if you ever think of them out yonder; if you do, I hope you will always remember how true a friend you have in her who shared them.

The Duke was here the other day—he is more like an elderly turtle-dove than ever—who made many inquiries after you. He seemed full of anxiety with regard to our policy in India as well as the gout.

We mutually regretted that you, with your admirably lucid mind and knowledge, had not been present to throw the weight of your wisdom into our conversational scales, for they wavered pitifully. Is there any truth, I wonder, in these dark rumours that have even floated to so remote a spot as Redleaf, or are they but the idle gossip of a still more idle world? And yet how can we, with our intolerance and impatience of all things that are not English, hope or seek to govern so vast and varied a country without some friction and some rebellion! All things under such circumstances are possible; the only thing which I know to be impossible is that you would ever consent to leave us, even at the call of your own people.

Lord C—, whom you will recollect, was down for a few days' hunting last week; he is in office now, and finds the drudgery of even so high a position the reverse of soothing; nothing, I fancy, but the fact of the shires being in a frost-bound prison reconciles him to the confinement of Downing Street. It was, perhaps, a pity that you did not linger on here for the hunting, though no doubt it would have been tame enough after

pig-sticking. Perhaps the comparison is quite incorrect, but, as you will recall how hopelessly ignorant I was on all such and kindred subjects, you will absolve me from blame.

Will you come to England again? Has the memory of how delightedly we welcomed you, and how reluctantly we parted, any power to draw you back?

Does the echo of friendly voices ever reach you across the seas and hills? If so, will you answer some day?

And now, *cher ami*, goodbye; often, and long, and never without emotion shall I recall those charming sun-swept days that we spent together here.

Your sincere

M— B—

GROSVENOR SQUARE,

February, 18—.

MON CHER PRINCE,—A thousand thanks for your delightful letter, which I ought to have answered before now, but the claims on my time have been many and varied, pushing pleasanter and more engrossing memories into the background.

My nephew, who arrived in England some weeks ago, brought us much news of you. He says he saw you constantly, and that you are the most popular and sought after man in India. You see how charming it is to be charming; few people ever made more friends in a brief space of time than you.

We are up in Town for the opening of Parliament; politics are becoming to me what dress is to other women. You remember how we played chess together, and how breathless and absorbing was my interest; well, this is a very much more fascinating game, for the pawns are human beings, and the board is—the nation; it makes so entrancing a break in the eternal round of the commonplace—that monotony of variety which is represented by garden parties, dinners, routs, bazaars and scandal, which I know so well and love so little—this year less than ever; last year it was different—you were here; it seems to me that I

have known the best that life and pleasure can bestow, and I hold their gifts in slight esteem. Society is as a fair garden of roses, lovely to gaze upon and yet at whose heart there is a canker, unseen, undreamt, yet there. How curiously sad it is when first the novelty has fled to watch the crowd that holds such false faiths and such clay gods!—a crowd in which all are fighting for some real or fancied supremacy, forgetful of how the hours are racing to the great eternal sea, and of how little human hopes, desires, and passions ever can avail.

But I must not sermonise; it comes with a marvellous ill grace from me, as no doubt you will think as you read.

I met D— the other night at a political dinner; he impresses one as being marvellously clever, in spite of his many absurdities of toilet—eccentricities borrowed from the late Count D'Orsay, but which D—, in spite of a certain distinction of bearing, is yet so lacking in grace or beauty as to be incapable of sustaining; he talks little, but he talks well, and says things that linger in one's memory, and that amusingly, and I fancy—but this is private—that his conscience might be of indiarubber if interest were the turnpike. As to the possibility of a rebellion in India he said that next to a Society for the suppression of Missionaries he knew of no movement that would more thoroughly secure his sympathy. D— seems to have a great yearning towards the East; his travels up to now have not extended further than Turkey. He regretted much not having made your acquaintance while you were in England, and said how great was the fascination of the oriental for him.

He mentioned the Darkanuth Tagore, a charming man, whom he had met on several occasions at Gore House in the seductive atmosphere that Lady B— diffused around her.

He told me many interesting anecdotes of various persons, all in the half dreamy, half cynical way that is, I believe, characteristic of him, as if he were half

sorrowful and half bored, and yet wholly condescending ; a slight pause between makes his words fall none the less musically. There is no doubt his is a personality that burns itself into one's remembrance.

We shall stay in London till July as usual and then go North. I think you enjoyed your days on the moors, though the feathered fowl held small charm for you. In the winter my sister Lady D—, whom possibly you may remember, thinks of adventuring as far as Egypt, and perhaps, who knows, if the gods are kind, might we not get as far as Calcutta ? I have many friends there, not the least of whom is your altogether kind self.

Dimly I realise how great a seduction for the mind must lie in those dear dead Indian cities ; but as yet nothing is definitely settled. The prospect allures me ; I have dreamt of it often lately, and when I so dream, in memory I see you, dear person, and I hear you tell me over again all those magically charming tales in which art and nature and myth and miracle were so wonderfully and inextricably blended, until I seem to see gay and gorgeous pageants pass in procession before me in sun-steeped splendour ; in imagination I see all the glow and glitter, the pomp and poverty, the purple of the sky, the green of the trees, of which you have so often told me, until I feel that Fate, or call it what you will, is drawing me onward. After all why not ? I am still young, and I am free, and for the first time I value my freedom ; it enables me to control circumstances instead of their controlling me, and that is no small consolation ! And you—would you be pleased to see

Your friend,

M— B—

COPY OF HIS ANSWER

CAMP, P—, 18—.

MY-DEAR AND BEAUTIFUL LADY,—
How can I tell you with what profound pleasure I read your last letter containing your vague promise of coming to India.

You do not know, and it is well that you should not, what joy seeing you once again must mean to me.

I do not think you would regret the journey ; the country holds many pictures worth the looking on, many people and many places worth the knowing. I am, as you know, a soldier, and possessed of but little poetry and few interests or thoughts outside of my profession ; still even I am stirred to some sentiment and feeling by nations who profess either rightly or wrongly to follow their different faiths, and are content to live a life unchanged for centuries.

You I know will come to us with all that graceful and delightful kindness that I recall so well, you will bring a generous sympathy, tolerance, and above and beyond all a mind free from that dread corrosive—prejudice. After all what is prejudice but another name for ignorance, and yet how many of your most estimable countrymen are imbued with it ? I see a great deal of the English here ; they are very kind and friendly, and I like to talk with them.

It would be difficult, oh ! most charming of friends, to tell you how the pleasure-filled hours I was privileged to spend with you stay by me—then, and now and always. I do not think there is a thought or glance of yours that is not as fresh in my memory as when I first wandered by your side under the pale sunshine of England, and the air so cool and damp was full of the fragrance of violets and the promise of spring. You will remember that it was under your cousin's kind and hospitable roof that I was first introduced to the country, its ways and things.

My heart goes out to you and yours on the wings of memory. Come to the East and let mine be the inestimable pleasure and privilege of showing to you its beauty and its mystery.

Till when and till always,

I am, kindest and most

gracious of women,

Your devoted servant,

NANA SAHIB.

S. YACHT "JUANITA,"

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

MON CHER PRINCE,—We left England a fortnight ago, and are well on our way ; it has been a charming time up to now, days as strangely fascinating as azure skies and sparkling waters can make them, till fully one realises the beauty and the mystery of ships and the magic of the sea.

We are passing Crete as I sit writing these lines to you. It is five o'clock, the west holds all the colours of the ruby and the amethyst, the finest and most ethereal of pearl-grey mists are wrapping the Greek mountains as in a fairy mantle ; the air is like a caress, and the waves lap over our sides with a drowsy lulling sound so soothing to the heart and mind that involuntarily I close my eyes and fall to dreaming of the lands that lie before us, and perhaps a little of you, *mon ami*.

How fleetly and joyously we are borne along hour by hour with nothing between us and the heavens, except now and then the silvery wing of a seagull flashing aloft or dipping in the hollow of a wave. I feel that one ought to be a poet to appreciate it all or garb it in words, but though I may not do either, I wish that never may I see London again ; or is this but an exaggeration born of the scent of the sea and the wild freedom of the vast space and of a luminous horizon bathed in roseate and golden warmth.

We are going to Singapore, then to Burmah, and afterwards to India, so you see it may be long before we meet.

I look forward with much impatience to all the sights and sounds that await us in every nook and corner of the new world beyond.

I shall post this to you in Egypt—the Duke wishes to go to Cairo to renew early impressions, and Muriel, whom you will remember, is anxious to perpetrate further libels on the unoffending landscape, so possibly we shall pause there, though I hope not. I am restless and uneasy at all delays, even if they be

passed amid the seductions of an Egyptian City.

All on board, that is all those who know you, send many messages, and now adieu for a little while.

Your sincere friend,

M— B—

KANDY,

CEYLON.

I wrote you many times during our voyage, even sending one short note from the shadow of the Pyramids, but tore them up one after another and let the pieces float away across the sea, to carry their message to eternity.

We have been here for the last few days, a glorious spot, grand, silent, seductive, with the lake sparkling like a sheet of silver at our feet and around us hills that rise and lose themselves away amid vast sun-pierced vapours.

Yesterday we went to Pèrdenyia ; I never saw such trees, they are like the dreams of genius striving to reach to heaven. In the evening there was a native procession, especially in our honour, weird and wonderful figures with torches passed by in the moonlight—and what moonlight !—no wonder they say that in it the gods arise and walk.

I have seldom seen a place more removed from the poison of the world, nor one in which one could harbour more tender fancies or fair faiths ; but like all else, no doubt, these things would pass as the dew before the noonday heat if put to the test of time.

Lady C— tells me that I should hate Ceylon did fate cast my lines here ; how great and many are the privileges of the sojourner ! As it is I shall carry away a picture destined to be framed round by the fairest jewels in memory's regalia, with no single flaw to mar its beauty.

I miss your letters greatly, and sometimes am tempted to wonder—but never mind, some things are best left unwritten, just as the most eloquent words have been those that the lips have never spoken.

We shall not stay in Colombo more

than a few hours, and when I write next it will be from Singapore.

My heart grows lighter at the reflection that every day now will carry us nearer to that great India, and within touch and sound of old friends.

With many messages from me and mine to you,

I am,
Your sincere
M—— B——

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
RANGOON,
BURMAH.

We have been living for weeks in a very whirlwind of colour, and now I must sit still and, closing my eyes, endeavour to rearrange all the old and all the new pictures in my mental gallery.

We thought the Straits Settlements wonderful, as I wrote you, but it hardly compares with Burmah to my thinking; I have never seen such marvellous contrasts of exquisite hues, such deep shadows, such broad bands of glittering light.

Yesterday we attended a Burmese Festival on the Shway Dagōn Pagoda and saw great crowds of Burmans like gardens of anemone flowers passing to and fro in rare and enthralling confusion. We visited a myriad dusky shrines ablaze with candles and steeped in the scent of the white frangipanni, looked on images of gleaming gold under their curled and carved roofs, gazed on Zayats nestling amid peepul trees full of solemnity and peace, this and more, much more, all too fleeting and intangible for description, because lying so much in the magic of atmosphere.

Life to us wears a hundred aspects now that it never wore before.

I never conceived of such sunsets of fire or of such days and nights, throbbing

with light, and murmurous as wind-swept seas—such as they revel in here.

I only fear that India will fail us after this.

The Burmans are great favourites with the English, a fact hardly to be wondered at, they seem such a vivid mirth-loving people with eyes full of dreams and hearts full of faith.

The country itself is so young, a mere infant in the history of nations, it appears so fresh and untouched by the falling of the dust of centuries. Does this sound like folly to you? If so you should watch the Burmese come and go, idly, happily, see how the days slip away, how the sun laughs and the Pagodas in their mantles of gold shine in the clear air. There are so many Pagodas and they are all so beautiful, monuments to a religion that seems so far reaching, so human, and so tender that it is no wonder that all alien influence is powerless to assail it.

It seems the true wisdom of life here in the sunshine under the palm-trees.

As one passes through the streets in Rangoon, colour and beauty go with one. Some charm of unknown things, some poetry of the present hour, and all around is a radiance borrowed from the sky and a heart-filled content like that of passion when it has realised all its hopes and has nothing left to desire.

Probably you will think all this somewhat foolish enthusiasm on my part; only remember that much must be forgiven to the effect of such strange ways and beautiful things on one as ignorant as I.

We leave for Mandalay to-morrow, travelling by the riverway, after which we think of catching a passing glimpse of the Jungle.

Many messages to you, from

Your attached friend,

M—— B——

(To be continued.)

CAUCHOPOLIS

By JOHN PEARCE

THE centre of the Brazilian rubber trade is the city of Belém do Pará, commonly known as Pará, the capital of the state of that name, the area of which is nearly three times that of France, a great portion being unexplored.

The whole province may be characterised as one vast forest, intersected by rivers, several of which are larger than the Danube; they all flow northwards into the mighty Amazon and form by far the greatest river system in the world.

Great tracts of the land are periodically flooded, and it is on these flooded lands

plants, but it all lacks the elasticity which gives to the Pará variety its special value.

The mode of manufacture is simple enough. The Seringueiro, or gatherer, leaves his hut in the morning, armed with a little axe and a nest of small tin cups. With his axe he makes V shaped cuts in the tree, affixing a cup beneath the cuts by digging its sharp edge into the bark. The milk which runs into the cups he collects the next morning, takes it home, makes a fire with certain nuts, including our old friend the Brazil nut, dips a wooden paddle into the milk, holds it over and turns it in the dense

smoke, repeating the process till he has made a slab of a size to suit his fancy, and the thing is done.

As the profits are large and the labour light, rubber-gathering forms practically the only trade carried on in this vast province, all the necessaries of life being imported from other States or from Europe.

The annual value of rubber shipped from or through

Pará amounts to about twelve million pounds sterling, and is likely to increase as new rivers are discovered and opened up.

The city of Pará is situated on the



TOWN OF MONTE ALEGRE, ON THE AMAZON.

that the "Hevea," the tree which produces the quality of rubber known as "fine Pará," grows.

India-rubber is produced in many countries and from several kinds of

Pará river, which is really the Tocantins, some sixty miles from the sea. It is the southern outlet for the waters of the Amazon system, being separated from the main stream by a great number of islands, one of which, Marajó, is nearly as large as England. The Pará River is twenty-two miles broad, and through it all the traffic of the rivers passes.

Being situated within a few miles of the equator the temperature of the city is very warm, but when the breeze comes in from the sea, as it does generally every day at some time or another, it is delightful.

The high temperature, which never varies much, induces perspiration and consequent thirst, the quenching of which and tramcar-riding about the beautiful suburbs, form the only amusements the place affords. The consumption of Apollinaris, Ginger Ale, Bass and especially Guinness' stout, is enormous. It may seem a curious drink for such a climate, but nothing seems to answer so well, and doctors recommend it for the sick. The water is bad and the supply inadequate.

Architecturally the city has nothing to recommend it. We reproduce a view of the cathedral, which dates from the eighteenth century, and a view of the principal hospital.

The city is said to contain 130,000 inhabitants, but I think this is an exaggeration.

They are mostly of all shades of Havana brown, from colorado claro to colorado oscuro, with a liberal mixture of negroes, many of whom hail from Barbados, where, owing to the depression in



AVENUE OF PALMS, PARÁ.

the sugar trade, they are unable to earn a living. The hair is generally frizzy, but, by the persistent use of little metal windlasses, many of the dusky belles, pleasant-looking creatures as a rule, now manage to show a parting and even a little knob on the top, like the great Panjandrum.

They never wear hats or bonnets, but a flower, often a gardenia, is generally stuck somewhere in the hair; the costume is airy and simple, consisting usually of a loose cotton gown, generally white, but always scrupulously clean; the demeanour of the wearers is modest and cheerful. The men are not worth mentioning, being mostly ugly, vicious-

looking, and uninteresting. As happens in Japan, they seem to belong to a different order of beings.

The costume of the very young children is also admirably suited to the climate—scores of shiny bronze Cupids and Psyches, unencumbered even with wings, may be seen playing about. They are all pretty and plump. Here and there is a specimen in ivory, the offspring of a mulatto mother, a phenomenon I leave to physiologists to explain.

The business part of the city is ugly

but for him and others like him the bulk of the Portuguese people would starve.

There are two markets, well supplied with everything except vegetables, which are very scarce and dear. Nearly everything of this sort is imported from Europe, and a cabbage not larger than a cricket ball costs half a crown. There is plenty of fruit, mostly of sorts unknown in Europe, and lacking the colour and perfume to which we are accustomed; here the colours are dirty yellows,



A SUBURB OF PARÁ.

enough and the shops unattractive, the goods exposed for sale being of inferior quality and worse taste; nobody wants expensive things as nobody contemplates living in Pará longer than he can help. In the dark recesses or in the doorway sits the proprietor of the shop, clad only in shirt, trousers, and slippers; he is always a Portuguese, generally fat and perpetually perspiring; he never seems to sell anything, but usually accumulates in a few years a modest fortune, with which he returns to the country from whence he came and buys himself a house at Oporto, Braga, or Guimaraes;

browns, and greens—the odour and flavour generally suggestive of cheap pomatum; they are mostly unwholesome. A great favourite seems to be the cupu-assú, a thing like a cocoanut with one eye; there are plenty of bananas, from horrible specimens two feet long to little round fat ones, no bigger than gooseberries; the oranges are bad, the pineapples worse, and there are very few flowers—everything is sacrificed to india-rubber.

The fish are mostly grotesque and horrible in appearance. To one who, like myself, has visited markets in all

quarters of the globe, it seems that the humorous or grotesque principle in nature has not met with the attention it deserves.

For instance, here is one gentleman with an enormous head, whiskers twice as long as himself, and a body no bigger than a shrimp ; alongside him is a great brown bloated fellow like an overgrown toad and a mere pimple or excrescence by way of a head ; there is another with a flat cranium like a rounded shovel, six rows of teeth and no apparent eyes ; one

the belly, the only fish I ever saw with this particular tint.

There is a great deal of life and movement in the business parts of the town, rubber being everywhere in evidence ; it is generally in flat cakes like skittle balls, or in round masses like bottles without necks ; the colour is either dirty yellow or black, and being very moist and sticky-looking, the pieces remind one of gigantic half-sucked lumps of toffee. They are all slit open, the guileless Seringueiro not being averse to enclosing,



THE CATHEDRAL AT PARÁ.

specimen has scales as large as small saucers and another seems to get on very well with no scales at all. Enormous fish are found in the rivers : one called the Pirirucú is split open, sun-dried, and largely used for food ; some of them are very dangerous, especially a small one called the Piranha, which has a terrible appetite for blood. Woe betide the bather with a scratch or wound, however slight, who gets among them ; it is said they will strip all the flesh off an ox in five minutes. They are about half a pound in weight, have teeth like saws and, strangely enough, are blood-red on

No. 230. November, 1902.

by way of bonus to the purchaser, a handful or two of sand or a piece of heavy wood.

The suburbs of the city are charming, the principal roads broad and lined with palms and mango trees. It is perhaps the greenest city of any importance in the world, and it is green all the year round — everywhere there are grassy lanes and small commons, and the forest is constantly trying to encroach upon the town. The houses, mostly of one storey only, are painted or rather washed in all the colours known to the aniline dye maker, the principle adopted being

M

apparently for each man to colour his abode differently to his neighbours to the right and left; some of them are capital Zoological Gardens where the manners and customs of the indigenous animals, especially the monkeys, may be



RIVER SCENE, AMAZON.

faces with glazed tiles of various designs and the effect is very good; if adopted in our dingy streets they would do much to relieve the gloom which so depresses the visitor from more sunny climes.

Nearly every house stands in its own garden embowered in trees.

The mango-trees shown in the photograph are a great nuisance. The fruit, about as big as your fist, falls on to the pavement or on to your head, the boys eat them and throw the skins, fifty times as slippery as orange peel, about, often causing the boot-wearing pedestrian to indulge in gymnastic feats and wicked words.

There are pleasant squares and a

studied with profit and amusement; there is also a pleasing variety of snakes including the Suricujú or water boa, which I am credibly informed attains sometimes to a diameter of over two feet. He is best known as the anaconda.

An ordinary boa-constrictor, shortly before I left, made his appearance under the floor of a tailor's shop; they had got him in a cage and he was certainly larger than any snake I ever saw at Regent's Park Gardens. He had doubtless originally gone in after the rats and had attained to his aldermanic size by good living.

That great friend of tropical man, the

turkey buzzard, is everywhere, soaring majestically overhead, sitting in rows solemn and silent upon the roofs, or hopping about the streets on friendly terms with the cocks and hens, the dogs and cats, and the brown babies; it is amusing to watch a tug-of-war between one of these birds and a dog—a dead mouse or the entrails of some quadruped doing service as the rope.

Any yellow fever? Oh yes, but you cannot have everything your own way; the climate on the whole must be fairly healthy because the Englishmen and the Germans who have resided there some time are exceptionally florid, burly, healthy-looking men, as every visitor has remarked.

Medical science does not seem to avail much in yellow fever. A little over a year ago Dr. Durham and Dr. Miers were sent from Liverpool to Pará to investigate

the cause and treatment of this disease. They made a report in which they, among other things, advised people to avoid being bitten by mosquitos, after which they both caught the fever, and Dr. Miers unfortunately died. The report was printed and can be bought, I think, for a penny. The only reliable remedy seems to be castor oil taken promptly and liberally.

There is great mortality among children owing to improper feeding: milk and patent foods are at prohibitive prices, and mandioca flour, which is really a species of saw-dust, with sundried beef and pirirucú, hardly afford satisfactory nutriment for delicate stomachs.

As a place of residence Pará is dull, but money is easily made there, and like a certain popular character it is not so black as it is painted.



THE HOSPITAL AT PARÁ.

HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH

By YSTRIDD

"E schasté bielo tak vozmojino!
Tak blisko . . ."—POUSCHKINE
(*Eugene Oonéguine*).

"And happiness was so possible,
So near! . . ."

CHAPTER I (*continued*)

"YES," said Dmitri briefly, and fell silent. The name of Victor Sokolovski had broken the spell.

He remembered many things; among them that if he sought a friend it should not be among women, at least women in whose presence a man forgets the world. But as he was not quite bound by any hermit vows, he felt he might give himself the fleeting, incomplete pleasure of meeting, now and again, in circumstances whose very prose would dull the charm, this slender, bronze-haired girl from whose face of childish outlines deep woman's eyes had gazed into his, winning him to unwonted confidences.

"You belong to the tennis club?" he asked her as he drove her home. "So do I. At least I did a couple of years ago. I have not joined since. Who plays now?"

"The two young Yordokeskas."

"The twins. Not bad players," commented Dmitri.

"The Meerovoi Soodia" (Justice of the Peace)—"I have forgotten his name."

"Oh, he?" laughed Dmitri—"Juriani."

"Vladimir Sergéich—I can't think of his surname—it's never used in conversation so I often forget. He is very tall and thin and dark, and prowls round close to the net like a wolf on the trail."

"His old trick. Popoff, the notary."

"Madame Zwandenkeva."

"Old coquette," thought Dmitri.

"Mademoiselle Kolieva, her cousin, and myself. Oh, I forgot the Polkovnik (Colonel), as they always call him."

"Liebiedeff. Is he as stout as ever? He plays to reduce his weight, you know. He would not be bad-looking if only he were a little thinner, and young for a colonel. The same set as before, I see. You will see me among you next time. Please don't be in a critical mood. Being English you are a severe judge, of course.

Alice laughed and remembered scenes.

"The club in general serves too leisurely and is always forgetting and disputing the score. But I don't play particularly well. I go there for exercise—none of the Goraieffs care for walking."

"Sokolovski plays splendidly."

Alice's large eyes grew larger with surprise.

"Your Enjolras? Oh, I can't imagine 'the cherub of Ezekiel' playing tennis!"

"Enjolras up-to-date goes in for physical culture; and, besides, the strongest contrasts blend sometimes," said Dmitri, thinking of one of his comrades, expelled like him, and like him proprietor who had arranged a tennis-court for a pretext for the gathering together of young men. For those who came to play remained to plot.

The drive seemed cruelly short to Dmitri. He walked his horse, however, in order, as he said, to avoid raising the dust which, now that the wind had died down, lay heavy and soft on the road, muffling the hoof-beats. Holding the reins firmly in his strong, young hands, he drove silently and slowly, rebelling against the thought that never again would she enter his house, making it

home-like with her soft woman-presence. Never again!

He drew up at the white gate of the Datcha Goraieff. Alice sprang to the ground. "Good-night, and thank you," she said, reaching up her hand to him.

He looked down at her, his smouldering eyes soft as brown velvet.

"Why must you go? Return. Every nerve in my body, every throb of my heart demands you. Do you not feel that we belong to each other? Strangers? No, recovered friends! What has my life been till now? Enigma, effort, a labyrinth. Your eyes tell me yours has been the same. We have found each other and the clue, now. Do you not understand that we must not separate again? It would be madness. You are the solution of my life—I of yours. You must know this. You do know it—you feel it—it is so clear, so simple. And I, who thought life difficult!"

He thought he must have spoken so, the words flashed through his mind with such lucidity. What he really said was, "*Do svednia*" ("*au revoir*"), bending down to clasp her hand.

He gathered up the reins for a curving turn, and then suddenly brought his horse to an abrupt and restive stand. Her hand was on the latch.

"Pardon. I have never even told you my name. Skuratov—Dmitri Dmitrievich."

"And mine, Alice Lievovna Conway," she said, russianising her style and her father's name of Lionel.

There was nothing else to wait for. He gave her the parting salutation of his people. "*Vsovoe horoshovoe,*" Alice Lievovna."

"*Vsovoe horoshovoe,* Dmitri Dmitrievich."

He heard the gate swing to, and his impatient horse, withheld no longer, dashed through the dust homewards.

On his arrival he found the labourers in his vineyard awaiting in groups round the terrace steps. Dark-eyed, bronzed-faced Moldavians all of them, who

¹ "That all may be well with you."

saluted lazily at his approach. He was his own steward and the men came straight to him in case of difficulty, which was often enough. The Moldavian is incorrigibly lazy, and when obliged to work he does so in the most primitive manner possible. Life is so easy for him! Nearly every peasant has his little plot of land which yields him generously all he needs. For the landless minority grapes, melons, and maize are to be had for the fetching in the season; he needs no roof but the sky during the hot summer nights. He hires himself out during harvest and vintage, thus earning enough to get through the winter. Wine is wonderfully cheap all the year round, and "*mummaliega*," his favourite and principal food, is simply maize mashed into a porridge. Famine—that enemy more terrible than the wolf of the steppes—rarely ravages his province. As for clothing, the women are weavers and tailors and the costume is simple; for the greater part of the year he needs but a shirt, wide trousers stuffed into high boots or flapping round his bare feet, a fez-like cap or wide straw hat according to taste; for the short, sharp winter an often-inherited sheep-skin, and his wardrobe is complete.

A fine scorn of the superfluous is a Moldavian characteristic. True, in every hut is a room of state in which stands a never-to-be-slept-in bed, heaped with wonderfully cross-stitched pillows almost to the ceiling, carpeted, tapestried, and sanctified by the Holy Image, before which the little light burns ever from dusk till dawn. But despite this half concession to civilisation the Moldavian is distinctly primitive. The metamorphosis of a peasant girl into a passable servant is almost hopeless. She will try to teach you her own philosophical disdain. To every rule of refined life she will affix a pityingly superior, "But why?" As argument is not her forte she says no more. But into that short phrase and the half-smile

accompanying it she throws such lofty compassion for the victims of ultra-civilisation, such fine Tolstoyan scorn of luxury that one is abashed before her and hardly dares to insist upon being provided with table-napkins and the proper number of knives and forks and other such superfluities.

Dmitri had often to fight against that "But why?" This evening he was *distrail*. He spoke Moldavian fluently, and though his family was originally Great Russian, through his veins rushed

when Dmitri had paid them all, clinking his money in his hand.

"No? It is nothing that he *will* not—he *must*."

"He tossed Feodor. He is very wild and strong. His back aches very much now." Dmitri understood the last phrase to refer to Feodor.

"I will have an interview with the refractory young animal to-morrow," he said, clenching his nervously strong hands as though he felt the writhing horns beneath them.



He found the labourers in his vineyard awaiting in groups round the terrace steps.

rich, southern blood, betrayed by the smouldering fire of his dusky eyes. He was not an easy-going master, yet the men accorded him their approval, saying among themselves that there were many worse than "Mitia" though he did insist on thorough work. Absolutely lacking in reverence, these stolid peasants are given to a free use of the diminutive of their masters' names.

"One of the young oxen will not go under the yoke," said one of the men

He went across the darkening fields to see the wounded lad, found that he was more bruised and frightened than seriously hurt, counselled massage with olive oil, and returned to make up his accounts on the terrace.

He sat beneath the rose-shaded, swinging lamp, trying to fix his attention on his work, usually the affair of a few minutes, thanks to the splendidly simple decimal coinage. It took a long time to-night and he laid the blame on the numerous winged beetles and soft,

shrinking night-moths that, dashing themselves madly against the lamp, fell writhing on the table below, on his book, in the ink, in his hair.

The crickets' united chirp swung through the warm air, the tall leaves of the maize rustled ghostlily in the scarcely perceptible breeze, the moon rose with languid slowness, silvering the tree-tops, and then clear above all other sounds arose the voice of the nightingale.¹

Ah, surely then the small brown bird sang "with her breast against a thorn," such infinite desire, such passion and such pain thrilled the warm languor of that summer night. Dmitri raised his head from his book. Sitting as he was in the circle of light, the space beyond seemed to him a soft darkness throbbing with music. The lamp, swinging above him, killed all that mysterious charm of moonlight and shadow, of warm, silvered haze, of rustling golden and green maize and shadowy vines. Piercing the very heart of the formless darkness rose and fell the nightingale's quivering passion of song.

Dmitri shut his book, shook the wounded night-moths from his hair, and swept away from the table a heap of half-burnt insects.

"Confound the creatures!" he said, blowing out the light. "It is impossible to keep a lamp burning."

The next moment he was walking in the direction of the silvered walnut-trees.

CHAPTER II

"Just imagine, Vladimir Sergéich, I came here yesterday and waited half an hour and not a soul appeared."

Madame Zwandenkeva, a lady of uncertain age, shrugged her shapely shoulders showing brown beneath the white open-work of her blouse, and shot a coquettish glance from beneath her plumed hat at the sun-helmeted gentleman standing awkwardly before her.

"It is much to be regretted, Vera Petrovna," he said lamely.

¹ The nightingale sings late, here.

"I cannot think what possessed you to keep away like that. It's not the first time, either. Michaël Michaëlovich—Gregóri Michaëlovich, you call yourselves good tennis-players! Why weren't you here yesterday?"

"It was so awful hot," chorused the two young Yordokeskas, dark, stalwart twins who did everything in chorus. People shuddered at the thought of what might happen when the young Yordokeskas fell in love. So far nothing more dangerous had occurred than that they cordially detested the Zwandenkeva and devoted themselves mutually to several young ladies while awaiting the queen of their heart or hearts. Even their names differed as little as possible in the diminutive—Meesha for Michaël—Greesha for Gregóri. They were rarely spoken of separately. It was always "the young Yordokeskas."

"Hot?" echoed Vera Petrovna with another shrug, so energetic as to endanger the light transparence covering her shoulders. "Hot? Surely if I, a delicate woman, can stand it, it cannot be too much for you."

"'Delicate' is good—eh, Greesha?" said Meesha to his brother, who was shaking with suppressed laughter. In face of the ample proportions which Madame Zwandenkeva vainly endeavoured to reduce by playing tennis the word "delicate," especially in Russian, seemed ridiculous.

"As we are four," suggested Vladimir Sergéich, "suppose we play. You and I, Vera Petrovna, against the young ones."

"The game will not be even," protested the lady icily, offended by the innocently implied comparison. But Meesha and Greesha had already taken up their positions, and after removing her hat and arranging her hair by means of a pocket-mirror and comb, she moved majestically to her place and waved her racquet two or three times in the air in the course of the set, that being her idea of the play becoming to "delicate woman."

"Lord!" exclaimed Greesha to Meesha when, the set over, they leant against the fence, smoking cigarettes while Vera Petrovna victimised the tall and timid notary. "How confoundedly slow! Ah, here comes the little English girl with Dmitri Dmitrievich. Now we shall play. Glory to God."

All Russian-speaking people not only glorify God in the day of visitation, but on all other days. "*Slava Bôgu!*" is for ever on their lips, nor do they consider it a refraction of the third commandment.

Alice and Dmitri had walked from the country together. He had shown her a short cut through his land, and had often accompanied her to and fro in her walks to town since their first meeting. As they entered the court they seemed to bring with them an atmosphere of freshness and gaiety which struck even Vera Petrovna.

"Heavens! What a child you look!" she exclaimed tartly to Alice. "When are you going to grow up?"

"Mademoiselle is tall enough for her style and will retain the freshness of youth till late in life," said one young Yordokeska.

"It's the type," said the other.

It was one of those days in which Alice looked and felt a child: or rather when she rejoiced in mere life to such an extent that all consciousness of her own personality was lost to her and every look and movement was spontaneous and graceful as those of any mere creature of nature.

Madame Zwandenkeva turned to Dmitri, giving him her hand in such a manner that he was obliged to kiss it or appear unmannerly. A new set was arranged and the young Yordokeskas submitted to playing against each other to make the game more even. They played with such verve that the victimised notary, bearing the brunt of Vera Petrovna's mature coquetries, sighed as he watched them and wished that the game would admit of five. He breathed a heartfelt thanksgiving to the gods—in the singular—when he saw from afar the

portly form of Liebièdeff, the lady's sworn slave.

"Ah, Polkovnik, delighted!" he exclaimed with fervour as, his spurs clinking and his scabbard striking against his high boots, the colonel approached. He was a fine-looking man and played tennis well, having a swift, clean stroke and sure aim. The only objection which could be urged against his play was that being exceedingly portly, he could not always control his runs for a distant ball, and occasionally entangled himself in the net. The Yordokeskas regulated their returns by their knowledge of this failing, and were always the first to rush to the unravelment of the colonel, his spurs, epaulettes, orders and the net.

"Goodbye," said Alice to Dmitri, in the course of her adieux, after the third set.

"I am coming with you."

"But I'm going to the Sergayievas."

"I know. It is Sophia Alexandrovna's evening. She impressed the date upon my memory when we met in town last week. Do you think no one can go to her *soirées* but yourself, mademoiselle?"

As they neared the house a fine tenor voice began to sing—

"Devenia ochi, ochi tak moré—
Takje glubôkie e tainé polnie!
Vie predo mnouo věchno, povsooda—
Věchna tak bleck birozovnie!"¹

The melody came to them now clearly, now faintly, as they followed the windings of the drive, and floated down in clear cadence as they climbed the long flight of stone steps leading on to the terrace, where about a dozen young people were grouped around a tall student in a white, gold-buttoned jacket who leant against the balustrade singing without accompaniment.

There were several other students, also in white, gold-buttoned jackets, except one who wore a Russian blouse,

¹ Divine eyes, eyes like the sea,
So deep and full of secrets!
You are before me eternally, everywhere.
Eternally, like the gleam of the blue-green waves!

and whose mane of dark hair, which he tossed back mechanically every now and again, and deep-set eyes opening strangely from beneath the black lashes when he looked up to speak, made him remarkable without the difference of costume.

As the new-comers neared the top of the steps a black-haired, sapphire-eyed girl, tall and slender, detached herself from the group to welcome them. The singer ceased singing.

"Vsevolod Antonovich," Alice called to him from below, "go on, please. We will slip in quietly like the good people who come late for church in England."

"Why are you late, you bad girl?" asked Sophia Sergayieva.

"Please it was the tennis," confessed Alice, with the mock timid air of a scolded child.

The group broke up with a flutter and trailing of muslin skirts; and one girl, with a piquantly ugly face and a graceful figure, began to waltz slowly on the slippery stone floor.

"Soynia, let us dance!"

There was a general cry of approbation, and Soynia flitted through the open French window into the drawing-room and began playing "The Tsaritsa."

Instantly the scattered groups formed into gliding couples. Dmitri stood by Alice and looked over the balustrade into the park below. The melody seemed to enter into Alice's young

veins—her small feet were impatient to follow the lilting melody. "Don't you dance?" she asked Dmitri.



"Ah, here comes the little English girl with Dmitri Dmitrievich."

"No. I could not or would not learn. They tried to teach me when I was a boy, but it was no good. I never felt gay enough, perhaps. It must be natural or a failure. Now you—you dance perfectly I am sure. You seem to have a talent for happiness."

"Sometimes, yes. I mean sometimes I dance well. I do everything by inspiration, even speaking. Haven't you noticed that sometimes I speak French and Russian execrably and at others

quite easily? It is all a matter of mood."

She spoke English. Having once discovered his knowledge of her native language she rarely used another when they were alone, and he, with the readiness of those who are accustomed to speak several languages from their cradle, soon fell into practice again.

"Alice Lievovna," said a voice behind them, "give me the honour of a waltz."

The next minute Dmitri stood alone, watching her small, slender figure skimming over the floor as lightly as a summer cloud. When Vsevolod Antonovich resigned another claimed her, and Dmitri felt a strange tightening of the heart as he saw the delicate, soft form he had once carried, half afraid, encircled by the arm of the merest acquaintance. Oh, little, twinkling, sandalled feet! How white they had shone amid the grass that day she had wandered into his vineyard! She flashed a smile at him as she passed, a smile which only deepened his pain. He wanted to say to her, "Don't dance with them. It hurts me. You belong to me, you know." He took a step forward, then fell back against the balustrade clenching his hand as he did in his nervous moments. What had he to do with her? Was she not a stranger? For that very reason to be treated with additional courtesy, but not to be allowed to come into his life. She belong to him? What madness, when his hand was on the plough!

And yet—and yet—was he really bound! The year he had spent abroad had blurred that other year of passionate, young devotion and revolt which had wedded him to a cause. Had it not all been rather a troubled dream? Youth's arrogant dream of reforming the world. The world? What was the world to him? what to every man but the few chosen and tried for the world's work?

The young heart wakens first to thoughts of Liberty, to a passion of love outraged for Russia; and then—then

the wide vision is lost in a woman's eyes—the boundless outlook finds a near horizon—a woman's arms draw the young life into a sweet, small circle. The broad battlefield with all its possibilities of exultant success and the no less exultant sacrifice of a life flung superbly forward into the unknown as a landmark for those who follow—is changed into the narrow, undulating path of the common lot. But the light that transfigures its commonness is so dazzling, that youth surrenders the enthusiasms cherished before and follows it with eyes entranced, thinking he treads an avenue in Eden.

Was he bound—bound in honour and for ever? Honour? Freedom? Is not the greatest principle of freedom the right of personal choice? Where was Victor Sokolovski? Where his other comrades? Had they forgotten him? Could he forget them and himself for this slender English girl? Why not? At least for a few short hours.

One of the dancers, relieving Soynia, struck up a Vengurka. Dmitri approached Alice.

"I can dance this," he said, "it is so easy, and the mazurka too. Promise me the mazurka!"

She looked at him in surprise at the new tone in his voice and saw a new Dmitri—a lad of two-and-twenty with the love-light in his brown eyes. Where was the serious, almost severe young man she had known till now?

"You dance the mazurka like a Russian or a Pole," he said to her afterwards as they strolled about the gardens, she fanning herself with her scrap of a handkerchief.

"Another case of inspiration," she answered, laughing. "I believe I could fly to-night if I tried."

"Can you feel inspired as to your nationality? Can you imagine sometimes that Russia is really your country?"

His gravity of tone had returned, and he looked at her searchingly. But her mood of mere gladness of motion was

not to be deepened by the gaze of those passionate yet tender eyes.

"Why not?" she asked lightly. "I am a 'citizen of the world'—a Bohemian, if you prefer the term. Patriotism—exaggerated as it so often is—borders so closely on prejudice."

Dmitri's hand clenched over a low branch of the tree they were passing. Oh, the gulf, the wide gulf between them! Could it ever be bridged over?

"I have no memories of England apart from my schooldays, which I prefer to forget," she went on. "I never even went home for the holidays, for the simple reason that I had no home. I can live very well away from my native land; but my native language—oh, that is a different matter. I love it. There seems to me no other tongue so rich, so musical, so expressive, so flexible. Yes, musical! You do not think so, evidently, Alexander Ivanovich," she said, addressing the student with the dark mane, who had joined them. "I saw you smile. That is only your ignorance of the 'well of English undefiled.' You have never heard me speak anything but French or Russian, you have never spoken English with an Englishman in your life. You are no judge and I perhaps a prejudiced one, but for me English is music. The other day in the Alexandro-

nekaia I passed two gentlemen who were talking real English—English! My heart beat as at the sound of

stirring music. I wanted to speak to them."

"What did you think of Russian life at first?" asked Alexander Ivanovich.

"At first? Oh, I *hated* it. I can never express the horrible loneliness of the first eighteen months or so. Then I began to understand the language and more than the language. And now I love Russia, and would rather live here than in England."

"That is because you know nothing of the hidden life of Russia—you have not seen the hidden wounds. You are



"*Voilà la Russie!*"
he said, "or rather
the brute force that holds her
down!"

a guest and Russia treats you as such as long as you don't go peeping into her dark passages. But as for us—her sons

—she treats us as an unnatural mother treats refractory children. No wonder our blood is flame.”

“Not our country but the Government,” objected Dmitri. “Our mother Russia is enslaved with us.”

Such revolt vibrated in the low-toned voice that Alexander’s only answer was silence.

They reached one of the entrance gates, and Alice passed into the road. A soldier—on his way to relieve the neighbouring Staff sentinel—his shouldered bayonet glittering in the moonlight, his eyes gazing fixedly in front, his marching step rapid—lurched against Alice as he went by and she shrank back against Shura. He shook back his dark hair and pointed to the retreating soldier. “Voilà la Russie!” he said, “or rather the brute force that holds her down!”

“Shura!” cried a clear, reproving voice, and the piquantly ugly girl, joining the group, turned her small, bright, Japanese eyes reproachfully upon Alexander. “Shura! Please don’t begin your usual nonsense.”

She said “thou” to him. They had been next-door neighbours all their lives.

“But I wasn’t speaking to you,” he objected.

“Worse. You are trying to prejudice a stranger against us. It is really wicked of you, Shura! You have no love of your country.”

He played with the silken tassels of the cord around his waist and said coolly, “Don’t make me quarrel with you, Lisok!”

“Let us go into the lower garden,” suggested Alice as a diversion.

They came upon a long bench among the vines and sat down there; Shura, at the end of the seat, getting up every now and again to pace about shaking his curls. He could not sit in absolute quiet for a second.

“I am going to Odessa next week,” he said to Alice; “I like Odessa, chiefly because of the sea. It is my passion. There is one spot by the Black Sea shores where I could sit all day, and, better still, all night. Yes, I am glad to go to Odessa.”

(To be continued.)



IN EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED-AND-TWO

A SOCIAL RETROSPECT

By JOHN ASHTON

TH**ERE** was no wrangling in 1801 as to whether the nineteenth century commenced on January 1st ; it was accepted by every one, the only drawback to the universal jubilation over the birth of the new era being that Great Britain was still engaged in a long and exhaustive war.

The century, otherwise, opened

auspiciously, as Ireland was formally incorporated with Great Britain by the Act of Union. We, who live a hundred years later, know the amount of benefit that Union has been. Practically, it involved a new Coat of Arms, and the Fleurs de Lys of France had to make way for the Harp of Hibernia. So, also, the National Ensign had to be altered, and the present Union Jack was the outcome. It also involved the alteration of the King's style, the Book of Common Prayer, and necessitated a



A STREET SCENE—EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY.

new coinage and Great Seal, together with large additions to the personality of both Houses of Parliament.

Food was very dear ; on January 1st wheat was 137s. per quarter, and in March it reached 153s. ; the price of bread being respectively 1s. 9½d. and 1s. 10½d. per quatern loaf ; meat was much the same as now, but prices of provisions fell directly the Treaty of Amiens was signed. Salmon was then caught in the Thames, and the *Times* of September 8, 1801, records that "on Saturday, as a party of ladies and gentlemen were amusing themselves in a wherry, on the Thames, at Shepperton, a salmon leaped from the river, and fell into the boat. In the struggle to seize the fish, the wherry was precipitated down the stream, and was at length overturned." Tea was from 7s. 6d. to 10s. per lb., moist sugar from 6d., and lump from 11d. Coals varied with the season, as they do now, and in November, 1801, they were from 40s. to 56s. per chaldron, of which the average weight was 28½ cwt.

The first Census of the population of Great Britain (Ireland was not included) took place in this year, and it gives a total of 10,943,647, which includes England, Wales, Scotland, army, navy, seamen, and convicts. The population of the Metropolis was then given as 900,000, which includes the parishes not within the Bills of Mortality.

London was but a small place. On the north it was, virtually, bounded by the then New Road ; there was no Regent's Park, which then was Mary-

bone Park Farm. Somers Town was being laid out and inhabited ; there were very few houses in the Hampstead Road ; but a small village at Camden



"ALL A GROWING, A GROWING ! HERE'S FLOWERS FOR YOUR GARDENS !"

Town, and houses only lined the Kentish Town Road ; otherwise — all fields. Where, now, are Holloway and High-bury, was all agricultural land, whilst Pentonville, Islington, Stoke Newington, and Hackney were composed of scattered houses.

The West End terminated at the Edgware Road, Paddington and Westburnia were fields ; there were a few houses at Kensington and Hammersmith. By the river, houses fringed it at Chelsea, Fulham, and Chiswick ; whilst, on the other side, Barnes was all but uninhabited, Putney was but a village, and Wandsworth and Wimbledon were commons.

On its eastern side London may be said to have ended at Mile End Gate,

Stepney having but scattered houses, yet houses sparsely fringed the road until Stratford (a mere village) was reached. Limehouse and Poplar, except near the river, were fields, and the Isle of Dogs was uninhabited.

On the south, Southwark and Lambeth were fairly populous; there were villages at Stockwell and Clapham, but Camberwell was better housed, as were Deptford and Greenwich. Lewisham was a long, straggling village, with houses mainly on one side of the road; there were a few houses on the verge of Blackheath, all else being fields.

There were no railways, and all goods were conveyed to different parts of the country by canal or by road by means of pack horses, or huge waggons drawn by eight or more horses. The stage and mail coaches had reached a high state of perfection; but, as the company travelling by them was very mixed (sometimes including lunatics and convicts), those who could afford it used their own carriages, or had a post-chaise, drawn by two horses. The main roads, which were kept up by means of tolls, were very good, but the by-roads were awful. Every one who had any distance to go must either use a carriage or go on horseback; indeed, every man was obliged to know how to ride; and, as a matter of fact,

out of doors, always wore breeches and boots.

In London there was another highway, the River Thames, which was much patronised, as the wherries and watermen were very numerous, and the fares were low. The "Port of London" meant London itself, and the vessels consigned thereto lay in the "Pool," which

was that portion of the Thames immediately below London Bridge, which was, literally, a forest of masts. These ships, which were of very small tonnage, lay in mid-stream, and discharged their cargoes into lighters. Indeed, so crowded was the river, that it was found necessary to excavate huge docks, to accommodate the ever increasing number of vessels. The West India Docks were commenced in 1800, and partly opened in 1802, in which year the first stone of



"WATER CRESSES! COME BUY MY WATER CRESSES!"

the London Docks was laid, and the East India Docks soon followed. Early in 1801 a shaft was sunk at Gravesend, to tunnel under the Thames, but the scheme fell through. In the *Times* of July 4, 1801, we read of the first steamboat on the Thames: "An experiment took place on Wednesday, on the river Thames, for the purpose of working a barge or any other heavy craft, against tide, by means of a steam engine, on a very simple construc-

tion. The moment the engine was set to work the barge was brought about, answering her helm quickly, and she made way against a strong current, at the rate of two miles and a half per hour."

Some portions of London must have been very picturesque, owing to the many old houses remaining, some of them being of great beauty ; and there were many stately houses of the time of

stones : in fact, they were fever factories, for the rain had to do all the scavenging they ever got, and the kennels were filled with all kinds of filth and refuse. At night, the city was very insufficiently lit, by means of dim oil lamps, at far distances apart, and self-respecting persons enlisted the services of a link-boy.

The police were very inefficient, and, in case of riot, utterly powerless, the



"LES INVISIBLES," 1810.

Anne and the first two Georges ; but the ordinary street architecture was mean beyond conception—rows and terraces of flat, barrack-like houses, built of brick, and without any redeeming architectural feature. However, it had the credit of being the best-paved city in the world ; and, doubtless, it was so, in the main streets ; but, turn into a side street, and you would find no sewers to carry off the rain-water, and the foot pavement would be made of kidney

remedy, then, being to call out the military ; and, at night, the guardianship of the streets was simply ludicrous. So thoroughly was the inefficiency of the decrepit old watchmen recognised, that we find the following story in the *Morning Herald* of October 30, 1802. "It is said that a man who presented himself for the office of watchman to a parish at the west end of the town, very much infested with depredators, was, lately, turned away from the Vestry with



THE THREE MR. WIGGINS'S.

this reprimand, 'I am astonished at the impudence of such a *great, strong, sturdy* fellow as you being so *idle* as to apply for a watchman's situation, when you are capable of labour!'" In order to keep them awake whilst perambulating their rounds, their duty was to cry the hour and the state of the weather, a proceeding which must have given friendly notice to any thief in the neighbourhood, after which they would retire to their boxes for a snooze. In the accompanying illustration we see him, together with the seller of "Saloop," made from sassafras root, the watercress girl, two drummers, and the little climbing boy.

This last was the first to make the day hideous with his shrill cry of "Swe-e-e-e-ep, Sweep Soot O!" to be followed by the milk-women, mostly strapping wenches from Wales, carrying a wooden yoke and pails, with their indescribable yell of "Milk below!"

No. 230. November, 1902.

Then would come the early baker, ringing a bell, and calling out, "Hot loaves!" at the top of his voice; and the watercress girl, who had, probably, been a-foot half the night, searching the ditches round London for cress. And, after breakfast the cries were legion:

"Baking or Boiling Apples"; "Band-boxes"; "Baskets"; "Bellows to mend"; "Brick-dust"; "Bill of the Play"; "Cat's and Dog's Meat"; "Chairs to mend"; "Cherries"; "Dust O!" with a bell; "Green Hastings" were early peas; "Hair brooms"; "Hot spiced Ginger bread"; "Knives to grind"; "Lavender, six bunches a penny"; "Mackerel"; "New Potatoes"; "Old Clothes"; "Rabbits"; "Sand O!"; "Strawberries."

These are only some of the daily cries of London, to which noise the postman added his bell: he wore a hat with cockade, a scarlet coat, blue breeches, and white stockings. The rates for postage were 3d. for $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. for 15 miles, increasing to 10d. not exceeding 300 miles.

For indoor furniture a classical fashion prevailed among the upper classes, but



A TRIP TO GRETNA GREEN (ROWLANDSON).

that of the middle class was tasteless to a degree : the chairs were high-backed and heavy, the tables stood on a pedestal with tripod, the mantelpieces were shallow, and the poor little grate was constructed so as to burn the maximum of coal, and give out the minimum of heat. The fireirons stood against the mantelpiece, with a high, ugly, perforated brass fender. A bell-rope was on one side of the fireplace, a pair of bellows and a hearth broom on the other. Lamps were so smoky that they were not used ; and, although Argand's invention was known, it was not in domestic use. Candles (or, generally, but one candle) were in use and were of tallow, with a cotton wick ; for wax candles were only for state occasions, and rush lights, or a bundle of rushes soaked in tallow, were for kitchen consumption. Brimstone matches, a flint and steel, and a tinder-box were the only means of obtaining a light.

Sanitary arrangements were very incomplete, most houses having their own cesspools ; bathing was almost unknown — washing was performed in a very perfunctory manner. The rooms were kept as air-tight as possible ; the beds were very high, and could only be got into by the medium of bed-steps ; but, once in, one was almost drowned in an ocean of feather bed, whilst every precaution against fresh air was taken by means of thick curtains, which were always closely drawn.

In 1801 the ladies wore hideous poke bonnets, short waists, or rather none at all, and were much befrilled and furbeled. After the Peace the French fashions were followed, and what they were like may be gleaned from the

costume of Madame Récamier, who came over here in 1802. She appeared in Kensington Gardens *à l'antique*, a muslin dress clinging to her form like the folds of the drapery on a statue, her hair in a plait at the back, and falling in small ringlets round her face, and greasy with *huile antique* ; a large veil thrown over her head completed her attire, that, not unnaturally, caused her to be followed and stared at. Feminine fashions changed as rapidly as they do now, and we see in the accompanying satirical print (which, of course, is exaggerated) what they wore in 1810.



WALKING DRESS—1810.

Men's dress did not vary so much, and a very good type of it may be seen in the picture of Lord Llandaff and his two brothers, veritable "Bond Street loungers," in 1803. Men were far from indolent, even if rich. During their several months' sojourn in the country they rode, hunted, and shot ; and in town they took much exercise either on foot or horseback. They drank a good deal, but it was pure wine, and only after dinner ; and they gambled considerably, but it was only in the evening. The Clubs were very few, and very select.

There were White's, the Dilletanti, Beef Steak, Cocoa-tree, Boodle's, Brookes', Royal Naval, and Arthur's. These were all difficult of access, and those outside their portals had to content themselves with the taverns and coffee-houses of the metropolis.

As it ever was, "they married wives and were given in marriage," but Gretna Green was then in full force, and many were the couples who went post on that northern road, and were married by the blacksmith, as we see in Rowlandson's picture. These marriages, which were,

according to the law of Scotland, perfectly legal and binding, provided the contracting parties avowed themselves to be man and wife before witnesses, were only made illegal by Act of Parliament in 1856.

There were plenty of amusements such as concerts, &c., and seven theatres then sufficed for all London. At these the performances commenced at half-past six, and the public were admitted at half-price at the end of the third act of the play. Vauxhall and Ranelagh gardens provided out-of-door evening amusements, and the suburban tea-gardens were very numerous ; but sight-



AN IRON FOUNDRY—1802.

seeing, as we have it, was then nearly unknown. There were nearly forty monthly magazines published, and London had six daily morning papers, four evening—ten bi- and tri-weekly—eight Saturday and six Sunday papers.

Science, as we understand it, was not, or rather was just coming into life under the fostering care of Sir Humphry Davy. Medicine was getting less empirical, and Cline and Cooper lectured on anatomy and surgery. Mechanical science was awakening, and it was time, as we may see by this sketch by Pyne, in his *Microcosm* (1803-6) of an iron foundry. Steam was only used as a drudge, to turn a wheel, or pump water ; but Watt was working hard to liberate it ; and on

March 24, 1802, a patent was granted to Trevithick and Vivian for "Methods for improving the Construction of Steam Engines, and the Application thereof for driving Carriages and other purposes." Boulton, who was associated with Watt in the improvement of the steam engine, was hard at work at his mint at Birmingham. In 1797 he undertook the production of a new copper coinage for Great Britain ; and he also, in 1805, supplied the machinery for the new mint on Tower Hill. Marc Isambard Brunel and Joseph Bramah were then also hard at work. A patent, dated April 20, 1801, was granted to John Gamble, of Leicester Square, for a machine for making paper in single sheets, without seam, or joinings, from one to twelve feet and upwards wide, and from one to forty-five feet and upwards in length. This was an improvement in size, but the continuous length of paper was only patented by Fourdrinier in 1807.

One thing in this retrospect may not be omitted, and that is Crime. This, like the poor, we have always with us, and the only reason for mentioning it is to show the very different treatment it received a hundred years ago. The punishment of death was meted out for what we should now term minor offences such as "privately stealing, or picking pockets above one shilling, and shop lifting above five shillings." There were, in 1801, above *one hundred and sixty* different offences which subjected the guilty parties to the punishment of death. Of course all did not suffer that penalty, but were transported to New South Wales, according to the Act of 1787. In the Metropolis there were eighteen prisons and eleven police offices.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

By ETHEL GODDARD

CRAVEN ROW might be fitly called a street of disappointment. It was in a shabby part of London, it was narrow and dark, full of houses which bore the inscription "Apartments to Let," and it was inhabited solely by writers of very small note. Those writers formed a sort of confraternity; they spoke together of their hopes—those hopes which had been theirs since youth; sometimes they whispered of their failures—and that was a long story.

Clement Trafford was the one bright element in Craven Row. He was young enough to laugh at his failures and to dream of his successes—successes which Craven Row said would certainly be his, for the confraternity saw exceptional talent in the bright-faced, impulsive lad, who was the boy of the community, his twenty-seven years were as nothing in the eyes of the disappointed men and women of Craven Row, and besides he bore them lightly. He was tall, rather slight, but wiry; he walked as though he had something to do, which, unlike most of the confraternity, he generally had. He had fair hair which grew in wavy masses, his face would have been almost beautiful in a woman, being a perfect oval, but the mouth took away any impression of effeminacy, being large and rather compressed, as is often the case with the mouths of those who have a purpose in life. His eyes were blue, and they gave him his look of youth, for they were wide open, honest, and they seemed to look far away to something happy.

"That boy will be heard of yet," his friends would say admiringly; "he is young—there is time."

The first distinguished thing "that boy" did was to get married and bring home to his poor rooms a dainty lady as *petite* as he was large, as dark as he was fair, with pretty brown eyes, which, however, did not look away to any happy distance, being keenly interested in the things of the moment, and a sweet, soft mouth which made the women of Craven Row shake their heads and say "Mrs. Trafford would never do in rooms."

This marriage first woke the Row up to the fact that Clement was no boy, but a man, arrived at years of discretion, and then the Row began to think that it was fully time Clement's success should begin, that he should write his great book and not let it be like the great books which they had all tried to write; he should begin at once, so that he might have time to fail and get up again. They, poor creatures, were using time for failure, they hoped to succeed in eternity.

Craven Row was introduced to Ethel Trafford by means of a reception given in Trafford's three dingy rooms. He had tried to make the little sitting-room less dingy, and in order to beautify and ennoble it he had hung an exquisite photogravure of the Sistine Madonna in the best attainable light and left the rest of the room in quiet shabbiness. That photogravure had been a great extravagance, but then to make the room right for Ethel he would do anything. Even in spite of the extravagance, however, the room looked shabby still to Trafford's anxious eyes, when he stood by his dainty bride and introduced his old friends.

His friends had come all in their best,

but he looked at Ethel and saw that it was a shabby best. He knew that they were all anxious to be friendly with shabby in the extreme. Ingenuous Trafford forgot that love will sometimes hide shabbiness ; he also forgot that Ethel



At the corner of Craven Row.

Ethel, but he wondered nervously if she were anxious to be friendly with them. She was so dainty, so lovely, she could scarcely bear shabbiness ; and yet why had she married him ? He was surely was one of a large poor family, which had executed that feat known as "letting itself down." It had let itself down to a side street and dinner at two, which way of living by no means appealed to extrava-

gant, ease-loving Ethel, and, giving such heart as she had to the man who was so tremulously in love with her, she left the dreary populous house with its perennial smell of dinners, to marry Trafford and to push him onwards to success. Now, by success, she meant a nice house, an easy-running establishment, and of course money, while to him success signified fame, and an attained ideal—wherein lay a difference.

The shabby friends departed ; they had not enjoyed their afternoon. The women had felt at a disadvantage beside Ethel, who was so *chic* and pretty, whilst the men felt vaguely that though she was charming and lovely she might very possibly laugh at her company when it had gone. For it knew it was a shabby company, and it was sensitive on the point. It also fully understood that Ethel could, of course, know nothing of all those great things which could have been done if—

When Trafford and Ethel were left alone he looked at her timidly.

"How do you like them, darling? They have been good friends to me."

"So! Well now, Clem, are they not just a teeny bit—what shall I say?—dowdy?"

"They are poor, Ethel, and oh! my dear one, all those women have had to work as, thank God, you never shall. They have failed, been disappointed, insulted—the result is a little newspaper work, and a pittance. Don't be hard on them, dear, because you are so, so different."

"I hope I am, Clem." Her musical laugh had the heartless ring of the laugh of an untroubled woman. "Now, Clem, tell me how soon we shall be able to go and live in a nice house all of our very own?"

"I don't know, dearie. You see I am only struggling—I told you that—and it is uphill work. Can't you be happy here with me?"

Ethel leant forward towards him, and as she did so a kindly beam of the setting sun touched her hazel eyes, giving them

a sweet foreign softness. She laid her hands tenderly on Clement's shoulders ; she was only three weeks married, and his great love had roused a mysterious corresponding flicker in her heart.

"Clem," she said, "I could be happy with you anywhere."

So she could have been, dainty little lady though she was, had she been provided with costly and soft furniture for the adornment of the "anywhere."

Then a year passed, and Clement Trafford found that his life was growing tangled. Money seemed to fly, and with it flew time, for Clement's days were passed in that pot-boiling which was such a check on his plans and ambitions. Ethel wanted a great deal, and he, while longing to give her all she desired, still wanted to work on and show the world his best ; also Ethel was giving less than she had given at first of love and tenderness. She seemed too anxious about money, too little thoughtful of his work as work. She did not sympathise with him in his ideas of the loftiness of literature, and poor Trafford often wondered if she ever had sympathised, if he had not been deluded, if he had not clothed her with foreign graces, treating her as he would have treated a beloved heroine of his own creation. That was a long step on the path of disillusionment, it was a very long step to have taken after a year of married life with a dainty woman, and the thing which had first started Trafford on that path was a small thing, a trival circumstance, but it had been the first cause of the tired look which was now often in his eyes, and of the little sarcastic twist which his lips were gradually acquiring. It was thus that the cause came.

One evening in the little sitting-room Trafford sat writing and Ethel reading ; her book was some what of the "penny dreadful" type, albeit its price was six shillings, and its author an accredited prophet of the age. Just as Ethel finished the last page Trafford apparently finished his last page too, for he left the

writing-table and came to where she sat by the fire.

"Shall I read you this, darling?" he

Then he read it to her. "It" was a tale of sorrow, which Trafford sometimes found hard enough to read aloud steadily.



"When are we to leave these rooms? Why is everything so slow?"

asked. "I have never read you anything of mine, and I want to have your opinion—you must be my fireside critic."

"It is not learned, is it, Clem?"

"No—oh no. You will like it, I hope."

It was well that he did not look up to see if the bright eyes opposite to him were dimmed with tears, for they were quite bright and cheerful, which would have disappointed him. He read the last few

lines in a voice somewhat tremulous from feeling, and then he looked up for Ethel's word of approval.

"Yes, dear," she said; "it is very nice; awfully sad, of course. Now how much do you think you will get for it?"

That was what had first opened Clement Trafford's eyes to the fact that the intellect and feeling wherewith he had believed his wife to be endowed had no place in her being, and from that evening when first he realised her want of sympathy, her paucity of intellect, Trafford felt his wife had been to him a disappointment, beside which many of the disappointments of Craven Row might fade into insignificance.

Ethel, indeed, was just the woman of all others whom a man with high art ideals should not have married. Where he saw a good piece of work, an achievement of which to be proud, she saw the means of obtaining a new hat. So through all the things of life she saw the material side, he the spiritual, and in a year Trafford had discovered this, which augured well for his insight, his critical faculty, but poorly for his chance of happiness in life.

Craven Row mourned as one man the disillusionment of its favourite, painfully apparent in his wearied eyes and drawn face, but Ethel saw nothing, felt nothing, except that their two rooms and Clement's small study were horribly shabby and that Clement somehow did not seem to succeed. Then one day she spoke forcibly. It was about eighteen months after their marriage. Trafford and she were sitting together after dinner, she trimming a hat, he listlessly trying to summon energy for the completion of a certain pot-boiler. The silence being born of vacuity was depressing, and at length Ethel spoke.

"When are we to leave these rooms, Clem? Why is everything so slow? I never dreamt that you would take so long to get known, that you——"

"Oh, stop! I cannot 'get known,' as you say, all at once. I cannot get known at all while you check me and tie me to

pot-boiling. I have a book in the rough; it would be a good piece of work. I could feel proud of it, but I should need time to do it in, and you make me write rubbish so that you may have things you do not want. The book would be worth writing; it is always battering on my brain and wanting to get done. If you had a little sympathy and some ambition I might do well. As it is—well, my future is—paragraphs!"

"Ambition! I have all the ambition; it is you who have none. I have told you so many times that you will always be insignificant if you live in a back street and never try to know leading people, but you won't mind me."

"You put the cart before the horse. I have no right to know those people till I have done something. We are at cross purposes, Ethel. I must go and do some work."

So Trafford went to the cupboard dignified by the name of study, in which he worked at his pot-boiling, and Ethel sat by the fire wondering why she had married "a stingy, selfish, irritable creature like Clem."

Through Trafford's mind, while he worked, ran the thought that Ethel, the woman he had chosen, was choking his best possibilities. He felt that she would never understand the keenness of his longing to complete that great thing of his which lay in an untidy pile waiting for his hand to touch it. That she could sympathise with the mental pain which he endured from the stifling of his powers he knew was out of the question, and that night Trafford saw himself taking his place among the dreary failures of Craven Row, for he found it hard to imagine that anything other than failure should result from inferior work, mortgaged before it was completed to pay for dainty inutilities.

Another year passed, and still Trafford boiled the pot, while his great thing lay untouched.

Spring had come round again with its joyful suggestions of new life and hope.

To Trafford it brought longings for the free, sweet country, the unobscured sky ; to Ethel it spoke of choice bargains and of a woman daintily garbed in those same bargains. Ethel's spring thoughts were somewhat of a check upon the realisation of Trafford's longings, and on the whole he found it best to keep those longings in his heart.

He sat in his stuffy study one glorious afternoon working away as though for dear life. His face twitched, his mouth was compressed, his whole position spoke of nervous excitement. When the door opened with a creak he almost swore, and when Ethel entered in all the bravery of a trailing gown of white cloth he scowled, though her softly rounded figure looked its best and her *piquante* face was smiling sweetly. Ethel, for her part, looked at her husband with a feeling of discontent and disappointment ; he was so shabby, so almost old-looking, and there seemed to be very little result for it all.

"Are you coming, Clem?"

"Where!" The word was not an interrogation ; it was a nervous semi-shout.

"Why, to Mrs. Forsythe's tea, of course. You really will never get known if you don't go to these things. All the writers do it."

"Oh! Well, I sha'n't. I have neither clothes nor inclination. Listen for a moment, Ethel. I am just finishing a batch of short stories. They are all ordered and I can get the money at once. I will give it to you in a weekly allowance and give up this maddening pot-boiling for a while. I must get my book done." As he ended he looked at her half in deprecation, half in defiance.

"Your book? Why on earth can't you do it at odd moments?"

"Because I can't. Those 'blouse and toque' stories take the whole life out of my brain."

"Well, Clem, there's not much result from them. Here we are still in these wretched rooms. Certainly I have furnished them a bit better——"

"You have with bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. Now look! the money will only be about thirty shillings a week, and will last you for a month ; then I shall have to return to harness."

Ethel reddened as he mentioned the sum, and tears shone in her eyes.

"I can't do on thirty shillings a week—pay for these rooms and everything out of that."

"You must, for a month." His face changed suddenly, and a look of yearning came into his eyes. "Ethel, Ethel, won't you help me? It drives me mad to have this great thing of mine kept back. I know it is good. Trust me, dear, and wait. I only ask you for a month's forbearance."

"Clem, you are absurd. Can't you do it with your other work?"

"No, and I won't." The old sarcastic look was back again. "There, go to your party. You can't understand."

"No, I can't. I don't believe you know what you want yourself."

"I have told you anyhow what I intend to do. I wish you could realise that 'the life is more than meat.'"

"Don't be cross, Clem, and don't lay your head on the table—it looks so affected, such a tragedy attitude. You never said my dress is pretty."

"Yes, it is pretty ; it suits you ; it makes you look like a—a basil plant."

Trafford sighed from relief when the dainty little figure, redolent of violets, left his dusty den. He wrote fast for nearly an hour, and then a decisive rasp of the pen told that his work was done. He leant back wearily, gazing at the photogravure of the Madonna which had hung in his study since Ethel had flanked it in the sitting-room with cheap plaques.

"God!" he murmured drowsily, "it is good to rest."

He rested there until the light of the street lamps shone into his study, showing up in their crude glitter the hollow cheeks, lined mouth, and dark-circled eyes, which spoke so plainly of some vampire, spiritual or physical.

Trafford's vampire came at last to rouse him; she was a very dainty vampire, good to look upon, and her hair shone as a woman's should, her voice was liquidly musical, too, as it sounded in Trafford's ears.

"Why on earth are you sitting in the dark, Clem?"

"I—oh, because I wanted to rest." Trafford sat stiffly erect, his eyes looking appealingly at Ethel, his hands working nervously. "Ethel"—the voice was very earnest—"Ethel, will you never try to understand? Can you not guess anything of the awful pain I have gone through while I kept back my great work to please you?"

He had risen and held both her hands tightly in his; Ethel was frightened as she saw the light of the street lamp flicker over his tired face and bright eyes.

"Come to dinner, Clem," she faltered. She thought that he owed her an apology for his latest development of stinginess; as she took his arm she felt that she was very magnanimous.

"Then you can't understand," Trafford said wearily. "Let us go to dinner."

Next morning the bundle of manuscript was opened, and Trafford set himself to finish the work which he had begun in brighter days. Soon he became absorbed, writing fiercely, strenuously, loosing the pent-up floods of months.

Ethel could not understand him; he puzzled her even more than usual when, at meal-times, he strode out of his little den, pale, palpably tired, yet with a strangely exultant look in his eyes. He never spoke to her of his book, for he had grown to understand that the counting of words with a view to remuneration was the only part of his work in which she was interested. Often as he looked at her he wondered why every small movement she made irritated him, seemed to rouse a special devil within him. She would have been seductive enough to most men, and he had loved her once, so why—? No, that was rubbish—he had never loved her; he had loved her as he

thought she was—he could have loved a broomstick on the same terms. Ethel had been no more than a peg on which to hang high ideals. Sometimes she spoke to him of the prospects of living in a house instead of in rooms, of the probable profits of his book; then Trafford reflected bitterly that she only saw his book resolved into components of clothes, furniture, and money.

"Good God!" he sometimes whispered, "why was I such a fool? It's not her fault; she thinks the world was created only for her—some people are made so."

Wondering still why he had ever endowed that little doll with qualities adapted to make him happy, he returned to his dusty study, and lost himself in the absorption of creation, while Ethel looked forward to the end of what she called the "meagre month."

To Trafford that month was full of an absorbing delight. He was saying the words which had hammered at his brain for so long, he was evolving characters into which went the fruits of his painfully sympathetic, sorrowfully two-sided nature. It pained him to have to sympathise with Ethel's futile selfishness, to feel that he ought to stop her covetous complainings with a probably unappreciated kiss, but in his work his instinct of sympathetic insight stood him in good stead, so that each day he was able to sing a psalm of thanksgiving for something done.

Then came the last day of that glorious month; his work was just done, he was at one time glad and sorry—glad with the joy of the thing completed worthily, sorry with the foreboding of what it would mean to return to the pot-boiling days, for except when he was obliged to do some necessary newspaper work no thought of money had crossed Trafford's mind in all that month.

On that last day he was in his little study very early, and the monotonous scratching of his pen sounded through the silent room. He wrote until long past lunch-time, until Ethel had gone out

to a pleasant "tea," revelling in the thought that the month was over, yet shamedly conscious that she had disobeyed her husband, that certain uncom-

moment, the lines round his mouth had become gentler, his face, though pitifully thin and flushed, was full of joy.

What did anything in the world



She felt in a moment that the silence which met her was not as other silences.

fortable extra bills had somehow sprung into being in that short time.

As Trafford wrote, the sunlight streamed in upon him, and something of the look of the "perennial boy" returned to his face. His eyes shone with happiness whenever he looked up for a

matter now that his great thing was done? Ethel's complaints, her earthiness, her shallowness, were of no account. He had put the best of himself into a worthy work, and in that consciousness he tasted the man's equivalent of mother-joy, when his last

word was written and his pen laid down. He looked up; a hunted look came into his face.

"If only she had not pressed me! If only I had more time!" he gasped.

If only she had not pressed him, indeed, that pain might not have gripped him. A groan throbbed through the room, a gush of warm red blood flowed from Trafford's mouth. His head fell forward with a heavy thud, his shoulders ceased to rise and fall, he lay resting with his face upon that darling last page. The sun shone in cheerily upon the fair, wavy mass of hair, and the bright red pool.

Two hours later Ethel stood in the doorway. She felt in a moment that the silence which met her was not as other silences, that even the cheap clock ticked in an unusual way, that Clement's head lay strangely.

"Clem, Clem!" Her half-whispered words seemed to come back to her, she walked timidly across the room. At

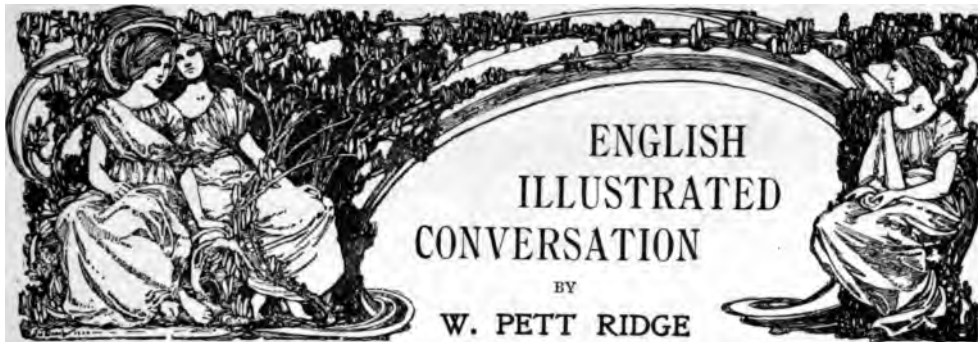
sight of the blood she paled and trembled, poor little dainty woman, in her bright finery. "Clem, are you awake?"—she touched his neck gently, gingerly, with a shaking hand.

A scream rang through the house, a scream of pure terror, for Ethel Trafford had met reality at last.

The book was the success of the season, and its proceeds made a little nest-egg for Ethel. "Very little," she said pathetically, "but then dear Clem was always a failure."

Craven Row raised a marble cross to the memory of its favourite in the sooty little town churchyard, where, amid blackened headstones adorned with "everlasting" tokens of an affection which, like many affections, cannot stand the strain of constant tendance, Clement Trafford lay resting, being one who had "spoken his word and then closed his eyes, lest they should behold vanity."





Writers as Readers.

The long evenings are here—nothing, you will remark, escapes a mind trained in observation—and with them come from Literary Societies and Help Myself Societies and Societies for Ageing the Young, communications drawing your attention to our syllabus for the coming winter session; you are requested to notice that it includes many names conspicuous in various professions; the secretary has been requested by his committee to offer you the fifth of November as an appropriate date either for a lecture or for a reading from your complimentary adjective, adjective, and adjective works. Excepting for the commendable motives of self-advertisement there does not seem much reason why one should nibble at this bait; only for the very few is there much to be gained. There are the inconveniences of winter travelling, and there exist other drawbacks. A friend of mine had to give up lecturing after one season because he found that provincial committees insisted on making him drink hot cocoa after his hour and a quarter; he abhors hot cocoa, and frequently told them so, but they took this to be the mere shyness of a literary man and would not

hear of allowing him to leave until he had drained his cup to the muddy dregs. As a matter of fact a public man on the platform is not so much a lecturer as an exhibition. Folk want to see him in order to ascertain whether he is so weird looking as his photographs suggest; they want to hear his voice to discover whether he has an accent; they wish to meet him afterwards to get him to write his name on a table-cloth.

A Cow-Boy.

I have reasons—selfish reasons—for regretting that so many novels are coming to us from America; I have other reasons—also selfish—for hoping that America has many books to send us by Owen Wister. His story “The Virginian,” published here by Macmillans, has the defect of coming near to plagiarising the title of a classic, and in it the words “clew” and “re-ënförce-ment” appear, but I cannot find that it has any other defects. The Virginian, around whom the story is written, is drawn with wonderful cleverness; I thought I was tired of reading about school-marms, universally worshipped and singularly well-looking, but the delightful Miss Mary Stark Wood of Bennington has made me desire to take holiday in Ver-



MR. OWEN WISTER.

mont. The Virginian, all the way through, is a straight man with level ideas.

"A middlin' doctor is a pore thing," said the Virginian, "and a middlin' lawyer is a pore thing, but keep me from a middlin' man of God."

The preface is superfluous, as are all prefaces, and perhaps everybody is a little too happy at the end, but this to me is a commendable fault. I can

Staking out Claims.

America must be a large country, to judge from the volume of the average American's voice; but there, as elsewhere, exists some trouble on the part of authors in discovering new ground: in travelling through American fiction I often find myself on the tracks that are already well beaten. Scotland, I should

say, has been scribbled all over, and there are few parts of Ireland which the pen has not touched; Wales has of late received attention, and scarce a county of England is free. Ashaded map of England would probably give a deep tint to Cornwall, Dorsetshire, Surrey, Herefordshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, and the little Isle of Man would appear a mere blob; London would be blue-black from the centre of the City to the outside of the suburbs. Mr. Arthur Morrison, cleverest of all the writers on



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"THE FLOWER SELLER OF MADRID."

From "The Land of the Dons."

assure you that you will miss a very remarkable novel if you omit to read "The Virginian" by Owen Wister.

London life, has a new novel treating of Ratchiff Highway before it changed its name to St. George's Street East and

became respectable, and no words of mine are necessary to induce those who preserve an admiring memory for "Tales of Mean Streets" and "To London Town" to read, without delay, "A Hole in the Wall." Messrs. Methuen's list is the richer for this volume of Mr. Morrison's. With certain phases of London life few men are better acquainted, and none can write of them with so much force, ability, and keen observation. The great town is so great that it is possible to take different views of it; these views depend upon where you are sitting, and that is why no two writers on London life see it in the same way; perhaps no two readers are in precise agreement. In Mr. Morrison's new book there are murders, and a wallet containing eight hundred pounds that changes hands several times; but those who do not yearn to read of grisly crime will be glad to know the good little Stevie who tells one half of the story and the grandfather Nat who is reformed by his bright young companionship. I find a note of sympathy in the novel, and a new touch of tenderness very pleasant to meet. There is melody in it.

Music in London.

I suppose a man who likes piano-organs has no right to talk of music in anything above a whisper, but it is permissible for him to comment on the extraordinary increase in the London appetite for melody. The County Council has artfully won the affection of the people by providing music during the summer in the parks; and in the winter it is possible, by disbursement of a shilling, to hear at Queen's Hall the best music played by, surely, one of the finest orchestras in the world; even the music in theatres, which for years consisted of a mirthless set of quadrilles with occasionally an elephantine waltz, is now worth the trouble of listening, although audiences brought up with the

idea that theatre music exists only in order to make them raise their voices have not yet realised the fact. And



MR. THOMAS COBB.

when the last word has been spoken against piano-organs it must be admitted that not only can they transform grey bye-streets into cheerful dancing-grounds, but that they also teach people to whistle; people who whistle are happy, although they do not, by this act alone, communicate happiness to other people. The whistler is too seldom faithful to one key, and this is held by the best musical authorities to be a defect; the real drawback is that having once acquired the art he is liable to burst absent-mindedly into melody during pauses in conversation at dinner-tables, or in the unexpected hush of an anthem in church.

North of Gib.

I have never cultivated a close acquaintance with the Spanish language,

and indeed a man may travel in the towns of Andalusia with no further equipment than the one word which entreats beggars to go away. For which reason I have found here and there some difficulty in reading "The Land of the Dons," which Messrs. Cassell have just published. A sentence like this, "Surely, too, it was the *peinadora* I saw emerging from the first-floor *gabinete* opposite, the private residence of the *prestamista*, whose three delightful daughters I happen to know are *abonadas* to the *tendidos de sombra* of the bull-ring" makes one feel that it would be easier to read the work in translations, sir. Even a footnote by the author concerning one of the bull-fighting officials runs thus, "Would it be an act of excessive *esplendidez* on the part of the *empresa* to present him with a new *traje*?" For the rest, the book gives a large, detailed, and deliberate view of the Spaniards by one who evidently knows them well, who has learned them by heart, and can write of them with an affectionate pen. The author is not dogmatic even in regard to the bull-fights. Most of us in this connection have mixed views, and I always remember the remark which I heard one Easter Sunday of a young American woman in the ten-shilling seats at Seville. "Terrible sight," she said to her companion. "Too disgusting for words; lend me your glasses!"

The Novel Irishman.

Here in Mr. Thomas Cobb's "A Man of Sentiment" is an admirably drawn character; one of those generous, thriftless, irresponsible men; perfectly sincere at the moment of speaking, but forgetting it all the next; the kind of man who is so much more agreeable to read about than to meet. One cannot help liking Donovan, but one is glad that he did not marry Camilla; and under the management of the lady who eventually selected him, the life of this Irish Micawber would no doubt be as comfortable as it deserved. An extraordinary race these people;

London is full of them. They dress well, they attend cricket matches, they seldom miss a meal, they drink as much as they want and more, but they never by any chance earn an honest sixpence. Mr. Thomas Cobb has done Donovan to the life, without emphasis and certainly without harshness. The book is a delightful one to read (I think the author must have written it with the feathered end of his quill pen) and the dialogue is unusually clever:—

"I rather like to be told I am the most beautiful of women," says Camilla.

"But if you know you're not?"

"There's always one's own set as antidote. But even if you know it isn't true, the illusion lasts for a time. Like a play, you know."

"Isn't it—isn't it a little unpleasant when it ends?"

"Not at all, because you go to another theatre."

Down Under.

I like the *Sydney Bulletin* for its cleverness, but it has other qualities, and when I miss seeing the red-covered journal for a while I console myself with this reflection. Mr. Harry Lawson's book, "Children of the Bush," is the *Sydney Bulletin* at its best. Short sketches (many of them too short), short stories, and short verses make up the volume, and every one of them written by a man who has been there and has used both of his eyes. With no personal knowledge of Australia, one can tell that Mr. Lawson is telling the truth. The book is convincing. One feels, all the way through, to be in the atmosphere of the sheep-shearing country; one recognises the vastness of it; one gets to understand the men, and some of the women. There is nothing maudlin in Mr. Lawson's work, for which reason he is able now and again, by an unexpected turn, to give the correct value to a pathetic touch. A word must be said in regard to the dialogue. Not an easy matter, mind you, to reproduce the talk of free-speaking men, and to any writer who has encountered this difficulty it is something of a lesson to note Mr. Lawson's adroitness.

Japanese tissue paper, a needle threaded with a half-dozen inches of thread, and a little ball of clay, moulded about the centre of the needle, so as to lend weight to the airy weapon. Next they squat on their haunches in a circle, while a little pile of the bits of tissue is built up in the middle by equal contributions from all the players. He or she, who is to begin the game, takes the point of his needle between the teeth, and drawing the thread tight lets fly the dart. As many of the pieces of paper as adhere to the point when the needle is withdrawn form the register of the player's score. If by chance the first player capture all the heap, the rest must rebuild it from their own stores, and the lucky beginner tries again. If you only get a few sheets the needle is passed to the next player, but if nothing rewards the venture you pay forfeit by adding to the pile as many sheets as there are other players. This game is very popular, and the children become incredibly excited over it.



KAKIZOME.

When it is done their artistic nature asserts itself, for the tissue is folded into paper animals, or used for the drawing of little pictures, two tricks in which every Japanese child excels.

The Game of Kakizome.

Kakizome signifies: The first trying of the brush! It is a custom for the children to have new paint brushes on New Year's Day, and when they have taken them out they write a few words of some well-known motto on large sheets of tissue. Sometimes, instead of a motto proper, they will write some such single words as the Japanese for Pine, Bamboo, Plum, Crane, or Tortoise, which are names with a meaning such as Long Life! Then they draw pictures of these plants or animals on the papers. The papers are pinned all over the walls, and when a New Year caller comes to the house he is expected

to view these with as much admiration as is felt by the children whose exhibits they are. The papers remain on the wall until the fifteenth day of the month (January), when they are taken down and attached to the *Kado Matsu*—which you will remember as the pine tree which plays so great a part in the New Year decorations. Then tree and pictures are solemnly burned in the garden. While the burning is going on the children are quite agitated to see how high the ashes will mount in the air, as during the year to follow their artistic powers will grow in a like manner. If the ashes mount out of sight the fortunate draughtsman is hailed as a great artist of the future.

Manzai, or Long-Life Game!

Manzai is the game of Long Life To You! and as such is to be celebrated only on the actual birthday of the New Year. It is a play between two people,

who dress up in appropriate costumes. *Tayu*, or The Noble One, puts on the dress of the old-time nobility, and he also carries a *Tsudsumi* or a sort of little drum. His fellow is the *Saizo* or Servant, and he has in consequence a large bag or wallet fastened about his shoulders. Then, when all is in order, the couple start on their rounds, for they are all beggars. None the



The Saizo The Tayu with his Tsudsumi
MANZAI.

less their welcome is everywhere assured, and being introduced into the equivalent of our drawing-rooms, the couple make many merry jests which

they accompany with dancings, pursuit of the children, and all sorts of rather boisterous mirth. Naturally they are great favourites with the young. When the performance is over they beg for *mochi*, or New Year cake, which is promptly stored in the Saizo's bag. Then with many wishes of Long Life and general prosperity to the entertainers, the couple depart. It is not at all lucky to offend the Manzai players, or to refuse them either entrance or charity. Their games are rather a curious parallel to the Mummery and other ancient survivals of early days which still linger in parts

of England, on the Berkshire Downs for example, or in a still more disguised form in the painful noises emitted morning and evening by those who are pleased to call themselves Waits.



TAKO.

Tako, or The Game of Kite.

The Japanese boy is so inordinately fond of his kite that a saying has arisen, "The boy is the descendant of the wind!" Hence it is only fitting that the wind should not be forgotten in the rejoicings of the New Year season. On that day there is accordingly a great display of kites flying over every level place, often, too,

from the streets, or even the tops of the houses. They are of every shape and size, of every sort and fashion, of every imaginable kind. They are also decorated, and that in the most lavish fashion. But of course he is the most fortunate whose kite flies furthest up into the domain of his father, The Wind. Some think that he must needs favour the likeness of his own human children the best, and their kites are therefore made in this semblance: one is no larger than the little bee whose form it apes, one is a bird, one a fan, and another a butterfly. After the war with China, it was inevitable that some should bear upon their faces a portrait of the favourite general or admiral. Most humble of all are those upon which there is only a little patch of characters, here a name and there a wish, both implying the other after the usual Japanese trick of double meanings. That this motley array of kites is a quaint enough sight you may imagine without the aid of the picture. Yet this picture is not an exaggeration, so innumerable are the aerial voyagers which The Sons of the Wind send up to greet their lord and father on this his New Year festival.

Hamayumi, or The Game of Small Bow and Arrows.

The most orthodox of presents to a Japanese child is that of a toy bow and arrows, finished of course with all the minute care and decoration for which his race is so justly famous. Against the great day they are hung all round the best rooms, and when that blessed time arrives, the children gather for a game of *Hamayumi*. Large goals or hoops of tissue are now hung up



HAMAYUMI.

and the children take it in turns to shoot. He who begins continues until he makes a miss, when the bow passes to the next in order. When the mere sport of shooting palls, zest is added to the game on the same principle as that employed in *hariushi*, only now it is slices of cake and no longer mere tissue which are set up for a mark, while the fortunate competitor has for reward as many slices as will adhere to his arrow when it is withdrawn from the pile. Similarly, if he miss, the shooter must pay dire forfeit, one slice of

cake being forfeited to the mark for as many competitors as are in the game. With such a reward and such a penalty it is hardly to be wondered at if the children grow entirely absorbed in the mimic contest.

Temari, or The Game of Ball.

The ball is the child's universal means of play, but in Japan it is especially the portion of the girls. At the New Year they are very busy in the manufacture of these playthings. They are wonderfully skilled



TEMARI.

which is carried out as follows. A handful of cotton wool is rolled in the hand until it is as circular as may be, and the children are from long use very accurate in this respect. The embryo ball is then wound round and round with thread until it is so hard that the tightest squeeze will make no impression upon it. Afterwards the ball is cunningly decorated with a series of coloured lines and ribs, fashioned out of many strands of thread or even of silk. To use a needle for this stamps the child as unskilled, a true artist employing only the hand and holding one end of the decoration fast between her teeth. It is astonishing what beautiful designs can be thus carried out, many of

the finished balls having an unmistakable likeness to the appearance of tortoise-shell, chrysanthemum flowers, the leaves of the flax plant, or a sheaf of pine needles. On New Year's Day the girls play ball while the boys are shooting, and it would be hard to find an European child who could bear a part with them. Indeed, their play is more like that of the most skilled jugglers, three girls often keeping as many as a dozen of the balls in motion at the same time.

Koma, or The Game of Top.

Tops once more are a universal plaything, and in Japan the boys have as much skill in their use as the girls have with the ball. Indeed, there would seem to be no limit to the number of tricks which they can play with these fascinating toys. While the top spins a Japanese boy thinks nothing of raising it off the ground on to the palm of his hand, and even of letting it spin off one hand on to the other, the only support on which it turns being a string wound tightly from the finger of one hand to a finger of the other. Again, a spinning top will be thrown many feet into the air and recovered, still spinning, on the hand which threw it. A



KOMA.

particularly fascinating form of the game is called *Yimyo Goma*, or Life Top: it is played by several lads in concert. Crying, *Hee! Fu! Mee!* (which is of course no more than the familiar One! Two! Three!) they launch their tops at the same moment, and he whose top spins longest is acclaimed winner. Of course this game is in no way peculiar to Japan, but there will not be many boys in England who would be able to carry through even one of the many tricks of these little Japs, without bringing the top to an immediate standstill. For these competitions will be carried out through all the various evolutions of which I have already made mention. It is really little wonder that with all this early training the Japanese excel every nation, the "heathen Chinee" not excepted, in the practise of the amusing art of conjuring.

Here, if I pause from dealing out details of the games wherewith little Japs amuse themselves at the New Year, it is not for lack of matter. Look at my last picture and you will not want to have a printed name underneath it in order to know all about its ways and methods, just as every child in the East or in the West will at once recognise it for an early familiar of the playroom. And, even as you will find that the familiar "Battledore and Shuttlecock" comes out of the Land of the Rising Sun, so it may be that, had I

200 HOW JAPANESE CHILDREN CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR

space, these pages should show you that a Japanese boy can use his hand and foot in ways which are not so remote from those your English schoolboy uses.



A GAME WHICH NEEDS NO NAME!

Also it is not only in England that a girl will use a rope for graceful exercise, or her skirts for a dance, though she wear a robe less complicated than you see at the Gaiety. But I must end—MANZAI! Long Life to you!

THE SAVIOUR OF THE GUNS

By AQUILA KEMPSTER

OF course I was at a disadvantage from the start, and still remain so, as I'm not a professional fighter; and then again I was very young, and the thing came so suddenly, like lightning out of a clear sky. I confess that I got rattled and I'm afraid I ran a bit amuck; a pretty easy thing to do under a hot sun, and not to be too severely criticised. On this I can speak with professional authority.

It was just toward the end of that last little Afghan misunderstanding, when Ayub Khan was letting us know a thing or two, and we were beginning to prove more apt scholars than he fancied. Dicky Slape and I were up from Bombay doing volunteer work with the hospital corps. We were attached to a big horse battery—the Ninth Irish, if I remember rightly—and the half of a native light mountain battery to fill up. Besides our "Tommyes," we had some two thousand Sepoys, picked fighters every man of them; and I know we thought that we were just about good enough for anything that was floating round looking for trouble.

As to where we were going or what we were doing, I give it up. We would march two days to the north, over hills and nullahs, break our way through miles of dense jungle, drag the guns through dried-up water courses under a sweltering sun, and finally circle round east or west and go back again.

I suppose the Colonel knew what he was about, as he had wig-wag men out on the hills continually, but I'll be hanged if I believe another soul knew even where we were. Of course there

were various rumours in the air, the most plausible of which was that we were bottling up a big tribe of Hillsmen who wanted to join our friend Ayub.

Naturally the temper of the battery wasn't exactly angelic; dragging those twelve-horse guns over almost impassable country and then dragging them back again—and apparently all for no purpose—was hardly likely to be productive of an exemplary spirit and conversation, even had the Ninth been built that way. So the hills resounded with the crack of whips puncturing fierce, blood-curdling oaths and the clang of iron-shod gun-wheels as they bounded and crashed along the rocky route, while occasionally the harsh scream of a refractory baggage camel would add to the pandemonium.

Dicky and I thought that we were abused by being stuck on to the tail of such an unsatisfactory expedition as this, when there were such lively times 'way ahead at the front. We had no patients in the hospital, and dispensing did not take up more than a couple of hours a day, but the dreary monotony of the thing fairly broke our hearts; and added to this was the fear that all the fun would be over and we would be sent back to Bombay without either of us seeing a scrap. We had heard firing several times while we lay in reserve, and after the affair was over had been rushed up front to aid the hospital staff there, and then, before another shot was fired, we were sent back to our "Royal Irish Stick-in-the-Muds," as we dubbed them.

At last it came, however, and I think

we both got enough to last us for the rest of our lives.

We had come into camp early one Sunday morning after one of our usual fruitless prowls. Away, and on the side of the camp furthest from the hospital tents, were some foothills that ran up and back to what I have since learned was a spur of the Hala Mountains. To the left of these foothills and directly behind the camp the guns were parked. Discipline had grown somewhat lax, especially on Sundays, and it was customary for the various battery champions to engage in bare-knuckle fights, a form of amusement much in favour with Thomas Atkins.

A quiet spot would be chosen, well out of range of the provost and the guardhouse tent, when the two would strip, and amid the cheers of their several factions proceed to pummel each other beyond recognition. The prize in these encounters was rarely more than a few quarts of porter, and as often as not they were indulged in for pure Irish love of a scrap.

Now, I had attended one or two of these little interviews, and as my leather medicine case usually contained a flask of whiskey I was made welcome. On this particular Sunday morning I was given the tip that quite the most important meeting of the season was to take place that afternoon between Ted McGann and "Scrapper" Foley, both battery drivers. The men had each fought all comers and neither had been beaten, and now they were to come together themselves, and a battle royal was expected.

I knew McGann well; a big, muscular, Irish giant, who on occasions could swear the whole battery to a standstill; as good-natured a ruffian as ever strode a horse, and I certainly could not see where the other fellow came in at all.

I tried to get Dicky to come along, but he said we were a lot of blankety blank brutes, etc., so I saddled my pony and rode off by myself. It was a long ride, through a thick patch of jungle,

then out over the plain for a couple of miles to the foothills. I had had the direction pointed out to me, and expected to have no difficulty in finding the way; but I suppose I must have been late in starting. Anyway, I failed to meet any of the men going out, and must have gone considerably out of my way before I finally saw the crowd. They were gathered in a little clearing just on the edge of the great jungle that spread away up the mountains, with hardly a break for miles and miles.

The men were stripped and battling like tigers, and the thud of heavy fists on naked flesh was accompanied by the gasps and ejaculations of the spectators as they surged in a solid ring round them. The fight was a game one, and McGann was living well up to my expectations and slowly wearing his man out, when suddenly another fight started on the outside of the ring. I had noticed with surprise several natives in the crowd as I rode up, but thought that they were some of our Sepoys. Now I saw my error; for at the starting of the outside fight a cry rose, and a dozen long Afghan knives flashed in the sunlight and sank in the group of excited men before they knew that danger was near.

Then came a horrible panic. The men tried to break and run, but the fierce Hillsmen swarmed in hundreds and blocked every path. Our men were unarmed save for their belts, but many a savage head went down under the brass buckles. They were banked up in a solid mass round my pony for awhile so that I could not stir. Once I caught sight of McGann—naked, bloody and terrible—standing across the body of his late foe, his arms swinging like flails, and I saw man after man go down beneath their crashing weight; and then the fight swept in between us, and the next instant a man sprang savagely at my throat.

I saw the flash of a long knife, but at this point the pony took a hand in the matter and doubled up my assailant with a kick in the solar plexus. And he and

I made a break for liberty, and had almost got clear out to the open when four of the black devils rushed us together, and at the same instant a wild cut from behind ripped my arm open, and the sudden pain made me drop my only weapon, my riding whip.

I had no time to think, to pray, before the foremost man had grasped my bridle and—then came a fierce Irish oath, a savage, grinding smash and a hoarse voice in my ears: "Ride, sonny, ride like hell, and duck, for Gawd's sake, duck!"

I turned for an instant, my pony springing almost from under me as McGann struck her savagely, and saw him standing off the crowd for my escape. He had a knife in each hand that he had wrenched from men as he struck them down, and his terrible execution checked the rush for one moment,

and that moment gave me my chance. So far there had been never a shot fired. The fight had been deperate, but beyond the fierce Irish curses, silent. The evident intention was to surprise the camp before they could bring up the guns; and as my mare went by the last clump of jungle like a flying shadow there was a hoarse murmur, and then for the last time I heard McGann's voice in the distance, "Duck, fur Gawd's sake, duck!" and I ducked—God bless him!—I ducked, and the next moment the ping of a jezail bullet told me that I'd done it none too soon.

What a ride that was! The bullets kept skimming over me and under me as I lay along the pony's neck, and they chased us right into camp, sometimes by short cuts—for I had to keep to the open and so go round—getting almost within striking distance of those long knives.



The men were stripped and battling like tigers.

God forgive me ! but I was so utterly terrified that I only clung, sobbing and moaning in an agony of terror, to the pony's neck. Suddenly she was stopped short with a wrench and I waited with my eyes shut for the end, till a rough arm seized me and a rougher voice shouted, "Good Gawd! Doc, what's up."

I came to my senses with a gasp and tumbled off the pony into the hands of the corporal's guard, who were coming up on the double to find out the meaning of the distant shots. Another moment and a bugle sang shrilly and the whole camp sprang to active life, while from the distant foothills came a muttering that grew to a hoarse roar as Ayub Khan and his wild, glittering army swept into sight.

The buzz in the camp grew to a clanging din. Everything was in the wildest confusion ; the noise of a thousand feet shook the ground ; a dozen bugles rang out, and the horses came with a rush, ridden hard with whip and spur, their chains clashing and jangling as they dashed for the guns. They were followed by a couple of regiments of our Goorkhas, who went forward at the double, belting and fixing bayonets as they ran, their boyish faces set and their eyes snapping eagerly.

Just then the Adjutant rode past, and, seeing me, reined up with a jerk : "Any men in the hospital, youngster?"

"No, sir."

"Well, get your doolies together ; quick ; go back to the rear about five hundred yards so that I can find you readily when I want you."

"And the tents sir?"

"Oh, damn the tents. Let 'em stay." And off he went, bawling to a bugler as he rode.

Well, you may be sure we scrambled then, and in about five minutes Dick and I had the doolies together and were trotting to the rear.

Meantime over toward the foothills there was a steady, rippling snarl, with now and again a faint Goorkha cheer.

Then the guns began to roar, but only fitfully, and I sat on the mare and strained my eyes to see how things were going. The whole plain was covered with a heavy pall of smoke that rose slowly and sullenly to the hills above ; but with the exception of an occasional glare of flame and now and again a shadowy moving mass, I could see nothing.

Then as I still watched, out came one of the guns, the men clinging to the caisson and the drivers lashing the horses furiously.

On they came, snorting, reeking and cursing, the gun bouncing and smashing after the flying horses. Then another and another dashed by, overturning tents and stores in their mad flight.

What did it mean? I was dazed, bewildered. The firing had drawn close, and dimly through the smoke came the broken ranks of our brave Goorkhas, running, fighting and cursing in that horrible, smoky glare ; reforming at every chance, only to be broken again as the fierce Paythan wave broke over them.

I sat in my saddle in stupid bewilderment, absolutely lost in the thick of the fight. Whichever way I turned there was nothing but that horrible, choking smoke and those sullen glares of hellish flame, with here and there hand-to-hand struggles seen for a moment dim, indistinct and terrible, then blotted out in flame and smoke.

Just then the last gun got clear and came flying past. Riding along with the leaders, his face all bloody, with a heavy whip in one hand and a revolver in the other, came the Adjutant, lashing the horses desperately. As he passed he caught sight of me, and with a fierce oath leaned over and struck my pony. "Damn you, get back you fool!" and he was gone, while the pony reared and plunged, and with a yell I woke up. Aye, woke and howled and shouted wildly, firing my revolver into the smoke and waving my sword as the pony plunged after the retreating gun.

Fortunately, the plucky little mare had more sense than her master and got in with the retreat ; but it was a long time before I came to myself, weary and hoarse with shouting. I was riding along with the battery, and gradually the scorching fire blot faded a little out

charger, whom I hardly recognised for our old Colonel, caught up with me and rode a moment at my side. He looked down with a strange, kindly look in his eyes, that I had never seen before. Then he leaned over and stroked the mare's neck and said, " Ease her a little,



On the way, shouting, rickin', and cursing.

of my eyes and I grew sane and ashamed of myself, though I doubt if any man in that wild, sweating crowd had even seen my crazy exhibition, for bullets were still whistling like hail around us and men dropped in ones and twos every moment.

As we raced on a man on a big

sonny ; ease her." He finally slackened his pace with us for some fifty yards and then said, " Now, boy, let her go ! " and, touching his own horse, he sprang forward and the pony went after him like a flash. A few yards further on and I saw what it meant. There, right across our

path, lay a broad, deep ditch ; and over it were going the guns, some leaping clean after the flying horses, others jarring and jamming on the opposite bank and lifted beyond by sheer muscle and brawn.

The mare could never have cleared it as I was riding her ; but as the Colonel's charger rose to the stiff jump she followed easily, with a shrill whinney to the stallion, and we lighted safe in the paddyfield, and ten minutes later were in the centre of a solid British square, and Dicky and I were laughing and crying and shaking hands—and we weren't the only ones, either.

The ditch ran in an irregular square—as is common in all Indian rice districts—right around the field where we had made our stand. It had lately been flooded for the irrigation of the crop, but had dried down to a sloppy mud bottom. Our guns faced the four sides of the field as the fight came up, for the Hillsmen kept on our track like wolves, the Sikhs and Goorkhas holding them back for four or five minutes at a time, at a horrible cost ; but minutes meant guns, and they were worth their weight in gold, while valour and blood cost a shilling a day.

Suddenly a bugle rang, and was echoed far and near. The hour of sacrifice was gone and our gallant Sepoys melted away to right and left before the Afghans and broke into a hard rush for the rear of the field, where rough ladders and ropes were slung to help them across.

Our Afghan friends were on top of us like a whirlwind, but the ditch was our salvation. Again and again they came up, under a murderous fire, right to the

ditch. A few leapt it fair and clean, but only to fall on the triple hedge of steel that never wavered. It was our turn at last, and our guns belched out flame and death and cut long lanes in their ranks as they rushed fearlessly up to certain death.

For four long hours they kept at us, fighting grandly, with a stubborn fury that, under wise leadership, would make them well-nigh invincible. Then, like a sullen thundercloud, they drew away, still firing, and we were saved.

When the pall of smoke lifted, the pale, cold moon was floating overhead, shining so peacefully over the scene that it was almost impossible to believe that the last few hours had been other than a feverish dream. But the horror of that night of hospital work over the course of our wild ride was a fitting ending to so dire a day.

We found McGann stark and naked, with his dead around him, and we wrapped him up in a British Jack and laid him to rest with his foes.

And then, to my utter stupefaction, I found that I—the coward, who had been driven, sobbing with fear, into camp—was a hero, the saviour of the guns. The Colonel bought a set of silver-mounted harness for the little mare, and when we got back to Bombay the city was full of the wildest tales of my ride and the number of savage Afghans I had slain, till I could have died of shame. But the more I denied the more they believed, and the Colonel just smiled, too, till one day he came round to the college and called me out before the whole crowd and pinned a cross on my coat for bravery.



CHRISTMAS

WITH THE ITALIAN MASTERS

By HONORA TWYLCROSS

THE earliest representation of the Nativity is to be found in the Catacombs. In this primitive drawing of a babe in a manger, into which are peering two indefinable animals, we see reduced to its simplest terms the great theme that was destined to evoke the latent possibilities of art.

For some centuries the early artists show little variety in their treatment of the subject, dealing with it in a quite simple manner, aiming at nothing beyond the relation of the Scripture story for the benefit of those who could not read. These Nativities consist of a group comprising the Madonna and Child, the aged Joseph, shepherds, and perhaps angels; also invariably an ox and an ass.

The Virgin, as the mother of the infant Jesus, presents Him to the world, but there is never the slightest suspicion of pride in her attitude or countenance, gratitude and intense humility being the chief characteristics. In some of the earlier paintings indications are given of the sufferings of motherhood, but this was afterwards omitted, being regarded by the Church as unorthodox. A certain mystery surrounded the birth, and the Blessed Virgin being without sin the punishment of Eve did not fall upon her. She is generally represented worshipping her Son, and in the beautiful face of the mother there is no trace of earthly affection; her features are restrained and calm, with the serenity of high spirituality. She is clad in the traditional red gown and blue mantle.

St. Joseph is generally old and grave, and is often watching the scene at some

distance, full of thought, and occupying a subordinate and somewhat awkward position. One always feels that the artists had some difficulty in placing him to their satisfaction—or rather to the satisfaction of the theologians.

The ox and the ass are to be found in almost every picture of the Nativity, until we come to the eighteenth century. Their appearance may probably be accounted for by reference to the passage in Isaiah, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib;" also the Septuagint verse in Habakkuk, *In medio duorum animalium innolesceris.*

The early Italians generally place the scene in a grotto or cavern. This may have reference to Isaiah xxxiii. 16. As early as the days of Justin Martyr we find the belief general, two pilgrims to Bethlehem having stated that the birth took place in the fissure of a rock. One of the numerous legends that have gathered round this great event records that while travelling slowly, the night overtook Mary and Joseph when they were still some miles from Bethlehem, and that an angel came to guide them along their way. As the Blessed Virgin was too weary to proceed any further, the heavenly messenger led the travellers to a cave by the wayside, where in bygone days Jesse, the father of David, had sheltered his sheep. Another version tells of their arrival at night in Bethlehem, when they vainly knocked at every door asking for shelter. The khan was full, but the porter, hearing that they belonged to the House of David, led them into the hallowed

at of the rocks, which was near the inn. The manger is generally placed in a straw shed at the entrance to a cave, and the country around is rocky.

Traditionary lore was in the keeping

conventional and symbolical manner. A good example of this traditional treatment is to be seen in our own gallery, No. 573, by Andrea Orcagna, of the Florentine School. It is quite



Photo by Alinari

THE NATIVITY.

After Fra Angelico.

of the Church, and early Christian art was under its tutelage, so we must always remember that the artist could not indulge freely in fancy. He was obliged to treat his subject in a

simple and thoroughly mediæval. Taddeo Gaddi and most of the painters of the *trecentisti* adopting the traditional methods of expression, failed to relieve the monotony or extend the range of

ideas. Giotto, in the Arena Chapel at Padua, had revealed keen observation of nature, but his more original treatment being constantly repeated, soon lost its force under his immediate successors.

Fra Angelico was one of the last

straw-covered shed placed outside the entrance to the cave; angels sing above, whilst the Madonna kneels in adoration. There is no joy of motherhood in her face; it is the pure and sinless countenance of one beheld in a vision.



Photo by Ainari.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

The Gentle in Italy.

Florentine artists to shake off the old influence, as his Nativity at San Marco cannot fail to reveal. There is a simple earnestness about the picture that is very characteristic of the holy monk; but we notice that truth of representation is carried only so far as is necessary for complete symbolism. There is the

Anything approaching naturalism is not thought of, symbolism reigns supreme. The indispensable animals, solemnly staring at each other, have never been studied at first hand, and reveal the saintly monk as incapable of coping with the lower creation.

It is a picture that deals exclusively



Photo by Alinari.

THE NATIVITY AND THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS.

After Domenico Ghirlandaio.

with religious ideas, it appeals to the soul and not to the eye, and we must judge it accordingly. Much more beautiful is the same artist's treatment of the Adoration of the Magi, in the National Gallery (No. 582). In this small example we can trace the delicacy of his spring-like colouring, his minute care of detail, his missal-like tendency. Although a rocky and inhospitable district, the ground is covered with gay flowers that have sprung up to receive the Lord of Life, a legend asserting that the vegetable world also bore witness to His divinity.

We may consider Gentile da Fabriano to be the first painter in whom we trace a strict departure from the Giottesque tradition, which had become very corrupt. We can trace in this early Renaissance painter the spirit of the humanists who left behind exclusively Church ideas, and began to think of Art for itself. In this artist we notice a great love for the joyous aspect of life, and some anxiety to represent things as they appeared to him. His rather worldly spirit is shown in the Adoration of the Magi, in the Galleria Antica e Moderna, Florence. We cannot help feeling that

the painter wishes chiefly to show off the detail of the retinue, the horses, pages, and elaborate trappings. Giotto would have treated such a subject very differently, bringing into more prominence the religious subject. This tendency to introduce elegant courtiers and richly-dressed ladies was further developed by Pisanello and his successors. Both Pisanello and Gentile reveal much fondness for animals.

Although there can be little doubt that Gentile da Fabriano showed a novel interest in the beauties of Nature, we cannot fail to notice that mediæval ideas predominate, and he belongs in a quite lesser degree to the new movement. He shows no signs of having paid attention to anatomy or perspective in any marked degree. In contrast with the Giottesque school we find greater freedom in the arrangement



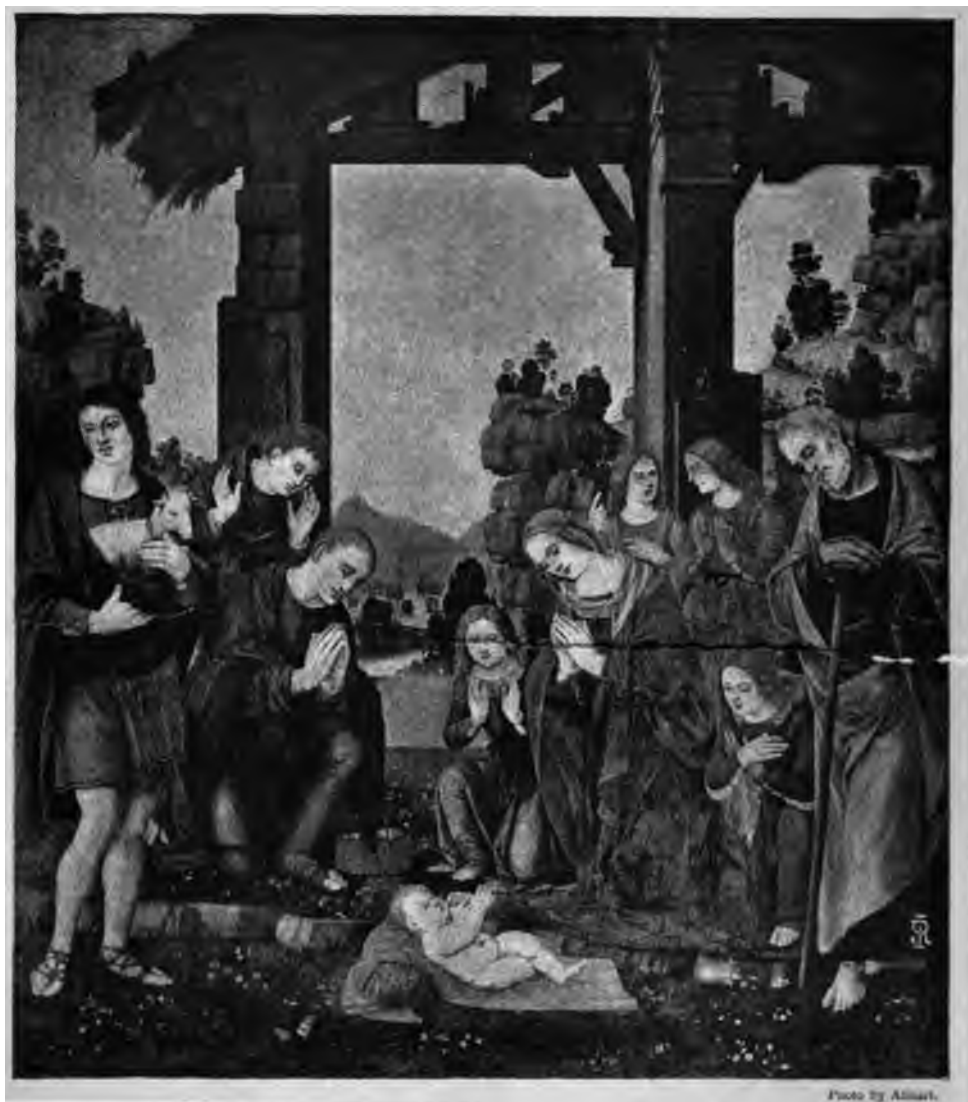
Photo by Alinari.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

After Domenico Ghirlandaio

of the figures, and the actions and poses. But he lacks the total interest shown in science by the sculptors who were his contemporaries, and was not affected by the classical revival. In architecture he

We can trace the influence of this picture in Benozzo Gozzoli's Adoration of the Magi, in the chapel of the Palazzo Ricardi. Although a pupil of Angelico, we find at once that Gozzoli had a



THE SHEPHERDS WORSHIPPING.

After Lorenzo di Credi

retains the Gothic forms. The colouring is rich, and the details exquisite. There is not lacking some fine feeling, and we are touched by the attitude of the Child, who lays His tiny hand on the head of the old white-bearded king.

love of Nature which was outside the province of the ecstatic monk, and he loved to represent crowded backgrounds with gorgeous pageants, a fine expression of his sympathy with life as it was seen with a kind of refined yet sensuous

enjoyment in the early Renaissance days.

A very original and beautiful Nativity is the one by Piero della Francesca in

own sake, appears apart from merely religious significance. The lines are flowing, the composition is complicated. Francesca was a great mathematician



Photo by Allnari.

THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS.

After Bernardino Luini

our National Gallery, No. 908. Art had now advanced considerably, and something more than painted symbolism is aimed at. The idea of picturesqueness, of beauty and form loved for their

and wrote on perspective, so that this picture displays much knowledge that was lacking before the time of Uccello, Masolino, and Masaccio. Being an Umbrian, he combined a mystical piety

with his art that gives an added charm. The group of angels, lightly touching their lutes and singing, the hilly landscape and the birds scattered here and there, the delicately modulated tones ; all these things impress us so that we are lost in admiration of the harmonious whole.

Botticelli's treatment of the subject (1,304 National Gallery) is full of meaning and originality, although on account of a certain confusion arising from an overcrowded picture it is not an altogether pleasing work. Yet it well repays close inspection and some thought. It was painted after the artist became a *piagnone* and shows the influence of Savonarola, who laid particular insistence on the reconciliation of God with sinners as the teaching of the Incarnation. In the sky a circle of enraptured angels rejoice over the salvation of the world. Immediately below is a dark grove of pines which Botticelli, being a profound student of Dante, doubtless meant to signify the tangled forest that represents human life. In the midst of it, reared on a white rock, we see the stable of Bethlehem, on the roof of which three angels (typifying Love, Innocence, and Hope) are singing. The lower part of the picture gives us three groups of angels and men embracing, suggesting the reconciliation of heaven and earth.

He has again dealt with the subject in a picture at Florence, with portraits of the Medici family, but in the midst of all the exultation, we realise that he is sad in spite of himself, and we cannot escape the inevitable vein of melancholy.

There is much to admire in Domenico Ghirlandajo's Adoration of the Shepherds, although it can claim little originality. The artist made ample use of the teaching of those who preceded him, and his technical skill was great, so that he produced works that could not fail to please. Indeed, he attained an extraordinary popularity in his day, and has always found many admirers, even in our own century, in spite of

Ruskin's indictment that he was "a goldsmith who painted." The Virgin kneels in meek adoration, whilst the Infant Saviour—pointing to His mouth with the traditional gesture that has reference to the Word of God—lies at her feet on a portion of her robe. Down the hillside, in the distance, come the Magi with their retinue. The artist indulged freely in the use of architecture ; and we notice, more particularly in his Adoration of the Magi (Florence, Capella dell' Ospizio degli Innocenti), how lavish he is in the use of rich Florentine costumes and the introduction of contemporary portraits. In the Magi picture there is treated the novel incident of two children being presented, on one side by St. John the Baptist, and on the other by St. John the Evangelist. In the background we have to the right the shepherds watching the herald angel, whilst to the left of the landscape the massacre of the Innocents is depicted.

Lorenzo di Credi was inspired with a genuine and most religious love of this subject. He frequently indulges in it, with greater reverence of treatment than was possible to Ghirlandajo. A most beautiful example is to be found at Florence. Amidst lovely flowers lies the Divine Child, whose head rests upon a sheaf of wheat, alluding to Him as the Bread of Life. Shepherds and angels stand near, or kneel in adoration. Especially beautiful is the youth who carries a lamb. It is a calm and holy scene, full of the piety that was a marked characteristic of the artist's own life. An almost over-conscientious finish marks the smallest detail.

More original and very striking is Luini's fresco of the Magi at Saronno. The aged Gaspar has a grand face ; he is kneeling to receive the Holy Child's blessing, whilst Balthazar presents his offering on the other side. Melchior is a negro, in accordance with tradition. The three kings represent old age, manhood, and youth, also the three races of mankind—Shem, Ham, and Japheth. A star gleams above the

stable, whilst in the distance is a curious procession, including horses, camels, and a giraffe.

influence of Perugino, also. the Paduan masters, there is much sweetness and serenity in these works. One of them



Photo by Aimari.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

After Bernardino Luini.

Painted in the intermediate style that immediately preceded the sixteenth-century masters are the Adorations by Francia at Bologna. Strongly under the

is an *ex-voto* picture painted for Bentivoglio, a red-cross knight who is praying among the shepherds. Each face is fixed on the Child in intense

concentration and reverent admiration, unmingled with human sympathies. Two goldfinches are perched on a spray near, and a plant of meadow-trefoil seems to symbolise the Trinity. Very tender and graceful is the other Nativity by Francia, somewhat feminine and lacking in power perhaps, but full of gentle harmony. Some critics (Crowe and Cavalcaselle, for instance) regard the devotional feeling as being on the surface, and a lack of life and glow a marked defect; yet Raphael declared that Francia's Madonnas were the most beautiful he had ever seen. A popular story—now discredited—is that the artist died of grief at seeing himself surpassed by the young Raphael.

Fiorenzo di Lorenzo introduces, with beautiful effect, an angel choir in his Nativity at Perugia. This charming picture is one of the happiest treatments we know of, including the best features of the highest art.

As Art expanded itself and became aware of its possibilities in the matter of composition, perspective and chiaroscuro, the Nativity was regarded more and more as a subject which lent itself to infinite variety of treatment, to expansion of gorgeous detail, and symbolism gave place to naturalism.

In the sixteenth century the simple and noble treatment of the earlier schools fell away. The religious ideal of the Middle Ages declined, Art shook off the old conventions and yielded to other impulses and aims than the illustration of the sacred event. The world had awakened from the deep sleep of mediævalism, showing a new enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and joy in the nascent world. The study of the antique helped towards that perfection of form which the mediæval artist had neglected, thinking only of purity of idea, and ever making human beauty subordinate to ascetic ardour and spiritual aspiration.

Religious laxity and a more human treatment is observable in the Nativities of the sixteenth century. The scene is

depicted in a frankly natural manner, following probability and ignoring traditional treatment. No longer does the artist try to crowd his picture with every incident in the Christmas story, in order that he may satisfy the ecclesiastical conscience, "composition" being now of primary importance. The unlikely is avoided, even though symbolism demand it, the nimbus departs, and the Virgin and infant Jesus are humanised. Instead of a devout Madonna, calm and adoring, we have an earthly mother full of human affection, and the Babe has no touch of the Divine to distinguish Him from other children.

As an example of this changed ideal we may study *La Notte* by Correggio (Lombard School) in the Dresden Gallery. Here is no hushed reverence, but a picture full of the artist's own particular sensuous charm. The Virgin is happy and smiling, of an innocent beauty and inherent grace. We are won by her irresistible tenderness, yet we are conscious of a posturing affectation, and we feel that in a lesser artist the subject might degenerate, until it indulged in exaggerated ecstasies and simpering prettiness. One of the shepherds is a big, burly man leaning on his staff, whilst the other, a youth, looks up with earnest and rapturous gaze. A charming feature of the picture is the presence of a woman who has accompanied the shepherds and brought two turtle doves in a basket. The scene is at night, but a supernatural radiance emanates from the Divine Infant, of dazzling brilliancy, if we may judge by the onlookers. In the sky we see a group of angels displaying the characteristic foreshortening in which this artist indulged, and which evoked the remark, "Ci avete fatto guazzetto di rane."¹ No one is kneeling in adoration. St. Joseph is busy tethering the ass, and a large dog takes a prominent position in the immediate foreground. There are no decorative qualities, such as were

¹ "You have made us a fricassee of frogs."

largely used by masters of Botticelli's type. Symbolism has vanished.

The Venetian School held out longest against the decline that began soon after

all the figures radiating from him, and everything else made subordinate. His Nativity also displays great originality. We have the scene in the upper loft of a



THE ADORATION OF THE CHILD JESUS.

After Francesco Francia

the death of Raphael, and Tintoretto's Adoration in the Scuola di San Rocco is a marvel of power. It is novel in treatment, the picture being something like a star, of which Christ is the centre,

stable, with the ox and ass below, also a peacock. The face of the Madonna is most beautiful. These works undoubtedly indulge in imaginative power unknown to the contemporary Paolo Veronese,

with whom the subject was a great favourite, the Magi giving him an opportunity, of course, of the highest type, and it is



From a Photo.

THE HOLY NIGHT.

After Correggio.

tunity of introducing splendid architecture and elaborate details dear to his splendour-loving genius. He was essentially a decorative painter, although, of course, of the highest type, and it is easily observable that he subordinated the religious to the decorative effect. His delight in rich colours, sumptuous

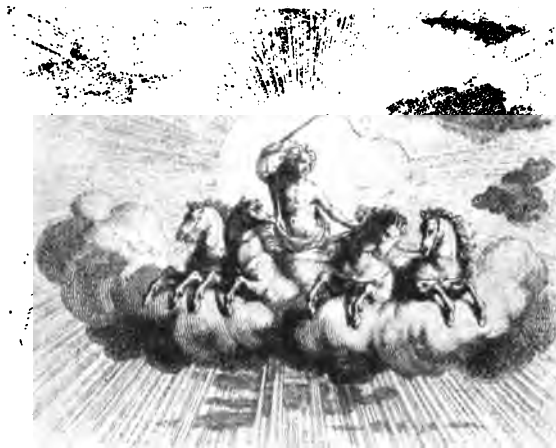
palaces, jewelled robes and impressive architecture made him choose the Adoration of the Magi in order to display his gift of painting.

The simple, pious Madonna is transformed into a vision of earthly beauty, clad in jewels, satin, and velvet. The ascetic ideal has gone, and the central fact of the Incarnation is too often lost sight of in the sumptuous accessories. When the simple noble treatment of the earlier schools fell away we find that not only luxuries but frivolities were introduced. We have the Nativity with variations that could well be dispensed with, such as a white dog springing at the ox (Cavallino), the diversion of a cat and a monkey (Mazzolino), and other incidents of a similar nature, all calculated

to withdraw the interest from the main subject.

Good taste revolts at this degradation of a great subject, and the lack of religious feeling that gave place to originality of a low type.

Yet we must remember that the Italian Masters never descended to the vulgar realism indulged in by other schools when dealing with this subject; they were not content, as were Rembrandt, Murillo, and Velasquez, with a mere group of peasant life, but ever sought to adorn and idealise; so that it is to these masters, with their inherent love of beauty and far-reaching insight, that we turn at Christmastide for fresh inspiration and a renewal of the spiritual life.





THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By NORA CHESSEON

THERE is a new star in the sky
That shepherds where the hills
were high
Beheld, and they were sore afraid.
There is a Jewish birthing-bed
That ox and ass stand watching by ;
And of it is the marvel said
That the child's mother is a maid.

No Jewish dame of high degree,
But born of humble folk is she ;
Her mother Anne for daily bread
Spun that her children might be fed.
Mary was pale and fair to see,
A white-rose woman, not a red,
And drooping was her gracious head.

They gave to a grey-haired man
For wife : and calm her life-days ran,
Filled full of work the whole year long ;
But they went smoothly like a song,
As once beside her mother Anne.
With prayer she met the cares that
throng,
In her great meekness she was strong !



She met beside the village well
An angel ; and it so befell
She did not faint for sudden awe,
But when the rosy wings she saw,
She brought him water in a shell
And said, " I have no more to give :
Drink, Mighty One, and bid me live."

" Lift up thine eyes, lift up thine heart,
Of women thou art set apart,
Maids love and wed and live content
But thou for nobler use art meant.
A pilgrim in God's way thou art,
Thou, Joseph's maiden wife, shalt be
Maid-mother of the Deity.

" Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace !"
His glory flamed upon her face,
And since that day her looks do bear
Such sweetness as God's angels wear
Who all day see Him in their place.
To-night the time is full : the air
Is bright with angels' wings and hair.

To-night in Bethlehem there lies
God 'neath a maiden mother's eyes :
Cattle and angels watching stand
For witnesses on either hand.
God has come down from His broad skies
And given unto earth His Son
Incarnate in this little one—
This little babe that sucks and cries
And knoweth not that He has come
To save the folk of Heathendom.





HOW I MADE THE LION ROAR

AND OTHER HUNTING ADVENTURES

By PAUL KRUGER

Ex-President

How the Ex-President made the Lion Roar

IT is of course quite impossible that I should be able to tell to-day how many wild beasts I have killed. It is not to be expected—especially as I have not been present at a big hunt for nearly fifty years—that I should remember the exact number of lions, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, giraffes, and other big game. Nor can I recall to my mind all the details connected with those hunts. But I know that I must have shot at least thirty to forty elephants and five hippopotami. And I know that I have killed five lions myself. When I went hunting I always took a companion with me, as well as good horses; and I made it a rule, whenever we went on a big hunting expedition, to allow two or three waggons of our poor people to accompany us, so that they might have the game.

How Young Kruger made the Lion Roar

I shot my first lion in the year 1839. I was then fourteen years of age. A lion had attacked our herds and robbed us of several head of cattle that were grazing by the banks of the Rhenoster River in what has since become the Orange Free State. Six of us started (I was the seventh, but did not count) to find that lion. We were all mounted and rode in parties of three, with a good distance between each two parties. The lion sighted us before we were face to face with him, and came on with a wild

rush. The three adults with whom I had come, my father, my uncle, and my brother, quickly tied the horses together, then turned them round with their heads in the opposite direction to that from which the lion was bearing down upon us. This is the regular procedure at a lion hunt; for if the horses catch sight of a lion, there is always a danger that they may get frightened and bolt.

My relatives placed us. I was told to sit behind—or, from the lion's point of view, in front of—the horses, with my rifle covering him. His last bound brought him close to me; then he crouched, with the intention, it seemed to me, to jump right over me on to the horses. As he rose, I fired. And so fortunate was my aim, that I killed him outright, and he nearly killed me in his turn, for he almost crushed me as he fell. My companions ran to my assistance; but I needed no help, for the lion was dead. It was a fine beast.

Hearing the shot, the other three hurried up, and then we all stood round the lion and talked the adventure over. A certain Hugo knelt down to measure the lion's teeth, which were extraordinarily big. Thinking no harm, I jumped on the lion's stomach. As I did so, the air shook with a tremendous roar, which so frightened Hugo that he forgot his teeth measurements and fell down flat upon his back. The others laughed loudly, for every hunter knows that *if you tread upon a lion's body within a short time of his death, he will give a short last roar as though he were still alive.* The

breath still in him being forced from the stomach through the throat produces the roar. Hugo of course knew this, but he had forgotten it, and was greatly ashamed of his fright. In fact, he was so angry that he turned on me to give me a good hiding. But the others stepped good-naturedly between us and made him see that it was only my ignorance and not my bad intention which had given him so great a fright.

I shot my second lion behind the Magaliesberg on the Hex River. My uncle Theunis Kruger and I were after a herd of antelopes when, my horse being done up, I was left behind, alone. Walking him, I came upon a herd of lions. Escape on a tired horse was out of the question. Suddenly one of the lions left the herd and made a dash for me. I allowed him to come within twenty paces and then shot him through the head. The bullet passed through the head into the body. The lion fell, his head turned from me; but rose almost immediately and returned to his companions, whilst I reloaded my rifle. However, when he had reached the herd, he fell down dead. Encouraged by my success, I fired upon the others. But in vain. They escaped to the nearest mountain, and I was not able to follow them. A few years later I had another encounter with a herd of lions, which had killed several of our oxen on this very spot. These also escaped into the same mountain; but I had the good luck to shoot two. My companions, who were not so swift of foot, lost their quarry.

I shot my fifth lion in the Lydenburg District on a trek towards the Elephant River. We were pursuing one that had robbed us of several oxen. I at that time possessed a good and faithful dog, who was my constant companion, and very useful when we went hunting. When he had found a lion in the bushes, he would bark and bark till the lion roared angrily back at him. When the dog saw me coming, he stood aside a little. Now the lion got ready for *me*;

but at the moment of springing, the dog seized him from behind, and a bullet at close quarters despatched him quickly. This was the fifth lion which I have killed singlehanded, although in company with others I have of course shot a great many more.

Elephant Hunting.

During a march against Moselikatze, who, a short time previously, had surprised and cut down our people, I was ordered to set out with a strong patrol from Womlerfontein, where we left our waggons, to reconnoitre the enemy's position. At Elephant's Pass, in the neighbourhood of Rustenburg, we came across a big herd of elephants. The pass owes its name to this encounter. My father hunted them, but Commandant Potgieter prevented him from shooting, as the enemy might be nearer than we knew. These were the first elephants I saw.

A Race for Life or Death.

I once nearly lost my life in a race with an elephant. One day, Adrison van Rensburg and I were in the veldt looking for elephants. Van Rensburg was behind me, when the first herd came in sight. I galloped on to get a good shot at them. I could not wait for van Rensburg, for the horse I was riding that day was a particularly spirited animal, and had the habit of running round me in a circle after I dismounted. This necessitated my quieting and holding him, and so some time was lost before I was ready to shoot. As I jumped down, one of the elephants caught sight of me, and came through the bushes as fast as it could go. At the moment of dismounting I knew nothing of my danger, and had not the least idea that an elephant was after me. Van Rensburg, however, saw everything, and called out as loudly as he could to warn me. I turned and saw that the elephant was flattening the bushes behind me with his heavy weight as he broke through the underwood. I tried to mount, but the

elephant was already upon me, and the weight of the underwood, trodden down and held together by the bulk of the elephant, pinned me to the ground. I found it impossible to mount. I let go of my horse, freed myself with a tremendous effort, and sprang right before and past the elephant. He followed, trumpeting and screaming, hitting out at me fiercely with his trunk. Now came a race for life or death. However, I gradually increased the distance between us; but that was a race I am never likely to forget.

The Kaffirs, who were with us, were at that time about a hundred yards away. When they saw what was happening, they too commenced running; so there we were: the Kaffirs first, I after them, and after me the elephant in furious pursuit. Whilst running, the idea came to my mind that I would catch the Kaffir who proved the poorest runner, and as the elephant bore down on him, step suddenly aside and kill it at close quarters. I had kept hold of my rifle, a big four-pounder. But the elephant was so tired out by this time, that he himself put a stop to the hunt by standing still. Just then van Rensburg came up, but his horse, putting a foot into a hole, grown over with grass, both rider and horse came down, for van Rensburg's foot had caught in the stirrup. Meanwhile the elephant had disappeared. After van Rensburg had found his legs again, I said to him—

"Hunt in that direction," pointing to it with my finger, "and try to catch my horse!"

The elephant in making his escape had first turned towards the north, then towards the west, the direction in which the herd had moved on. I said to van Rensburg—

"When you have found my horse, bring it after me. I will meantime follow the herd of elephants, and not lose sight of them till you join me."

I soon came up with the female elephant that had pursued me. The calf ran a little way behind her. I

passed it quickly to get near the mother; but it screamed when it saw me, and the mother, who turned round quickly at the cry, just caught sight of me as I jumped into the bushes. I ran as fast as I could through the underwood, and came suddenly upon van Rensburg, who had caught my horse.

"Here are tsetse flies," he said; "we must turn back."

"Very well," I answered, "you go on, but I must get a shot first at these elephants, who have given me so much trouble."

The mother and her calf had meanwhile disappeared, but before I made my way back I was so lucky as to shoot two of the herd. Unfortunately my horse, whose name was Tempus, had been stung by the poisonous flies, and shortly after our return, at the commencement of the rainy season, sickened and died.

A Panther Hunt.

When quite a youth I encountered a panther. My uncle Theunis, his son, and I were hunting antelopes (elands), near Tiger Fontein Farm, in the neighbourhood of Ventersdorp, and we soon found an antelope in the cover. My cousin rode in front and my uncle followed him; there was a distance of about forty yards between them. Suddenly a panther appeared and made for us at a furious rate, although we had given him no provocation whatever. He overtook my uncle, but a well-aimed shot from his rifle brought him to the ground at the very moment when he was leaping on to the horse which he was riding.

The Dog and the Lion.

A big lion hunt, in which we all took part, gave me the opportunity of witnessing a remarkable instance of fidelity on the part of a dog. We had a whole pack of hounds with us. When they had found the herd of lions, they surrounded it, barking furiously. One of the hounds would go no further from us

than about twenty paces. There he remained barking ; but nothing could induce him to join the hounds—he was too frightened to do that, and too faithful to leave us. One of the lions made for us, and then—the poor terrified hound was the only one who did not run away. He stuck to his post. He trembled and howled with fear—to say nothing of more visible signs of distress—and every second he looked round anxiously at his master to see if he were still there, hoping, I dare say, that he would fly, and that the dog might follow at his heels. But the master stayed, and so the dog stayed. The lion was within ten paces of the dog when we shot him. And even now the timid dog was the only one of all the noisy pack who attacked him as he fell under our fire. He nearly died of fear, but remained at his post for love of his master.

How Paul Kruger did not Drown the Buffalo.

I brought down my first buffalo very near the spot where I first met the elephants. A flying herd of buffaloes came up from the valley by the bank of the stream. We hunted them, and I led. A buffalo-cow left the herd and made a rush for me as I jumped from my horse in order to shoot. I was ready, however, and when she had come very near I shot her through the shoulder. The impetus of her onset knocked me down, and she rushed on over my body, fortunately without stepping on me. She took refuge on the opposite bank of the river, where we killed her. My next adventure with buffaloes took place near Bierkraalspruit farm. The under-wood was from four to five feet high, and contained a number of buffaloes. Six of us came to hunt them. I forced my way alone through the bushes to see if it was possible to get a shot there, and passed a herd of buffaloes without being aware of them ; but before long I came right upon a second herd of the beasts. A big buffalo at once turned his attention to me, but fortunately his horns

were so wide apart that in butting, trees and bushes got mixed up between them, which not only broke the force of his attack, but hid me very effectually, if only for a few moments, from his sight. Trying to get out of the wood, I found myself suddenly amongst the herd which I had passed a little while ago, without noticing them at the time. Even now I only realised the position when I ran right up against a buffalo that was just getting up from the ground. Angered at being disturbed, the beast tore my clothes from my back. My comrades took the hoof of the buffalo for his horns, as they stood outside the wood, so high did he raise it in attacking me. Fortunately I escaped with a fright.

My brother-in-law, N. Theunissen, and I were hunting near Vleeschkraal in the Waterburg District, when I had a most unpleasant encounter with a buffalo. I had hit one, and he had escaped into the densely growing thorn-bushes. As it was impossible to follow on horse-back, I gave my horse in charge of my brother Nicholas, and followed the buffalo on foot. The great thing was not to lose sight of him in the thick undergrowth. Believing myself to be the pursuer, I was unpleasantly startled to find him suddenly facing and attacking me. I got ready to shoot, but my flintlock missed fire, so I had to run for it. The rains had been heavy, and just behind me was a big swamp into which I fell as I jumped out of the enraged beast's way. The buffalo fell in after me, and stood over me threateningly before I had time to rise.

My rifle was in the water and useless ; but, fortunately for me, as the buffalo butted at me he rammed one of his horns fast into the ground of the swamp, where it stuck. I got hold of the other and tried with all my strength to get the animal's head under the water and so suffocate him. It was a difficult thing to do, for the horn was very slippery on account of the slimy water, and I needed both hands and every atom of strength

I had to keep his head under. When I felt it going I disengaged one of my hands to get at the hunting-knife, which I carried on my hip, in order to rid myself of my antagonist. But if I could not hold the brute with two hands, I certainly could not hold him with one, so he freed himself with a final effort. He was in a sad plight, however, nearly suffocated and his eyes so full of slime that he could not see. I jumped out of the swamp and hid behind the nearest bush, and the buffalo ran off in the opposite direction. My appearance was no less disreputable than that of the buffalo, for I was covered from head to foot with mud and slime. Theunissen, hearing the row we made, knew there was something amiss, but he could not come to my assistance. It was impossible to get through the undergrowth of thorns on horseback.

When I had cleaned myself down a little, I got on the track of the rest of the herd, and was lucky enough to shoot two.

Concerning Rhinos.

My first rhinoceros I encountered on a patrol-ride during our expedition against Moselikatze. As I was slightly in advance of the others, my uncle Theunis Kruger gave me permission to fire, and I was so fortunate as to bring him down with the first shot. I had an ugly experience the next time that we hunted rhinoceros. I must mention here, that we had made an agreement by which the one who behaved recklessly or allowed game which was merely wounded to escape through cowardice should receive a sound thrashing. There was something wrong with my rifle on the morning we started, and I was obliged to take an old two-barrelled gun, one barrel of which was injured, consequently its range was considerably lessened. I knew that a shot was thrown away on a rhinoceros unless you managed to send it through the thin part of its skin. We came across

three of them, a bull and two cows. They were *Witharnosters*,¹ most dangerous brutes. I told Theunissen to follow the two cows and not to lose sight of them. It was my intention to kill the bull, and then join in pursuit of the cows. My comrade fired from time to time to let me know where he was, for he was soon out of sight in the thick undergrowth of the wood. When I had passed the rhinoceros I jumped from my horse to shoot him. I placed myself so that he had to pass me within ten paces; this would give me a good opportunity to hit him in a vulnerable place. One bullet killed him outright. I mounted and rode as fast as I could go in the direction whence I heard Theunissen's gun, loading my rifle as I galloped. He had just sent a second bullet into one of the cows as I came up. The brute stood quite still. I saw that the second animal was trying to get away through the underwood, which was less dense here than anywhere else, and I went after her. As I rode past my comrade he called out--

"Don't dismount in front of the beast; she's awfully wild, and can run like anything."

I did not pay much attention to the warning, knowing Theunissen to be over-cautious, but jumped off my horse and ran obliquely past the rhinoceros. She had scarcely caught sight of me before she was in hot pursuit. I allowed her to come within a distance of three or four yards. The percussion-cap missed fire, and there was no time for a second shot, since the animal was close upon me, and nothing to be done but to turn round and run for dear life. In attempting to do so, my foot struck against the thorn roots, and I came down flat on my face. The beast was upon me; the dangerous horn just missed my back; she pinned me to the ground with her nose, intending to trample

¹ *Rhcnoster* is the Afrikander for rhinoceros. *Witharnoster* is a white rhinoceros.—*Translator's Note.*

me to death. But at that moment I turned under her and got the contents of the second barrel full under the shoulder-blade, right into her heart. I owed my life to not letting go my hold on the gun during this dangerous adventure. The rhinoceros sprang away from me, but fell dead within a few yards.

My brother-in-law hurried up as fast as he could, for he thought I had got mortally wounded by my own gun in this deadly combat. When he saw, however, that I was standing up safe and sound, he took his sjambok, and "according to agreement" commenced to belabour me soundly, because I had, according to him, acted recklessly in disregarding his warning. Good words and attempts to justify my conduct were thrown away on him; I had to take my hiding. But it was the first and the last time that he had occasion to thrash me.

How the Rhino. got away, but the Hunter lost his Thumb.

In the year 1845, my two brothers and I were making a halt near Sekukuni's "town," not far from the place where the Spekboom River joins the Steelpoort River, in the northern Transvaal. We outspanned, and I went in the course of the day on to the veldt to shoot some game. I was mounted, and carried my big four-pounder. After about an hour's ride I came across a rhinoceros and fired, but only succeeded in wounding the animal, which fled into the wood. I dismounted quickly, ready to shoot again, but moved only a few steps away from the horse, as in case the rhinoceros should turn, intending to attack me, it would be necessary to remount at once. I succeeded in getting a second shot, but at that very moment my rifle exploded just where I held it with my left hand. The lock and the ramrod lay before me on the ground and the barrel of the gun behind me. I had no time to think, for the furious animal was almost upon me; so

I jumped on my horse and galloped away as fast as I could, the rhinoceros in fierce pursuit, until we came to the ford of a small brook, when my pursuer came to the ground and so allowed me to ride quietly in the direction of our waggons. During the next day our people, guided by the traces of my horse, went to the spot, and there they found the rhinoceros still alive, and, following the trail of blood, discovered the remains of the rifle and my thumb.

My hand was in a horrible state. The great veins were torn asunder and the muscles lay exposed. The flesh was hanging in strips. I bled like a slaughtered calf. I had succeeded in tying a big pocket-handkerchief round the wound whilst riding, to save the horse from being splashed with blood. When I got to the waggons my wife and my sister-in-law were sitting by the fire, and I went up to them laughing to prevent their being frightened. My sister-in-law pointed to my hand, which looked like a big piece of raw meat, the handkerchief being saturated with blood.

"Look what fat game brother Paul has been shooting!" she said.

I called out to my wife to go to the waggon and fetch some turpentine, as I had hurt my hand. Then I asked my sister-in-law to take off my pouch-belt, and she saw that my hand was torn and noticed how white I was, for I had hardly any blood left in my body. I kept on renewing the turpentine bandages, for the turpentine contracts the veins and so stops the bleeding.

I sent my youngest brother—he was still really young at the time—to borrow as much turpentine as he could get from the nearest farm. They were about half an hour's distance from us. Herman Potgieter, who was afterwards so cruelly murdered by the Kaffirs, came over to us with his brother. The former got into the waggon, and when he saw the wound he cried out—

"That hand will never heal; it is an awful wound!"

He had to get down again as quickly

as possible, for he was nigh fainting. But his brother said, possibly to comfort me—

“Nonsense, I have seen worse wounds than that; get plenty of turpentine.”

We inspanned and got to the farm, and every one there advised me to have the hand amputated; but I would not let myself be mutilated of my own free will. The two joints of what was once my thumb had gone, but it turned out that it would be necessary to remove a piece of bone. I took my knife, intending to perform the operation, but they took it away from me. I got hold of another a little later and cut across the ball of the departed thumb and removed as much as was necessary. The worst bleeding was over, but the operation was a very painful one. I had no means to deaden the pain by narcotics, so I tried to persuade myself that the hand on which I was performing

this surgical operation belonged to somebody else.

The wound healed very slowly. The women sprinkled finely-sifted sugar on it, and from time to time I had to remove the dead flesh with my pocket-knife, but after all mortification set in. Every means we employed seemed useless, for the black marks had got up as far as the shoulder. Then they killed a goat, took out the stomach and cut it open. I put my hand into it whilst it was still warm. This Boer remedy succeeded, for when it came to the turn of the second goat, my hand was already easier and the danger much less. The wound was hardly healed in six months' time, and before it was quite healed I was out hunting.

I account for the healing power of this remedy through the fact that the goats usually graze near the Spekboom River, where all sorts of herbs grow in abundance.



LIFE IN A DUTCH VILLAGE

Written and Illustrated from the Life

By VIRGINIA BLANCHARD

FOR him who loves the sea, next to spending his life on its waters, the best thing is living in Holland, where he may look out on a wide area of low lands, with only the great dark bat-like wings of the windmills breaking the skyline, and in the distance the shadowy outlines of a city lying low on the horizon.

Villages in South Holland are much alike in general; it is only to the resident of a particular one, who knows all its personal characteristics, and individual life and history, that it becomes something more than a group of low, red-tiled, and grey-thatched gabled roofs on the edge of a little river, with a fleet of brown sails passing to and fro. The church with its pointed spire; the windmill, gaunt and terrifying in its bigness; the little inn with its black and gold swinging sign of "*Koffie-huis*"; its groups of idle men, smoking; its white-capped *vrouws* and children in their wooden shoes become something more than a fleeting picture.

Such a little Dutch hamlet lies this side of picturesque Dordrecht on the river Waal.

There are all grades of society on the Waal, and the little village in question offers many different types of the Dutch woman.

There are the "ladies" of the "*Dominé*" and the Doctor. They are addressed as "*Mevrrouw*," and Eva, who is the gossip of the village, will tell you that they neither work nor wear *klompen*; that they are "born ladies" while the women of the rest of the village are "only farmers' *vrouws*." Their fathers and fathers' fathers were not born here

and their mothers never wore the national costume, so, though they are respected, they are alien. It is the prosperous *vrouw*, the wife of the farmer with the most land and the greatest number of cattle, who is the real autocrat. She wears her beautiful lace cap and gold "*Krullen*" (which cost two hundred gulden and are precious heirlooms) as a mark of her rank and dignity. She works only in her own home, and then with the assistance of maids and "work *vrouws*." She will tell you her family is "an old family and very proud;" that she can "na" do this and can "na" do that because of the position of her "family." She goes "coffee-drinking" at noon with her friends, and entertains at four o'clock tea. She gives liberally to charity, and the poor are never turned away empty from her door. Her hospitality is Oriental in its catholicity—like the Islamite commanded by Allah to open his door to all strangers, she is never unprepared for a guest. Since the day when she was arrayed in her black satin wedding gown (the Dutch peasant woman apparently has no illusions and wears black for her wedding) and went from her father's red-tiled farmhouse to that of her husband, she has ever been the jealous guardian of her dignity and responsibilities as the *vrouw* of a "rich" farmer. She is placid, phlegmatic, and, unlike the Marthas of other nations, is not "troubled about many things," so she is content and cheerful.

The "work *vrouw*" is a less fortunate member of village society. Usually she is the wife of a farmer who is employed



THE THOUGHTFUL MOTHER.

(Reproduced from an oil painting.)

on another's farm, or perhaps of a "ne'er do well" who does not work at all. She wears a tight-fitting knitted cap, the usual polonaise with its wide, full skirts open in front above a black skirt which is the beginning of an indefinite series of varying brevity, thus displaying her ankles which are seldom trim. Altogether she presents a comic outline

as she goes sailing along the *fromendijk* in her short skirts, the tails of her polonaise blowing in the wind, and her great white *klompen* making a regular clack! clack! clack! accompaniment to her locomotion. She has broad, square shoulders, strong enough to carry the wooden yoke, so much in use in Holland for carrying pails and baskets as well as

other burdens. You may see her with her water pails at the river ; with her great brass bottles bringing home the milk from the pasture ; with the big baskets of household goods swinging from her shoulders as she assists the trained dogs to move the household gods to another shrine. The trained dogs are an important factor in the economic scheme of things. The great yellow brutes are used, like donkeys in so many countries, as the universally despised but necessary beast of burden. When one sees a woman with her great

yoke, trotting by the side of the dog harnessed to the cart, one sometimes wonders which is the least enviable lot ; but when one learns that the only reward of the dog is bread spread with pork fat, and that of the woman is potatoes and greens, the preference would seem to be in favour of greens.

The women who work in the flax are, as a rule, a coarse type and very poor. They are sometimes rather pretty, in a buxom way, with red cheeks, square figures, and fair or copper-coloured hair. Their stolid expression has something of



A WORK VROUW.

the same charm as that of the cows which gather at the gates of the pasture lands and fill the twilight with their plaintive lowing.

The life of the flax-worker is a hard one. In the morning as early as three o'clock an old peasant, whose time of active service in "the *landes*" is past, goes about the village rapping on all the doors, calling in his harsh guttural voice with its queer crack, "Arie, man, get up! out to the *landes*, man!" Then lights begin to flicker under the low roofs, and a little later, when the good *vrouw* has given his tea and bread to "her man"; and the "work *vrouw*" has gotten hers for herself, one can see, from the gable window in the roof, groups of men and women, boys and girls, clad in their faded blues and browns, clattering their white *klompen* on the road. They chatter, chaff and gossip in that loud, harsh tone which, to the unaccustomed ear of the foreigner, sounds like violent quarrelling, but which, on being translated, is found to be most amiable badinage.

The hardest phase of the life of the flax-worker is in the "flax-barns," as they are called, where the outer dry coat of the flax is thrashed off, leaving it soft and flexible like long strands of hair. When the flax has been gathered, and after it has been sunk on rafts in the canals to soak, it is drawn up amid an awful odour of decayed vegetable matter, and taken to the barns where it is dried and thrashed, either in the old way by

hand or by the more modern method of machinery. In either place, whether it is in the long dark barn, where the



GOING TO THE RIVER.

workers sit flat on the floor in rows on either side beating a bunch of flax with a

wooden, fan-shaped paddle, or in the modern mill where the hungry machinery is fed by hand—in either place the same awful fog of silver-grey dust envelopes everything. After a long service in the flax-farms the voice becomes affected and an old worker will tell you he is "short of breath because of the flax in his lungs."

In South Holland the history of the domestic life is written in flax; according to the success or failure in its farming do families rise or fall. There are other things, of course—the products of the gardens, the milk and butter and cheese, the paper mills, and the sheep; but the flax farming is the corner-stone, the foundation on which all other industries rest.

My *vrouw* once said to me in a tone of philosophic resignation, "You see it is 't'is' way. You can make oh, such 'goot' money 'wit' t'e' flax, and you can loose oh, so much."

Thus it was owing to the failure of the flax some eleven years before that I came to be an inmate in that little Dutch farmhouse, which looked absurdly small and dependent as it nestled close to the great black barn, with its sloping roof. My first impression of that vast roof when I came to this primitive "*pension*"—a roof which sloped almost to the level of the earth on either side—was one of picturesque prodigality of green-grey thatch and space; but when a storm swept in its fury over the unprotected land from the North Sea one night in March, then I knew the wherefore and was thankful for the shelter of that great roof. It was no ordinary land storm groaning and gnashing its teeth among gnarled oaks, but a regular terror of the high seas, roaring and bellowing like an uncaged beast let loose in its fury, as though the whole vast expanse of heaven was not big enough for its wrath.

The Dutch peasant lives in a state of placid, phlegmatic expectation of danger, his combative instinct ever on the defensive. When it storms in the night he gets up, dresses, lights the inevitable pipe and waits. If the lightning strikes

his barn or that of his neighbour, he will be ready to do his part in fighting the flames which would destroy that treasure-house of their simple life. His *vrouw* is no less prepared. She dons her best green polonaise, smooths her fair hair very tight and slick, covers it with the black cap which fits close to the head and which holds in place the wonderful gold spirals which ornament her fair temples like glittering horns, then she carefully puts over it the sheer white cap with its great full wings. She is ready! no disaster shall overtake her and find her in physical or mental *déshabille*. Perhaps, if she has a truly Dutch conscience with reference to household matters she will unlock those great drawers in the old chest and see that all the precious linen hoarded in her married life is in place; that the beautiful garnet brooch, with *krullen* pins to match, which Van der Veer gave her when they were married seventeen years ago, is in the little box of blue cotton, which in turn is kept in a big brass box with a padlock. She reflects with pride that this box is as bright as the sun; perhaps she will even get a dust-cloth and touch up, here and there, unsuspected corners, so that if anything happens, Eva across the way, who has ever a ready tongue for criticism, may not be able to say that there was dust on the right-hand corner (next to Herr Van der Veer's photograph) of the great chest in Moika's house.

When the storm is past they go back to their peaceful slumbers in the bed in the wall, the little cupboard doors of which are kept closed all day and give no hint of the spotless linen curtains and counterpane, nor of the white painted step which is used to scale its heights.

Saturday! Such a smell of soap! My dear Dutch *vrouw* wears an expression which I have learned to recognise as the forerunner of a great domestic rite. She believes, as this earthly life is a preparation only for the hereafter, so the preceding week-days are to every Sunday, and

Saturday is the special purgatory, the final trial by soap and water, through which all good housewives must pass before attaining the peace of the Sabbath.

brushes and pails and whitewash waged against an invading army of dust fiends.

The "work *vrouw*," arriving early after her six o'clock cup of tea, and with a fearful clatter of her old tongue



A FLAX WORKER.

In the small hours, when the world is still dark, its quiet is disturbed by the scraping of the scrubbing-brush and the regular splash, splash of the water! Then the day has begun. The sounds continue and increase with the dawn, growing in intensity until they become a furious onslaught—a battle of soap and water,

as well as of her brush and pail, begins the scrubbing of the outside walls of the little house.

The pretty maid has a look of determination and steady purpose in her pale eyes which would put to flight a whole army of microbic imps. Her cheeks are as red as apples while she

beats the carpets, pounds the featherbeds, and rubs the furniture. She washes the walls, she washes the

washed, and the walks have been raked and smoothed and patted until it would be a bold and reckless foot which would

dare to displace a single pebble! One wonders at the temerity—the absolutely shameless shiftlessness—of an apple tree which dares to shed its blossoms in that garden!

In the rabbit barn are the Belgian hares which are his pride. "Eat one? Never!" He sells them, he will tell you, because he must—it is one of the many, the almost innumerable industries of a country which turns every talent into ten—but eat them himself, "*Neen, neen!*" nor yet his white ducks which come at his strange, outlandish call, swimming along the little moat under the willows, while he chides and admonishes each individually like children.

Peace for another week! the dread day

is past—but not if there is a new boarder to arrive in the middle of it. The same thing will be repeated on Tuesday if a "lady" (with the most flattering accent on the word) is to arrive. Once, dreading the upheaval, I had dared to keep the knowledge of such an event to myself until the very afternoon of the evening it was to transpire. I trembled with apprehension as the time approached when I could no longer withhold my knowledge.

"You are to have a new boarder, *vrouw*," I said, quaking.

She beamed, and folding her plump hands over her portly figure said, "So? —when?"

"To-night; I —"

"To-night!" her face, which was



A YOUNG VROUW.

ceilings, and she scrubs the floors. When the house is complete, when it reflects a myriad lights in its shining surfaces from the gable of its sloping roof to the front door stone; then Sijgje goes out to the diminutive moat which surrounds all Dutch houses, and gathering the splendid brasses of the establishment about her, begins that picturesque occupation which we see in so many paintings of Holland—cleaning brass. She must put each thing in its particular place on the blue and white tiled wall and then the kitchen will need only the *vrouw* in her freshly starched and ironed cap to make the picture a perfect one.

The Heer has been in his garden all day, and every little strip of wood which divides its pretty beds is carefully white-



SIJGJE.

very round, looked like a moon in eclipse.

"Why, yes, to-night," I said, growing red with the sense of my guilt.

Her expression said plainly, "*Et tu, Brute?*" and her lips, "And you never told me?"

What could I say? I could not in cold blood confess that my feeble human nature hankered for its native dust, and

that, coming from the very tropical luxuriousness of it in France, the relentless rigour of her Dutch cleanliness blighted and withered me like a blast from the Arctic regions; that soap was abhorrent to me (when it involved moving my possessions from their improper places to proper ones); that my morning nap was more to me than the splendour of my walls and the brilliancy

of my little square window-panes ; so I could only hang my head in speechless confusion, while she went out of the room like a North Sea cyclone, her white cap standing out in ominous lines about her wrathful face and the tails of her polonaise blowing horizontal in the draught of the door she opened and shut with a bang.

I took myself and my book to the boat which is always moored on the river in the front of the house, and soon I saw the dining-room stove being carried out for an attack on its sooty vitals, and I knew then that not even deceit and base subterfuge could avert the disaster of a mid-week cleaning.

A Sabbath quiet prevails in Holland all the seven days of the week, but on Sunday only the clanging of the bell in the old *kerk* steeple calling the devout little village to the Sabbath meeting breaks the stillness.

They pour out from the *straat* of the village to the *promendijk*, all in their Sunday costumes. The *vrouws* are in full attire for public functions. Conventional hats and bonnets of every hue and shape known to the feminine art—copies of the real Parisian thing by Dordrecht milliners—are perched with uncompromising precision on the tops of their really beautiful national head-dress of lace. Men and women alike have discarded the wooden *klompen* for velvet slippers.

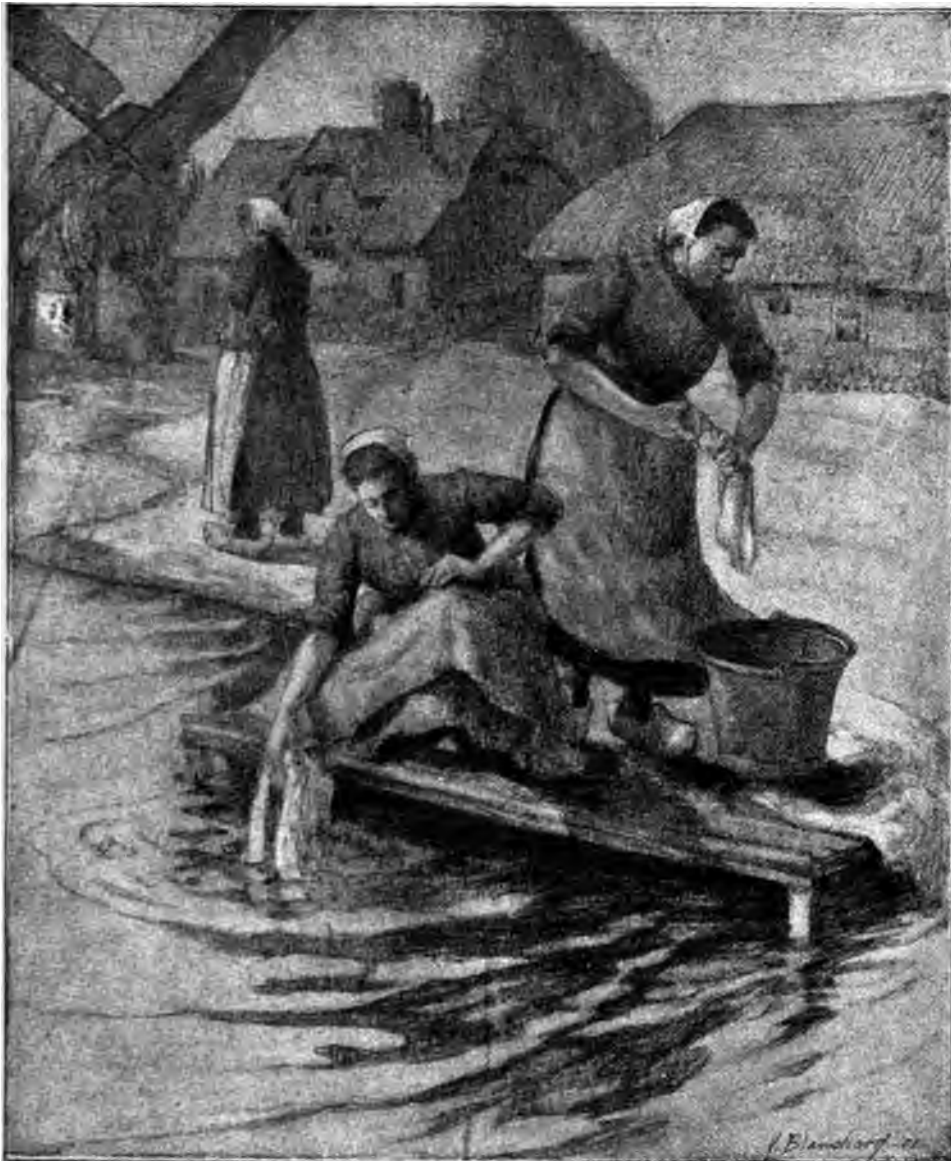
In the bare, ugly *kerk* they sit rigid and impassive before their beloved *Dominé*; the only act of worldliness permissible is the passing around of a tiny silver box—often very old and of a beautiful design—for a sniff at the little Cologne-soaked sponge it contains. This act is considered a necessary and feminine antidote for the tobacco habit of the men.

Sunday afternoon is a time set aside for social intercourse, but in this most Protestant Holland even neighbourly visits are tinged with religious dignity on the Sabbath.

My *vrouw* and "her man" go out for a neighbourly call, both very white and stiff as to linen, very grave as to expression—they have put away week-day smiles with all other worldly things, and their usually cheerful faces have an almost forbidding severity. Later they will return to receive their own guests, who arrive promptly, and, after a hand-shaking all around, draw up to the table for afternoon tea. In the evening the latest bride and groom come to call, and the village carpenter (who is reputed to "make 'goot' money" and to like to keep it) and also the *vrouw's* young brother, who is famed for his knowledge of the languages. The *vrouw*, with a great rattling of her keys, brings out her solid silver spoons, her lovely wine-glasses, and her treasured red wine. The guests sweeten the wine with a little sugar, which is passed around, and healths are drunk to every one present; *snoepgoed* are eaten, while the wine is sipped between subdued bursts of laughter and village gossip.

Delightful day! to which the whole week forms only a wearisome prelude. But all things must come to an end, and the drab-coloured joys of a Dutch Sabbath are followed by the more picturesque rites of "wash-day."

In the early hours, when the flax workers have clattered by on their way to "the *landes*," and those weird and almost terrifying double vowels and *ij's* have died on the air, another sound floats into the dreamy consciousness of the lady boarder in the front room under the red roof, one of measured beats on a hard surface, and she knows even in her dreams that with every repetition of that sound goes a button or a lace edge of her most cherished Parisian lingerie! Later, when she comes down to breakfast, the day's work is well on its way, and all along the river are groups of women rinsing the week's laundry. With their sleeves rolled up, their fine strong arms red with the cold of the early spring, the wind blowing their skirts and the sun flecking their white



MONDAY MORNING.

burdens, they make an interesting picture.

Long before noon the banks of the little river are white with the linen spread out to bleach in the sun.

With market day the important days of the week are over until another Saturday. On Tuesday morning there is a general outpouring of the village—both feminine and masculine—to Rotter-

No. 231. December, 1902.

dam. They are dressed for a day in the city, and present much the same appearance as they do on Sunday. Many walk to the nearest station, while those who have extensive purchases to make go all the way to town with the dog-cart. The poor brutes start out at a lively, well-trained trot, their only burden the gaily costumed young *vrouwe*, who perches on the side of the small cart, her feet dangling over the wheels. The big,

R

strapping young fellow walking at the side of the cart and driving the dogs has left the plough for a day's business in the great port. He will return laden with the week's necessities, and, perhaps, some choice pieces of brass and china from the second-hand booths which fill the square of the market *straat*.

When they return to the village the men gather in front of the *Koffiehuus*, and smoking their pipes, gossip about the affairs of the world, news gathered at the great port, and the *vrouws* at home display to their envious neighbours the result of the day's shopping.

Nothing is more delightful than an evening chat with the *vrouw*. She sits in the armchair by the stove, her feet on the *stoofjes*—a little square wooden box which contains a pot of live coals—her fingers busy with the knitting needles. She is proud of her country,

and its great history is a favourite topic.

"You 'reed' in 't'e' history about 't'at' war 'w'it' Spain, hey?" she inquires. "We had 't'em' here a long time, hey?"

"And Napoleon, we had him here a long time too, hey?" she interrogates her audience, arching her already round eyebrows.

"But Napoleon built your splendid roads," I remind her.

"Oh, 'ya'"—pursing up her mouth and knitting violently—"he built 't'em,' but *we* paid for 't'em,' hey?" and with this unanswerable argument she considers the subject closed.

And so the days pass, and the weeks and the months, until one forgets to be surprised at the point of view, amused by the quaint customs, and delighted with the picturesqueness of the little Dutch village on the Waal.



A LITTLE GOLD HEART

By ARTHUR MONTAGU

"TWENTY soldari too little," he murmured.

It lay in the jeweller's shop, amid rings and jewels of some value—in the shop of one Tonio Michaelandrio, otherwise Tonio the Jew, of Ferrara, dealer in works of art. In the same window reposed twelfth century daggers and stilletos, heavy basket-handled swords, wrought and fashioned with all the craftsman's loving care — weapons whose long, sleek blades flashed of intrigue, treachery, and death; till, in spite of their heavy damascening, you looked expectant for the blood to ooze that once had tinged their polished sides. Antiques, vases, gems, phials, that perhaps once held the deadly draughts of Lucrezia or the sleep-giving potions of many a hapless Juliet, were piled and arranged in regardless confusion. Greek goddesses in silver, bronze, or marble, and dainty *amorata* jostled in shameless confusion with crucifix, saint, or pieta. Mercury, Bacchus, and a pair of satyrs played their pipes and cracked their jokes round a silver bambino; while Circe, in negligent attire, stood on her toes and waved her awe-compelling wand over a prostrate group of the Three Wise Men.

It was a curious medley. Here an intaglio, there a pair of snuffers and some shoe buckles. Here a snuff-box, adorned with the miniature of a fair lady with blue eyes and yellow curls—evidently English—the relic probably, for the white cockade peeps out from the clusters of her golden hair, of some luckless cavalier who risked all fate and

fortune in the luckless Jacobite cause and died in poverty and exile. And there—by a heap of coins, a string of glass beads, and more statuettes, diminutive saints and pietas—lay the little gold locket.

The boy whose brown eyes were fixed upon it so eagerly, so covetously, whose thin, pale olive face seemed glued to the pane that so jealously guarded the coveted treasure, held in his hand, tightly clasped, some coins.

"Twenty soldari too little," he murmured in his gentle, melancholy voice, as his face still hugged the pane.

He was the little fiddler who, accompanied by a little girl, might be seen sometimes sunning himself in the square or on the outskirts of the town, gazing wistfully where a stretch of olive-field and vineyard ran on from the cool green to meet the sky and the distant purple beyond, but chiefly, at the show in the Theatre del Piombo in the poor quarter. He travelled with a troupe of acrobats and pantomimists who went from fair to fair, village to town, and town to village, and who had hired themselves to the proprietor of the theatre for the season. Last year they had been here, and he had seen and coveted the little heart to give as a present to—little Fifine, the impresario's daughter, his little playmate and his only friend in the world. So, for a year, he had saved, and saved, and money had not been plentiful with him, for the maestro, Fifine's father, required all they could earn beyond their bare keep to buy him sour wine and to play *mora*. But at last his feet stood on the same glad spot where he had before seen the coveted

treasure, lying in the Jewish curiosity dealer's shop.

To-morrow they would leave Ferrara again to set out on their travels. At last he had summoned courage to enter, almost trembling as if on the brink of Purgatoria as he opened the door, and the great bell clanged above and shook and wagged its head at him. And now—and now—he had *twenty soldari too little*—and to-morrow they would be gone.

He dashed his curls from his eyes with a moist back hand. "*Ebbene!* Well! what did it matter? He must wait." But as he turned away his gaze still fell hungrily on the little gold heart.

"*Per Bacco!*" exclaimed a tall, lean man of prosperous appearance to his fellow, in passing. "Look at that lad's eyes."

"He looks starved," said his companion, and he threw the lad a gold piece. "Hi, my lad!" he cried pleasantly.

Cecco faced him. "Are you hungry?" Hungry! His lips were mute, but his welling eyes sought the trinket.

"The scaramouche's trick! Behold him gaze in poetry that finds no speech."

"Because there is none there, nor sense," laughed the other lightly, throwing the lad a gold piece.

The boy gazed as in a dream. *Santa miracolo!* Had the Saint Francis in the shop window heard his prayers and come to life? But the figure still stood as if expounding, not to the birds, but to a smiling hussy of a bacchante who laughingly displayed her alabaster charms to the gaze of the austere and sad-eyed stucco figure.

"A thousand blessings, Signor," cried the boy after the long black figure, as the two men strode down the narrow street.

"Ha! ye have loosed the young rascal's tongue," laughed the younger.

"Yes, with a golden key," responded the elder satirically.

The boy gazed long and reverently after the two figures as they turned away down the long street. "*San Dio!* Verily, it must be San Francis. Who else knew of his dire need?"

A gold piece! Now he could buy the locket, and—for he was a good boy and pious—a big candle for the good saint who had sent it. He entered the shop with a beating heart and secured his purchase. The Jew eyed him and the gold coin alike searchingly, till the boy blushed hot. But a customer was a customer, money was money, and the rest, beyond adding another florin more to the price of the trinket as a precautionary measure, none of his business.

He stopped, once on the step outside, to remove the silk-like paper from his treasure and gaze on its glory. "*Ebbene!*" How delightful the air seemed as he danced down the street, his coveted prize restored to its wrappings, and safely consigned to his pocket. Just one peep beneath the friendly portico of San Michael's at his heart's darling to reassure him of the reality of his good fortune; then he doffed his ragged cap and entered the church to say his prayer and make his promised votive offering.

Out again, and—one more peep. "*Dio Gracias!* How good it was to live!" The sun rained gold, and the square, one kaleidoscope of colour, filled with people, seemed to his delighted eyes a dazzling murmuring sea, dancing and curvetting in the sunshine, as he pranced gaily in the direction of the little theatre in the market fair.

"Cecco! Cecco! Come here!" cried a little imperious voice. "The maestro is angry and they are all scolding you. Babbo will certainly beat you, and the morning has been so long without you, and I feel so hungry, and cross, and—and I want you so!" The little voice rattled petulantly on. He bent on his knees submissively beside the circus master's child as a prince of olden time to a king's daughter, lifted the hair that fell in a golden shower over her shoulders a moment in his hand, as he fondled her delicate features and pressed her pouting lips.

"*Carrissima mia!* And I, little one, have wanted you!" he cried, and sprang

up and left her, her disappointed face changed to smiles as he disappeared through the theatre doors. as she danced and pirouetted, reposed—a little gold heart.

"*Diavolo!* In the name of Satan! The sunrise flamed and flared like a what is this?" stormed the maestro. "Is it not a great day in the city—and we to rehearse for to-night? And to be kept waiting like this! Get to your stool," he cried, rapping the lad sharply over the knuckles. "And don't let us wait about all day. I will settle with you after for this."

But the boy feared neither blows nor reproaches. He moved his numbed fingers mechanically over the finger-board of the violin, and at night, though his bones ached with the fulfilment of the maestro's promise, he felt no pain.

The two strangers who had passed him in the street sat in the front seats, and watched every turn of his features with unceasing interest, as he laid his curly head lovingly over his little violin and the tiny bow moved as bidden by the little brown fingers.

"*Mercadante!* How like!" they cried. "It is he! and our little angel of silence in one. Incredible!"

"Shall I speak to him?" cried the younger.

"Not now," said the elder. "Let us first make inquiries. We can soon find him if we want him,"

not knowing that by the morrow he would be gone. But the boy, unconscious of his patrons of the morning, played on dreamily, with bruised body and aching finger joints, happy and contented. For beneath the white dress of the sprightly little Columbine, leaping on her breast,

torch as it rose above the crown of tangled pines that crested the hill. Their engagement was over, and they were on the move again. The old life, from forest to forest, town to town. O'er crag, hill, and marsh they roamed and tramped. Past grey castle and vine



As Ciccio played . . . he had a trick of looking at you with those great staring eyes.

wayside chapel and torrent. Then the great mountain and the strange echoing passes channelled out from the great walls that rose bewildering, and in their precipitous endless height loomed before them in rugged bareness: save where some tattered pine clutched as if in falling at the rock, and wringing from its barren breast some scanty nutriment, struggled, gaunt and twisted, to the hovering sky. Then out again from these wondrous galleries into the blue air, and green, green valleys on the other side.

"*O che bella vita!*" It was a glorious life! Their wants were few. In the woods the chestnuts supplied them with food; no vine-dresser would refuse them a bunch of grapes, and wild raspberries grew there in plenty. Occasionally, when they had passed sufficiently far from the farm-house, and they had been moderately lucky, a rooster, not got too honestly it is to be feared, would plonch the pot or splutter glaringly upon the red coals of their camp fire. The children would gather berries, and play; or dive and gambol in the stream. While at night they would lie watching the blinking of the stars, and blink back at them, or, singing each other's prayers, kick their tired legs to and fro and sink contentedly to sleep. Those were happy days!

Cecco felt himself a king, with Fidine for a queen—a haughty, imperious queen who stamped her foot, and pouted, and shed steely torrents from her blue eyes when things pleased her not, which was not seldom. It was "Cecco, come here!" "Cecco, I want you!" "Cecco, do you hear? Stupid!" And it was Cecco's to obey. He would attend her meekly; his big brown eyes following her adoringly with the faithfulness of a dog. While she would flout and tease him mercilessly; and then, when tired of that, condescendingly make it up again. While the men of the troupe would laugh and say to her father, "*Diavolo!* But she is a pretty minx, your daughter. *Ebbene!* You are a lucky man. In a year

or two she will make a pretty toy for some rich signor, and you will be provided for for life." Then her father would look angry and say, "No! She is for Cecco. He will be good to her when I am gone." And he would lay his arm on the boy's shoulder, for he was fond of the lad though he beat him at times, which was for his good, he argued. And Cecco would look proudly up at him, and adoringly at Fidine, as she laughed and adorned herself with the acorn chains he had made her, and played out of earshot under the vast oak-tree. He was proud of his trust. For he adored her, and he even worshipped the very ground she walked on.

So they strolled on for two years. The other men had left the troupe. The maestro was getting too old and stiff for tumbling, and Cecco's fiddling and Fidine's dancing were now the principal attractions. The maestro now avoided the large towns. He had heard of men inquiring anxiously for Cecco—the impresario, probably, of some bigger show, who would entice the lad away, now that he was getting valuable. For as Cecco played and the music sighed and trilled and laughed and whispered from his bow as by magic, he had a trick of looking at you with those great starry eyes, and something, whether the music or his dreamy gaze, or both, sent little shivers through his listeners, till they wanted to cry, and the women to pray and kiss Cecco, which made little Fidine stamp her feet with rage; for though haughty and disdainful herself, she was jealous of his favours as regards others. Yet she had little reason to fear—Cecco's large eyes still followed patiently and dog-like, and had sight only for her.

They were traversing over new ground, and had come to a place little known to even the old grizzled maestro, when their great adventure in life and catastrophe happened. The tangled maze of undergrowth, shot through with gold, quivered beneath the dark pines that framed the pale amethyst evening sky



"Cristo!" gasped the man. "It is the little fiddling boy."

in the rays of the setting sun. The maestro set up the tent—they had got a tent now, and Fifine, to her disgust, had to sleep in it of nights—while Cecco and Fifine tramped through the woods for berries and what fare they might chance on to eke out their bread and olives. They had had their first big quarrel, and each walked alone; and Cecco, the patient, the gentle, had been the aggressor.

At the last village, a lad, the butcher's son, had flung Fifine a string of small coral beads; and she, with all a daughter of Eve's sly coquetry and love of finery, had hidden them, and that day put them on. Cecco's eyes flashed and filled with tears. He had seen the gift. In vain he pleaded, promised, or cajoled. "They were hers. A present! She liked them very much, and she would wear them," and she tossed her little head imperiously as if all was said. Poor Cecco's pleadings were in vain. Then jealousy, hot and furious, filled his little breast. He had torn the string from her neck, and she, amazed and frightened at the sight of placid Cecco roused to ungovernable passion, had trembled and sobbed too in disappointed rage.

"You—you coward—I hate you—I hate you—I—won't live with you. You cruel—cruel Cecco!" she had sobbed. "I hate you! I hate you!" and in her anger she had flung the little gold heart at its already penitent giver, who now hung his head in shame and repentance, and, stamping her foot, ran off. That day she would have no more to say to him.

So, for the first time, they each went their own solitary way. Cecco at first had followed her slowly in hopes of some sign of her relenting; then, finding none, had gone off desperate and bent on fowl-stealing as a relief to his sorrow and remorse. He had been detected, and, worse, chased and captured by the signor of the estate himself.

"So ho! A pretty thing," said the

gentleman, shaking him vigorously. "My own fowls' necks wrung for me!"

The boy twisted in his grasp; his shirt, torn in the scuffle, fell from his shoulder. On his upper arm showed the marks of a burn, evident long before Cecco's memory served him.

"Where did you get these marks?" The light fell on the boy's face. "*Il Cristo!*" gasped the man, holding the lad with almost savage fierceness. "It is the little fiddling boy."

Cecco looked at him amazed. It was San Francis!

When Fifine came out of the wood a crowd of men were gathered round their little fire. "What is it?" she cried imperiously.

Her father turned his scared face to her. "They are taking Cecco away," he said brokenly.

She seized her father's drooping wrinkled hands. "Take our Cecco away? What has he done? Why—why—why?" she cried imperiously.

The man raised his head and turned slowly to his child. She would soon be his only companion now. The big tears fell. He was a Tuscan and impulsive, and had loved Cecco too, in his way.

"They are going to make him a lord," he said simply in an awed whisper.

"But I don't want him to be a lord."

The maestro shook his head. It was as inevitable as the summons of Death—and to their two hearts as awful.

"Cecco!" she cried in despair. The boy sprang tearfully to her side. "You will not go away. You don't want to be rich. You can—*keep the beads*—if you will only stay."

"Fifine mia, listen to me. I must go with the signor. But I will come back when I am a rich signor and marry you," he cried tremblingly, pouring hurried words of consolation into her ear, and raining hasty kisses on her pallid cheek that chilled as she heard his words.

"*Addio, Fifine!*" he cried, as, from the top of the white road against the darkening trees and the fading sky, he

waved farewell. "I will come back—I will come back!"

The villagers stood round and chattered with fervour of the miraculous discovery by signor the notary of their old signor's son, who had been stolen when a bambino by gipsies. But the maestro sat dumb on the moss-strewn earthy bank by the roadside, having tremblingly answered the interrogations of the blustering gendarme, and heeded them not.

Again his daughter's hand sought his. Father," she cried, "you hear what Cecco says. He will come back. He will come back!"

The old man shook his head as he replied sorrowfully. "He will never come back," he said mournfully. "He will never come back." And the larches and the pines on the borders of the woodland, taking up the cry, sighed and shivered in the evening air and repeated it into the night. "*He will never come back. He will never come back.*"

Then she threw herself sobbing on the grass, deaf to all words of comfort. . . . By her side in the road lay the coral, and upon her tattered gown—the little gold heart.

By daybreak, almost before the breath of morning, white, and then golden, stole like incense through the grey and purple of the pines, and athwart the tangled copse of fern and twisted blackthorn clumps and crawling vines, the white road was clear and the little tent and camp gone. The notary, in response to Cecco's solicitations, bethought himself in the morning to send word to the wayfarers, that, in consideration of their care of Cecco, a place could be found for them on the estate. But the maestro had taken heed of the high-handed warnings of the *sergeant de ville* the night before, that such as he would do well to get out of the reach of that terror to the homeless vagabond—the police. So at a little past midnight he had roused the wearied child, shouldered their little belongings, and, his hand in

hers, they had crept on their way, through the village, past the limepits, past the crags and firs, past the garden of the great castle which was now Cecco's home. They kissed their hands to its white ghostly towers as it fronted the cold moonlight, and hurried on their way. And as they waved farewell all the light seemed to have died out of their hearts, and the hope, as they resumed wearily the eternal tramp that seemed now to them as if it would only end, like the Wandering Jew's, with the Day of Judgment.

The autumn found them still on the road, and the winter—when the morass spreads and floats, when the trees blacken, and food is scarce, and the roads lie white with snow—and the winter again. The maestro, grown greyer and poorer, and his eyes deeper sunk, had changed his repertoire. The stiffened fingers had taken to the fiddle—the little fiddle that Cecco's childish hands had clung to while Fifine danced—she did not dance much now.

But there was not so much need. The master had resumed his tumbling again; clumsy though at times he was, still it did well enough in the smaller places, and he avoided the large towns more and more. And then he had conjuring tricks. He could take a silver florin from your hair—if there was a gentleman to lend the silver florin, if not an egg would do—or make polenta in your hat, chew fire, and roll yards of ribbon from under his tongue. The dog, too, learned to perform tricks—for he had bought a dog, a big rough-haired brute, to be company of nights and to protect Fifine, for she was growing fast—"too fast" the maestro would say with pride—and very pretty, almost a woman. She had more colour than of yore, but it came fitfully and went. The maestro had offers of marriage for her to which she shook her head, and others, less tasteful but more advantageous, to which he shook his head in rough dissent, though there was no Cecco now, only their own advantage to consider.

At last he got more stiff and aged, and as Fifine got tired of travelling too, for her sake he had bought with his scanty savings a little vineyard; and she and Fidello, the dog, minded the little hut and brought him his dinner. He would watch her as she sat on the log while he ate his meal, and wonder at her quietude and gentleness. She never asked after Cecco now, or "when he would come," or "when they would go to him." She seemed placidly indifferent to everything. And this indifference grew, and with it her colour faded, to glow again more beautiful if more fitful than before. And as he looked at her apprehensively and thought—sometimes his heart gave a great beat of fear, and almost stopped at the thought—till he realised it was not that she was ill—only she was *grown up*. "And Cecco, she has forgotten him. It is well!" For the old man knew, with the wisdom of the aged, that the lad in his improved fortunes would not even look at her now. If he had guessed how, underneath her kerchief, upon her heaving breast there hung suspended the little gold heart Cecco had left with her on the roadway, he might have felt less easy, but even then—'twas but a trinket, and she cared for nothing now—only to sit outside the hut to watch the setting sun sink behind the vineyard, to scan the passers-by upon the road, and go to church—always to church.

In the winter the curé came anxiously to see him. "She had got a cough." "Yes!" "Had he noticed it?" "Yes, but people were too anxious. She was growing up, and girls alter so at her age, and change again. She would be better in the spring!" But in the spring it had not left her. Her mouth hardened and her old imperious manner returned. He heard her awake at nights—she could not sleep, for the little gold heart burned in her bosom, as she turned and twisted on her straw pallet; or dozed, to wake more tired and unrested, in the sickly morning. Suddenly the idea seized her that they should resume

their old life and travel back to Cecco's country. She cajoled, threatened, and importuned her father, till one day he in tears invoked the priest.

"Let her have her way, my son," said the good old man, to the maestro's surprise, "or—she is a woman, and will get it." And he added softly, "It will not be for long."

A lump rose in her father's throat. "What do you mean?" he cried hoarsely, seizing the priest's hand. "She will not die—she will not die?"

"In God's good time," replied the priest, not daring to tell the man the bitter truth. "Come to my house to-night, and we will talk things over."

The maestro removed his hat and repeated nervously the *credo* and *pater noster* till he had forced back his tears, and returned to tell her the joyful news that they would set out.

"When? when?" she cried impatiently. "To-morrow—oh, to-morrow!"

"*Morte de Dio!* It is impossible," he retorted. But the fire of anticipation shone in her eyes and would brook no contradiction. She took her supper of lentils and finished it by the roadway, and sat watching with burning eyes the white track as it disappeared in the purple; past vineyard and olive patch, and golden bracken and fern. "Cecco, Cecco! We are coming—we are coming!" her lips softly murmured; and there, clasping her knees with her arms, her father still found her sitting when he returned from the priest's.

At last the time came. The good priest helped them to sell out from the farm, gave them money for their journey and a recommendation at the other end—should they reach there—and they set off.

The journey, and the excitement of travelling again, seemed to revive Fifine and do them both good. It seemed impossible to the maestro, as he looked at her fresh fair face, with his wrinkled eyes, to think it was the same slender girl of a few days ago who, laughing

merrily, was now urging him on, sometimes even leading the way, and always keeping up with his redoubled efforts. He marvelled at her energy. She never seemed to tire as they trudged on, over the long roads and steep passes with their frowning castles, the narrow hill-side ridges or the flat moorland where fed and trampled the lazy fat cattle, and the laughing cheery peasants, who beamed with honest smiling faces as they turned the fallow soil; through the tangled woodlands and forests; or where crept the slimy stretching salt morass that breathed of fever and pestilence from the edge of the silver sea even to the verge of the barren hills beyond.

It was not perhaps much further, yet to his enfeebled strength the journey seemed interminable, as on she prattled ceaselessly of Cecco and his doings. *Would she never tire?*

The little gold heart no longer burned at her bosom, for she had sent it on to *him*, to tell of their coming; and her mind had felt easier

and her burden lighter since she had got rid of its weight on her chest.

They passed a carriage on the way. She craned her head vainly to see inside, as it dashed by; and gazed after the postillion till it disappeared in the distance. "Perhaps Cecco rode now in a chariot like that?" At length, round the bend of rock-bound road



"Cecco, Cecco, I knew you would come!"

flanked with swaying cypresses, ilexes, and almond, the village flashed in sight.

And there, crowning the crag, amid the attendant bower of trees, all in their youthful green and showers of blossom, Cecco's ancestral home and, perhaps — Cecco himself.

They put up at the inn, in the upper room with the balcony that looked over the verdant hills, and to the many windows of Cecco's palatial home. He had not come, then, to meet them. Fifine, paler than of late, could eat nothing. She could scarce wait for her father to finish his supper ere he must set out to the priest's, Father Francis's friend, and to the castle to inquire. *First* she would go too. *Then* she would not. Her maidenly instinct told her Cecco should come and seek her out, not she Cecco.

Peevish and irritable she had been, almost beyond the old man's feebling endurance, but a glance at her peaked chin and dilating eyes would cause him to forbear either protestation or complaint.

So she waited and waited for her father's return. Then, worn out and past all keen sense of weariness, she set forth to follow him. Then her sense of the maidenly overcame her again. What if they were talking old times over! Men did not like to be hurried. Or, what if her father had missed Cecco, and he should arrive at the inn and find no one to receive him? Horrible thought!

She hastened back. The upper room was deserted and in darkness. She laid her weary head on her father's blanket and sobbed. Cecco had forgotten her. No—no, something told her he would return. A breeze swept through the balcony; she went and sat there, where she could watch the lights dance merrily in his house.

Some one entered. It was her father—he seemed to have aged ten years—with the priest. Cecco was away—called away that day: no one knew whither. She must forget him. The priest took her hand and looked grave. "She must go to bed." But, no. "She

would not go to bed. She would sit there in the balcony where she could see the lights and wait—wait for Cecco."

Remonstrance was useless. The priest, with his benediction, left them; promising to call to-morrow with some little remedy.

The maestro bent on his bowed knees by her side.

"*Fifine mia!*"

"Yes," she answered wearily.

"*Fifine cara mia!*"

The father's arm stole shelteringly round her as she sat. And together, without speaking, they watched the silent dawn in.

With the rustle of the leaves, the song of the birds, and the first violet flush of day, came a rattling of wheels, the clatter of horses and the flashing of lamps. Then, voices below.

"Cecco!" she cried, with a little shiver. "Run! It is Cecco!"

Her father tottered up on his cramped limbs as a handsome lad ran up the stairs and entered the room.

"Fifine," he cried, "I got the locket"—holding it in his outstretched hand—"and went to meet you. I am of age and my own master now. I can marry you to-morrow."

"Cecco, Cecco, I knew you would come—Cecco"—she held out her arms, and then sighed.

"Fifine! Fifine, my love"—he knelt at her feet. "Tell me! You will marry me, will you not? *Fifine, mia cara.*"

His only answer was a sigh and a gentle smile, as her head nestled contentedly on his shoulder, and remained there.

An hour later the priest returned. . . . He stood in the shadow of the open doorway a moment. . . . Then, with the wise smile of an old man, turned softly away. . . .

Outside he met the maestro.

"You need not my poor remedy now," he said. "LOVE IS A GREAT PHYSICIAN!"

IN DAYS OF FROST AND SNOW

Illustrated and Told by G. R. BALLANCE

THERE are many things in the unreasoned admiration of those who can appreciate nature, but have never been trained to accurate observation, which are apt to provoke a smile on the face of hearers who have devoted long and careful hours to her study. Not least of these is the gush with which charming young ladies will often speak of the wonderful beauty of snow. Now it is a fact that if you go to work in at all a critical spirit, snow is, by

of its cleanness, the heavy burden of snow upon the branches of the ruined pine has really subtracted considerably from its grandeur. True Ruskin would have found either aspect both painful and degrading to him whose taste acclaimed this tree, for it has *no use*, being broken. We need not be thus critical, but things being as they are, the tree in its winter dress is certainly of less interest than when it stretches ruined arms to the sky. Snow is not, however,



Photo by G. R. Ballance.

No. 1.—Two aspects of the same tree. Snow does not always enhance beauty.

itself, more often a spoiler of beauty than otherwise. Thus, to take the first picture only, it will be clear to the most untrained eye that, apart from the charm

an invariable spoiler of beauty. In the second illustration its uses towards the picturesque are clearly apparent. Here the fall has not been heavy, and the

powdered branches of the firs in the foreground are really beautiful, which may be seen even here, where the re-



Photo by G. R. Bassano

No. 2.—The snow has had undisputed sway on the pines, but the fall has been light. This photo exhibits the comparative tone of the winter sky, which shows as if in heavy shadow against the lights of a white foreground. In reality it has an almost purple-blue tint.

productive process is quite incapable of yielding those magical qualities of light and sparkle which do so much to blind our eyes to the overloading of masses and loss of detail which make the snow-laden branch of a tree far less wonderful a creation than the same branch in its shimmering maze of leafage. In this photograph also you may see the curious disarrangement of lights and shadows which is typical of snow. Under ordinary conditions there is no great part

of a landscape from which light is refracted—thrown back, as in the notorious instance of the mirror, which a boy

manipulates so that it may catch the rays of the sun and fling them in the eyes of some unsuspecting passer-by. Snow alters everything—in technical language, it rearranges the values of light and shade no less than of the colours. No painter can do more than suggest its strong lights, some few photographs can appear to catch them, a printed illustration is quite incapable of approaching them. The sky, which is really an intense purple blue, changes to an appearance of heavy shadow; those parts of the mountain which are in shadow appear almost black, and even the foreground carries suggestions of a dirty thaw. Yet when this photograph was taken the sun was flooding down from a cloudless sky through an atmosphere as dry as any you can find on the earth, the atmosphere of a valley many thousand feet above sea-level, in which the thermometer

had never risen above freezing-point for weeks, except of course on an occasional spot which chanced to be placed in its direct noonday light for a short hour.

These remarks will apply still more strongly to the third illustration, where the foreground, here in shadow, has an appearance of almost absolute blackness. The picture, too, affords yet another object lesson, for the wind has freed some of the delicate shoots and smaller

branches from their superabundant covering. They stand out as it were in triumphant freedom, clean cut and black against the sky, while their lower and less fortunate brethren droop mournfully to the earth. Their misery has been rendered more intense by a slight thaw, after which the snow lost its light texture and settled to its hold in a dead mass, which offers little æsthetic beauty to the observer's critical regard.

Illustrations four and five introduce us to quite new aspects of the study. A light fall of snow, the first of the season, has come down in a frosty air, while at the moment of falling the flakes became crisp and, as it were, granulated. They did not lose their crystal forms, so that lying on the ground, whose contours they may soften but do not hide, the upper flakes present to the light a surface which is composed of a myriad clean-cut crystal facets. But while the frost was strong enough to preserve these minute particles in all their original freshness, it has not yet succeeded in binding the waters of the lake. Hence this contrast—a world of snow, *but* trees and mountains still reflected in the waters of an open lake. To this position succeeds the second stage, well shown in the fifth photograph. The snow surface is still crisp and unspoiled as at the hour of its first falling. It is so firm and powdery that the trail of a hare's pads, no less than that of the runners of a little child's sleigh, show clearly in the near foreground,

where the light particles on the surface are yet more luminous than in picture four. No picture or photograph can show the cause of this, but if you were to go on hand and knee, peering delicately and with eyes trained to know what it is for which they are searching, you would find that in every little cranny or sheltered cleft within the apparently so even surface there are innumerable little feathery forms, so delicate and gossamer that at the mere touch of a human hand or the



Photo by G. R. Ballesee.

No. 3.—The extreme depth of "snow-shadows" is well shown in this photograph. The snow has fallen in an atmosphere which was partially devoid of moisture, and the wind has only freed the extremities of the branches.

passing of a warm breath they crumble and fade utterly away. These tender growths are the so-called frost flowers,



Photo by G. R. Ballance.

No. 4—A first fall of the snow has preceded the frost. Hence we find that the mountains are still reflected in the lake. As the snow ceased to fall the frost overtook it and a light wind came up at about the same time. This is seen in the granulated appearance of the snow as shown in the foreground of the picture.



Photo by G. R. Ballance.

No. 5—In this picture snow and frost have come together, but the wind has freed the tree branches of any superfluous burden. There is no reflection in the lake as the frost has already begun to coat its surface with its five-months ice covering. The rails of a fence and the trail of a small sleigh are apparent in the foreground.



Photo by G. R. Balance.

No. 6.—“Hundreds and Thousands” of Frost Flowers on the branches of trees. This picture shows a mixture of frost and of dusted frozen snow, which has been as it were granulated by the action of frost until it has almost taken the form of “Frost Flowers.”

beautiful, fairy-like things born in the still nights of early winter. King Frost is indeed asserting his sway here on the surface of the rapidly glassing lake no less than among the crevices of his brother snow. But it is on the trees which have lost their leaves, on the blades of withered grasses, upon any little footrest that his hand is most clearly to be seen. So now, in a full noonday brightness, in a light many times more apparently bright than the hottest glare of our August sun—however little my picture may suggest this—every twig and branchlet, each blade and stalk, flash with a million of purest diamond-white jewels till the eye is too dazzled to know upon what exactly it is

gazing. Then the seer turns home and talks of the beauties of snow scenery!

Of course, as in the next picture, snow and frost sometimes unite. Here, for example, the early snow, falling upon the boughs of a tree in an atmosphere almost totally devoid of moisture, has found little whereby to make fast its hold—this the more that both when and where it fell King Frost had previously made good his footing. Then a light wind arose, and the snow was drifted



Photo by G. R. Balance.

No. 7.—The shoots of a willow bush which have been dusted with “hoar frost,” while the other bushes in the background have been caught by the black “time

from off the branches until little remained but a light sprinkling. Thereafter down came the frost once more, and the little twigs, already dusted with the finely divided "powder-of-snow," were swathed in a fairy band of millions on millions of frost crystals. Followed again more dusting of snow, and more handiwork of the supreme crafts-

which builds up frost flowers, apparently out of the very air, or again, paints on the window pane the marvellous tracery of fern and leaf which few have failed to see and admire. Meanwhile a scarcer form works in secret; no one who has not been taught to know his signs will know the *rime* for brother of the *hoar* frost. This rime frost is almost the



Photo by G. R. Ballance.

No. 8. "A Fairy Valley of Frost." There has been a light fall of snow in a perfectly dry atmosphere, but the wind has freed the branches of their burden. The frost has followed and the "hoar" has covered the branches and the telegraph wires with myriads of minute crystals; it has also granulated the snow which is so shallow that it has not quite covered the surface of the ground.

man, until there was no single inch of twig on all these trees which did not wear an armature of flawless stones such as not Solomon himself could have bought for all his wisdom. Yet there was little of modern competition in the markets in which King Solomon bought!

Now, in case it be news to any reader, it may be remarked that there are *two* kinds of frost. First and foremost, because most obvious to sight, is the thing which we call hoar frost. It is this

more deadly, as it is the less beautiful, of the two kinds of frost. It leaves no trail of dazzling white behind, but, where it has passed, next spring will see branches lacking leaves, often whole boughs dead and blasted. In the seventh plate a rime frost, fortunately of no particular severity, has fallen upon the bushes of the background. In the foreground, meanwhile, a little willow pushes up its branches. Sheltered by its higher brethren, the dread rime has not come to its humble shoots, so that

in a place of blackness it alone is lovely as it is humble.

And now, in my last two pictures, one comes to the final fairyland, when frost and snow have alike done their work, and every superfluous particle being removed by a light wind, the Fairy Valley stands out in all its wonderful beauty. In it is neither spot nor blemish, but only a purity not to be

imitated by art or described by tongue of man. Even those horrible signs of high civilisation, telegraph wires, are become gleaming lines of whiteness. All the world is a virgin land where foot of man might never have come, so fresh and pure is it.

May Christmas morning bring to your eyes no darker prospect for the coming year!



Photo by G. R. Ballance.

No. 9.—Frost and snow have together coated the branches, but there is no great burden of the latter remaining. The intense shadow lights of snow are shown in embryo.

LOVE LETTERS OF AN ENGLISH PEERESS TO AN INDIAN PRINCE

GOVERNMENT BUNGALOW.

MANDALAY.

WE arrived three days ago and we have been fêted and made much of. The cloak of enjoyment has enveloped everything that we have attempted. Still the English people's only notion of hospitality consists of a dinner with people one never saw before nor ever wish to see again. Perhaps this seems ungrateful, but the native life interests us more and every one seems so lamentably ignorant about it, and quite averse to our gaining any knowledge on the subject.

We have just come from the Palace, where, by special permission, we wandered through many rooms—lofty, splendid, spacious, and shabby, with weird ornaments, incongruous and diverse, scattered about together with brocaded satins with gold threads in them and strange embroideries of ghostly and pallid figures adorning the walls.

Great crocodiles raised their heads from under the cover of the amber water-lilies to look at us in the moat without, and stayed motionless in the lazy yellow air till we had passed from sight.

We have not seen the king and there are many strange and unpleasant tales about him—an edifice of lies no doubt—scandal is hateful. To hear and tell only of kind things is the only true philosophy, though possibly only another form of selfishness!

We visited several of the Kyongs yesterday. The Duke talked to some of the poonygies while we walked apart examining the many small Pagodas that

seem to float upon the air as on a lake.

The dazzling clearness of the atmosphere is a perpetual revelation: we cease to marvel that the people are so joyful: it is gratifying to think that as yet our cold Western influence has been powerless to throw its sombre shadows across the land or affect in any way the disposition of its men and women.

To-morrow we attend the marriage feast of a minister's daughter, after which we bid adieu to Mandalay.

One of the things that has impressed us most is the extraordinary specimens of British humanity met with, since we came so far afield—in fact, I could not help wondering how so much malice and so much ugliness could be got together at one time in one place.

There is a small Gymkhana here where all the Europeans go of an evening and where the conversation seems to consist only of—

“Hullo, there you are — have a drink?”—

In different voices and degrees of harmony throughout the couple of hours before dinner.

The mode of hair-dressing of the men in Ceylon also surprised us greatly. I inquired of a gallant Major in the R.A. why they did not cut it short—he settled his glass more securely in his large and vacant eye and replied with a most polite indifference—

“Think of the sport they would lose.”

We cannot help noticing the tremendous gulf, a very chasm of ignorance, that seems to divide the English from

the natives—which neither sentiment or courtesy ever makes an attempt to bridge. This is a great pity, for many rank weeds grow up where the flowers of sympathy and comprehension should flourish. We are too given to sweeping condemnation of others and too lacking in patience and toleration altogether.

“No natives have brains,” as I overheard a civilian say the other day—“a wise provision of Providence—if they had it would have to be put a stop to or they would probably be wanting our berths.”

Is not that an epitome of selfishness and narrowness?

I am sure that we would be far nearer the truth and that charity of which we so love to boast if we only recognised the indisputable fact that human nature is pretty much the same all over the world irrespective of race or clime.

Many compliments from me and mine to you.

THE BUNGALOW,
N—

It is over a week since we left Mandalay behind and found our way into the jungle, where we are the guests of a certain Mr. George Lawrence, a distant connection of my late husband's.

We are delighted with our quarters, a great rambling bungalow overlooking a small green and brown Burmese village that is remote and lonely with a loneliness unlike any other in creation. The trees, the birds, the flower-haunted stillness delight us. It is all so strange, and new and beautiful things here seem countless as sands and stars.

The weather is cool at present, so we can revel with a certain degree of comfort in the glow and glory of the mornings and even in the lazy stillness of the noons, when even the crows can find no voice. Of an evening, after dinner, we sit on the verandah and watch the silver shadows come and go over the dark masses of the jungle and the palms rise straight against the divine clearness of the sky, then oh! best of friends, our

thoughts go to you and we all wish you were here to read “Lalla Rookh,” as you did on those summer evenings at Redleaf. Do you remember?

George Lawrence is much amused at our enthusiasm: he has quite passed the age of Pagodas and sunsets, and is far more anxious about the quality of his dinner than that of the finest scenery procurable. But then, as he says, he has looked on the country in so many aspects for so long that it is not astonishing that he should have lost all perception of its beauties, real or imaginary. After all, when novelty in its alluring brightness fades, what is there ever left to any of us save that grey ghost whose name is Indifference?

I went to the court yesterday and saw all the village gathered there—even the children, who are like bits of brown velvet, seem drawn towards scenes of litigation. The Burman has all an Irishman's love of fighting, and if he can't have a row on his own account, he seems to derive much satisfaction from watching and listening to those of his neighbours.

The place, a small wooden structure, was thronged, though I must say one's ideas of the dignity of a Court of Justice were somewhat unduly shaken by the sight of the magistrate in an old pyjama coat, occasionally admonishing—in far from parliamentary language—the somewhat somnolent punkah wallah squatting on the floor. The Burmese clerk, with a yard of white stocking climbing down to his shoes, looked supernaturally grave and busy, only now and then casting a judicial frown towards any one who made any unseemly noise too near the person of the elect. We could not follow the case because of the language, but we could trace the wonderful variety of emotions that flitted across the dusky faces as they eagerly drank in every word and stood on tip-toes to obtain a better view. Outside on the verandah the heat was like a great brazen pall, while beyond deep, broad stretches of sunlight lay long and grave

and calm under the trees and across the red dust of the roadway.

One is tempted to wonder why in a place so lost to the world as this there should ever be any disputes or bickerings, jealousy or misunderstanding. They surely are the prerogative of a life saturated with irony and dissatisfaction and scepticism, as our Western civilisation too often is.

We were rather amused the other evening when Mr. Lawrence was reading the bearer a moral lecture on the back verandah. The man was expostulant, tearful, and finally extremely and painfully repentant, whereupon the sahib asked him the definition of a liar. The reply came trippingly,

"The man who speaks in the Court-house, O Thakin !"

We are going on an excursion tomorrow to a dāk bungalow some miles from here, after which I think we must be turning to India and to —

You will, I hope, write to Calcutta, and please tell us more of yourself and your doings. We are always so interested in all that affects our friends. . . .

Meanwhile, adieu.

THE BUNGALOW.

There was what is called a mango shower last night—a perfect deluge—which, however, cleared the atmosphere wonderfully for our start this morning. It was, indeed, quite lovely, though I must say that the rapid thump, thump of a Burmese tāt is hardly conducive to the appreciation of scenery or the conducting of a conversation. We rode straight away, passing many pineapple plantations and one or two half-decayed moss-grown statues of Buddha meditating in the primeval solitude. Then the heavy timber gave way to cane brake, which enabled us to see more of the country. We rode for the most part along a beautiful level road, lying lost and sleeping under a massive canopy of interlacing trees, while the silence broke on our senses out of the deep shadows and fragrance on either side, the creak-

ing of a bullock-cart or the barking of a dog the only sounds to be heard.

As the early mists lifted and the sun appeared it grew fearfully hot, with that damp, all-pervading heat that we have grown to associate with Burmah ; therefore the sight of the dāk bungalow standing in a small compound back from the road was more than welcome. The dirty-looking caretaker was sleeping audibly in the verandah when we arrived, while a skinny hen, with five or six distracted-looking offspring, dug desperately in the dirt under the piles and a few lean pariahs revelled in the sun. Our arrival was witnessed by most of the population contained in a few bamboo huts standing in a clearing away back in the shade of some large trees. We were surveyed with a penetrating and yet gentle curiosity. Evidently English people in solar topees covered with red mud was a sight to be made much of in those parts. Two shrivelled old women like monkeys drew timidly near, smiling in the most engaging fashion on the Duke, who, having sunk into a long chair, was caressing a painfully moist brow, declaring that he was a living uncomfortable paradox, being most horribly dry inside and equally damp out. Muriel bore it well, even to opening her paint-box, and looking eagerly round for subjects to practise on. We admired the lazy, leisurely way in which our visitors drifted up, adjusting their scanty dress and smoking a cheroot as they came. The laziness is very infectious. I feel that I shall never care to work or walk again. Was it not Madame De Stael who said "Morality was merely a question of geography"? I think that much must be forgiven and little expected from any nation that is compelled to spend its time in a futile effort to keep cool.

I once had a little dog who, if asked whether he would work or die, at once laid down in imitation of death. All of us feel that we would far prefer to die than labour. Plain thinking and high living

is all that we can manage, with the sun like a sheet of flame on one's head.

I hope that you are arranging for cooler weather in your part of the world, otherwise, as Sydney Smith once said, the only thing to be done will be to take off one's skin and sit in one's bones in order to enjoy a thorough draught.

A very pretty Shan girl brought us some plantains up on to the verandah, and stood smiling and in no wise embarrassed before us. A graceful figure, sharply silhouetted against a background of blinding sunshine and curled palm branches, she made quite a picture in her gay dress, a picture that had on it all the glow and warmth of Burmah. But alas! we could none of us speak, and being hopelessly and entirely English in our lack of gesticulatory expression, the interview lacked interest.

Muriel, however, quite undeterred by the fact of her utter inability to reproduce the air, the colour, or the changing play of light and shadow, was about to start a sketch with the girl in her halo of sun-filled warmth as a central figure, but finally yielded to the looks of agonised entreaty that we all cast on her.

I have been in more comfortable places than a dak bungalow, with its flies and other unwelcome visitors. We were by no means sorry to leave the place behind, just after sunset, under a gay and gorgeous skyback through the strangely silent jungle ways, caressed by a breeze soft as rose petals.

And now adieu, dear friend, for a little while.

M—— B——

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
CALCUTTA.

MON TRES CHER AMI,—I cannot sleep without writing to thank you for your charming welcome and your beautiful flowers.

We have had a gay evening—their Excellencies very kind and apparently delighted to see us—but the place is

rather like a barrack, and I don't know that we weren't happier in George Lawrence's bungalow in the jungle. However, this is perhaps ungracious.

I have been introduced to heaps of people, from the dizzy eminence of members of Council to young and aspiring subalterns.

The toilets of some of the Calcutta ladies amused us somewhat, and made us realise how far we are from London. Such mysteries of colour and of cut I never beheld before.

The Duke, with a weeping forehead, performed prodigies of politeness, and even went so far as to walk through the Lancers while Muriel delighted a young A.D.C. with one or two subtly-turned compliments.

To-morrow we drive to Barrackpore, and then as soon as we decently can we shall go up country.

Many things from all of us to you.

A FORTNIGHT LATER

So many, many thanks for all your goodness and kindness.

I have had a day and an evening that, like the memory of beautiful music, must ever echo in my heart.

I only fear that our coming has given you much trouble, oh! most hospitable of friends; and we are so happy that I do not think we shall feel inclined to leave till many days are passed.

The charm and the sorcery of India, and of one at least of her sons, has laid its hold upon us.

All these past hours have been a perfect revelation to us of regal splendour, gaiety, and variety, and marvellous extravagance of colour and of light.

Is the sky always of such everlasting splendour? Is the country for ever wrapped in the full blessing and glory of such sunshine as shone on us to-day? If so, it must be a life good to the very end.

Good-night, dear and charming friend. I shall send this note to you by the chuprassi in the early morning.

How delightful it is to think that we meet to-morrow and for so many other to-morrows!

MONDAY—5.30

How can I thank you sufficiently for your beautiful present and the kind words that came with it? I hardly like to accept so valuable a gift, and yet I think I lack the courage to separate myself from anything so seductive. The emerald is flashing sullen green fires from out its setting of gold at this present moment. Those cabalistic Sanscrit letters you must please translate for me when we meet this evening, when I shall thank you more eloquently, I hope, than my pen permits of now.

I hope you all had good sport to-day, and that Malvern's thirst for pig-sticking is satisfied at last.

A rive merci.

You are far too good and thoughtful. I dare hardly trust myself to say how glad and grateful I am.

I have never known such happy hours as these, or ones so crowded with new and wonderful impressions and strange and startling surprises. It is as if a magician's wand had transformed all things until we seem to move as in a dream.

I shall not see you till this evening, as I shall rest and write the home mail this afternoon.

A WEEK LATER

MY FRIEND,—I am not angry, why should I be?

If I was silent last night it was rather from excess of feeling than from lack of it.

Dear person, I care very, very much; looking back it seems to me that from the first you were more to me than any man—not even the kind brave soul to whom my girlhood was given—has ever been.

In a way I am sad at having to acknowledge this, but not from the motives that you would attribute to me—but simply because to be heart-

whole is to have serenity and repose: To allow another empire over one's life is to sacrifice both. Still this is but a trifling matter.

I am writing these lines hurriedly because the ponies are waiting. There are many things I would say and many that I will say when we meet—the day I fear will be a crowded one and our chance of being alone meagre; if that is so I will send you a long letter before I rest, till when and till after,

I am, yours,
M.

MIDNIGHT SAME DAY

VERY DEAR,—It was, you see, as I feared. Not for one moment could I break away from all those people to speak with you, and how tired I am of the heat and dust and noise: the dim verandah is as a heaven of silence in comparison. Thank you, charming and thoughtful person, for the roses and the letter.

No, I will not listen to a word of disparagement about your race or colour; you are too sensitive. I have no prejudices, and if I had, meeting with *you* would have swept them away long ago. I refuse to acknowledge general inferiorities, only mental or physical ones—please do not think or write the cruel things you said last night about the impossibility of a white woman caring for a dark man—why should she not?—why—dear heart why?

What law of God do I violate in giving my heart to you? Love unites all antagonisms, it would not be love if it did not.

Why should you give a passing thought to the world—either mine or yours. Surely you have sufficient strength of mind and nobility of character to pass it by.

We make our own lives, or if we do not we are strangely weak and wanting in that moral courage and independence which, after all, must and does always command the respect of one's fellows.

I am my own mistress, and I shall give my life to you ; you can do with it what you will.

Our marriage shall be our own affair, and I trust and believe that my own people at least will always regard it as such. For the rest I do not care.

In the days that are gone—ah, that one could buy back the past!—others shaped my destiny. Now has come the time when I can fashion it for myself, and so I lay it at your feet.

I am prepared—more than prepared to face all the difficulties of what is no doubt a unique state of affairs ; I know there will be many, of which religion will not be the least. If such things were permitted to bar the way to a great happiness and a great love—of what use were either ?

My dear, I cannot say what I would wish—I am not eloquent at any time, and now when I can only look into my own heart, and long to speak—I find but the dumbness consequent on what is destined to be the greatest passion of my life. Please never speak of a bar dividing our destinies ; I do not know of any such. Only this I know—that I have that strange thing called happiness at last, and its possession I owe, most dear, to you.

It is only now that I begin to realise, how in the months that followed on your departure from England, why it was that my mind followed you in wistful memory, and that of all my thoughts you were so far oftener than not the centre and the guiding star, and yet the real reason was to me as a sealed book.

How torpid and slowly moving must be both my imagination and understanding !

It shall be as you desire—we will not speak of the future until you return from Bithoor.

Why do you go ? Is it really so all-important ?

Good-night. You have all my love now and to the very end.

M—

(To be concluded.)

A WEEK LATER

How we have missed you since you went, and how long and lonely seem the hours !

We went to a heavy dinner at the General's last night. What a parade-ground brevity there is about his speech and manner ! In fact, he conveys so much coldness with so little light that he is rather like an iceberg illuminated by a farthing rushlight.

The conversation, like a muddy stream, circulated slowly, and I found my thoughts following you on the wings of sound.

What a pity that you are not here and that we have not publicly made our announcement ! As the Latin poet has said, to-day alone is ours. How rash, how ungrateful to fate to defer seizing its gifts when offered !

Sometimes I doubt if you care as much as I. If you did, I do not think—no matter how imperious the call—you could have found it in your heart to have gone so long a journey.

There are few—if any—things that you could ask of me that I could long withhold, yet you deny me, in these the earliest hours of our love, the happiness of being with you.

Separation always seems to me to be almost as cruel and relentless as Death itself : truly I believe the two to be blood-relations.

We start on our tour on Thursday, and I am glad of it. I seek in vain to make the hours fly. The enthusiasm of a few weeks back is dying down, to me the sun is not so golden, nor the country so charm-steeped and devoid of shadow as I thought it before.

Can't you tell the cause ?

Is it not always the warmest rays that precede the darkest storm ?

Will you return, I wonder, when you receive this ? Will you turn a deaf ear to these ugly mutiny rumours and come back to me ? Let us be together : we cannot afford to waste the days. Let us dream those dreams that love and joy beget. Come back, dear heart, come back.

THE ROMANCE OF COAL

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MINERAL AS WE BURN IT, HOW IT WAS MADE, AND OF WHAT IT CONSISTS

By JOHN J. WARD

Illustrated by Photographs and Photo-Micrographs taken by the Author

WHEN one speaks of romance coupled with the contents of the coal-scuttle the connection may at first seem somewhat remote. The usual method of approaching coal is with so much length of tongs or, at a nearer range, with gloved hands, and while we so manipulate it, coal scarcely offers a romantic view.

Closer consideration, however, of the origin and formation of this valuable mineral which at one time in its history belonged to the vegetable kingdom, offers one of the most fascinating chapters in the story of our planet.

We should have to go back a very

Age." At this period in the earth's history man had not yet appeared, nor for many millions of years to come was his race destined to dawn. In fact, there were no fewer than nine subsequent geological periods to follow before his advent, each of these stupendous cosmical changes representing the work of millions of years, for a million years is but a small period of time geologically considered.

Not only had man still to present himself, but most other land vertebrates had likewise to appear. The first of these latter appeared during the Carboniferous period, and represented the extinct am-

phibians known as labyrinthodonts — a kind of large frog probably about the size of a small ox. Other large animals existed in the way of scaly alligator-like reptiles, which, together with the several species of labyrinthodonts, represented the principal and largest animals of the period. The smaller animals were made up of tree-lizards, land scorpions and spiders, cockroaches, beetles, huge mayflies, and



FIG. 1.—Fossil *Calamite* or Horsetail stems from the coal measures. The example to the right shows the root end—} natural size.

long time to see our coal as flourishing vegetation: to a period which the geologist terms the "Carboniferous

other marsh insects. The seas were at the same time alive with coral banks and shell-fish of wondrous kinds, including the

first known oysters which have survived through all the subsequent periods. Various species of ganoid fish, allied to the sturgeon, armoured with brilliant enamelled plates instead of the horny scales of the fishes of later periods, were also abundant in the waters—all these animals having left traces of their existence in the fossils of the Carboniferous strata.

In a like manner we find recorded by the rocks and slabs of the coal measures a history of the plants which existed during the period. On examining these we find that, as with the animals, the higher forms are absent. The fossil plants of the coal measures reveal none of the higher flowering plants, but the more lowly forms such as horsetails, club-mosses, ferns, and similar species belonging to the lower orders.

And when we consider the class of animals that existed during the Carboniferous period together with the plant life, we can arrive at a tolerably satisfactory conclusion regarding the climate and natural surroundings which prevailed amongst them. All point to a semi-aquatic or semi-terrestrial order

of things, probably a humid and balmy atmosphere, without extremes of heat or



FIG. 2.—A modern Horsetail plant and Club-moss—natural size

cold, existing over large areas of flat, marshy, luxuriant forests.

Now every one who has gathered or observed our humble club-mosses and horsetails will naturally wonder how luxuriant forests could be formed by such insignificant plants as these. And

even ferns, and an occasional tree-fern, would scarcely make a forest that could be termed luxuriant. However, I will ask my reader to glance at the fossil root-end of the horsetail plant taken from the coal measures and shown in Fig. 1, and which the geologist terms a *Calamite*.

once realised that our modern species are but diminutive and puny descendants of a class of plants that once produced enormous varieties. The various species of calamites, or ancient horsetails, attained the dimensions of trees, being sometimes 60 or 70 feet high,

with a stem often over a foot in diameter. In fact, horsetails in the Carboniferous period were amongst the most prominent members of the vegetable kingdom.

Perhaps even more abundant were the club-mosses, of which, to-day, we have but some half a dozen species indigenous to the British Isles; in the Carboniferous times there were forty or more. But these, instead of being little moss-like hillside plants, like our present forms—a branch of a cultivated form is shown at the lower portion of Fig. 2—with stems perhaps one-sixteenth or one-eighth of an inch across, grew, like the horsetails, into tall

trees with trunks often 4 or 5 feet in diameter. Fossil specimens, 100 feet long, have been found, and it is probable that they reached much greater sizes. These great club-mosses grew abundantly and scattered myriads of seed-spores and spore-cases; season after season these spores and sporangia rained down in accumulating myriads until deep and



FIG. 3.—Coal shales bearing impressions of fronds and frondlets of the ferns of the Carboniferous period— $\frac{1}{2}$ natural size.

The illustration represents it at about one-fifth of its actual size. Some idea of the diameter that horsetail stems assumed in the Carboniferous period will be gained when I add that this is a comparatively small specimen. But, even so, compare it with the representative of the horsetail family of to-day shown (Fig. 2) at natural size, and it will be at

dense layers were formed around their roots; and so to-day we frequently get coal that is more or less completely built up of these resinous spores. Our bituminous coal, then, owes its brilliant and glossy appearance and bright flame to the presence of this altered resinous matter.

The two examples to the left of the bottom row in Fig. 3 show portions of coal in which the seed-spores are quite visible to the eye, while Fig. 4 shows several dissected out and magnified.

The geologist terms these gigantic

club-mosses *Lepidodendra*. The stem, or trunk, of a *Lepidodendron* is covered with

scars where the leaf-stalks were originally attached, and these trunks are often found standing upright in the coal-mines with their striking scars arranged spirally around their whole length. The sandstones and shales found above the coal strata often reveal fossilised portions and casts or impressions of the scaly bark of

these great stems, two of which are shown at Fig. 5 in the two central examples; the labelled specimen reveals a large scar which is thought to repre-

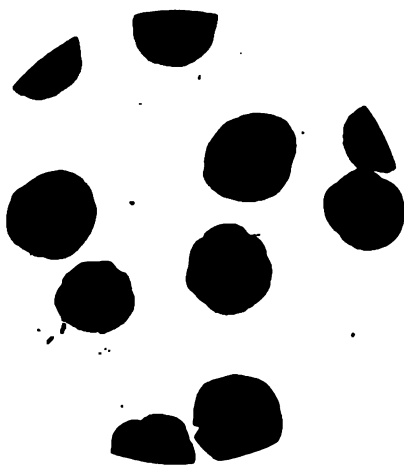


FIG. 4.—Spores from Coal magnified.



FIG. 5 Sandstone casts of the scaly stems of the *Lepidodendron* and similar plants from the coal measures. (Left, right) shown a portion of the fossilised root called *Stigmaria*. (J) natural size.

sent the spot where the fruiting or seed cone was attached.

Other curious fossil branches are commonly found in the underclay below the coal-beds, and these, which for a

measured at its base no less than 6 feet in diameter.

If we add to the plants already mentioned certain coniferous trees similar to our pines and larches, we shall under-

stand that the forests of the coal period, although largely composed of what we now regard as insignificant weeds, were not by any means insignificant as forests. In short, everything points to the fact that the forests were so dense as to be almost impenetrable through the various plant growths, individuals of which would be striving one with another to get their leaves exposed to the sunlight, just as the living plants in crowded situations do to-day, for the sunlight was just as important to these



FIG. 6.—Portions of the fossilised roots of the *Lepidodendron* called *Stigmara* $\frac{1}{4}$ natural size.

FIG. 7.—Coal shale casts of the scaly and fluted stems of the *Sigillaria*— $\frac{1}{4}$ natural size.

long time puzzled geologists, they named *Stigmara*. A portion of one is shown to the right of Fig. 5. These are eventually recognised as roots of the *Lepidodendron* and *Sigillaria*.

At Fig. 6 other fossilised portions of these roots are shown, and the circular scars mark the points where the rootlets were originally put forth. Some of these main root branches have been found extending for 10 or 12 yards, with diameters in their thickest parts of from 2 to 3 feet.

Another class of great plants of the Carboniferous forests were the *Sigillaria*, whose stems, like those of the *Lepidodendra*, are characterised by their regular leaf-scars. Fig. 7 shows two coal shale casts of portions of the scaly and fluted bark of these plants. A trunk of a *Sigillaria* found in Germany *in situ*

early plants as it has always been to all plant life. Of this I will have more to say later.

In amongst the great stems, or trunks, of the horsetails, club-mosses, and other allied plants, there would be a dense undergrowth of ferns, many of which were similar to the living representatives of to-day. The remains of these are abundant in nearly all coal shales and sandstones—so abundant, indeed, that *twice as many species have been found preserved thus in our English coal measures as can be found living at the present time in the whole of Europe*. Not to mention large tree-ferns similar to modern tropical examples; these undoubtedly had a habitat in England during the coal age. Fig. 3 shows portions of shale bearing impressions of various fronds and frondlets of the ferns of the period. The two

central examples in the top row will be seen to represent cameo and intaglio pieces, and when closed together these become simply a piece of smooth weather-worn stone with its secret hidden at the core. Thus do the rocks reveal the story of what occurred on the earth ages before man and his contemporaneous living forms appeared.

We have now to trace the connection between these luxuriant forests of the Carboniferous age and our present beds or seams of coal buried more than 1,000 feet in the bowels of the earth.

In the first place, let us examine coal itself and see if that, like the slates and shales, reveals to us any of its history. It would be useless to look at any casual piece of coal we might take from the scuttle to trace its vegetable origin, but by cutting a thin piece and grinding carefully between glass with emery and water until it becomes so thin as to be transparent, and then submitting this to microscopical examination, we should probably discover something as to its structure.

At Fig. 8 is shown such a thin and transparent section of Yorkshire coal magnified about twenty diameters, while at Fig. 9 is a section, also magnified, of the stem of a modern common club-moss, made to show its vegetable cellular structure. Now, on comparing this latter with the coal section, it will

not take long to recognise that this also contains remains of similar vegetable material, although probably ferns instead of club-mosses, yet stem and root sections and vegetable cells can be readily observed. We must, then, conclude that coal material is largely composed of the compressed remains of the leaves, stems, and roots of the various ferns, club-mosses, etc., of the period.

It frequently happens that these fos-

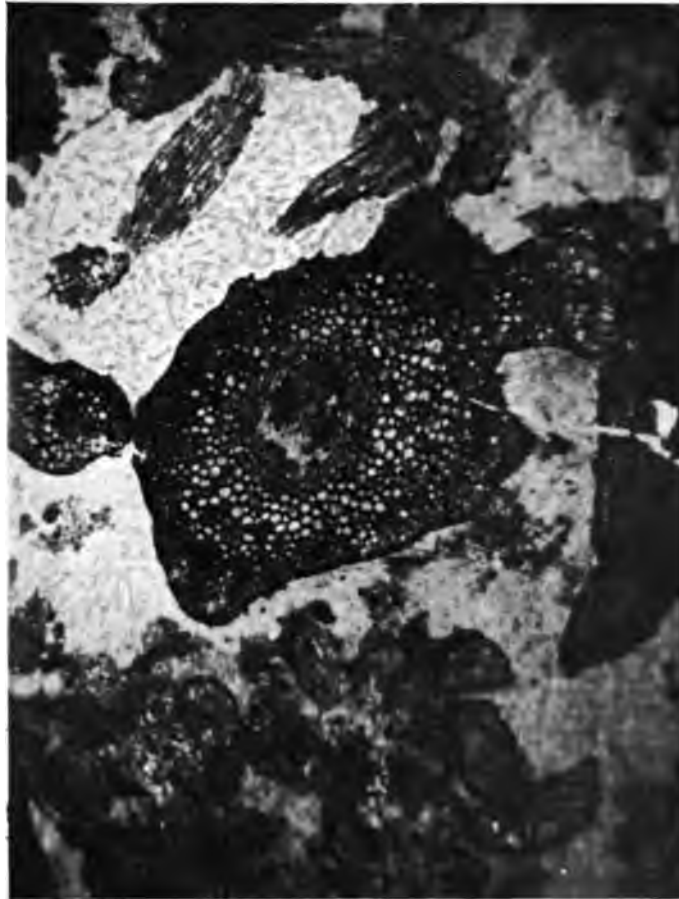


FIG. 8.—A thin section or slice of Yorkshire coal magnified to show how it is built up of vegetable remains.

silised stems of plants show their structure quite distinctly in section. For example, the illustration (Fig. 10) shows the wood-cell. of part of a plant stem, although but a section through what is

apparently stone, and we are able to say without doubt that the tiny cells were originally built up by a gradual plant growth, just as all growing plants are continually adding to their structures.

So it occurs, by making sections through the various kinds of coal, we are almost invariably able to trace their vegetable origin from the softer vegetable and wood structures until it becomes saturated and consolidated, eventually

material has become carbonised into a carbon or coal stage, but still showing traces of its vegetable origin.

Given, then, that coal is consolidated and carbonised vegetable matter, we have yet to find a reason which shall account for these vast beds of coal being buried so deep beneath the surface of the earth. And more than this, how is it that coal-fields are found beneath coal-fields, as in South Wales, where no

less than eighty distinct beds of coal have been recognised? Sometimes these beds are of great thickness, as in the instance of the famous bed of South Staffordshire, which was 30 feet in thickness.

We have glanced at the wonderful fossilised remains of the vegetation of the Carboniferous period and seen how they indicate that the forests of that time developed dense masses of vegetable growth, which, so far as quantity is concerned, would considerably surpass all our forests of the present day. For if the whole of the

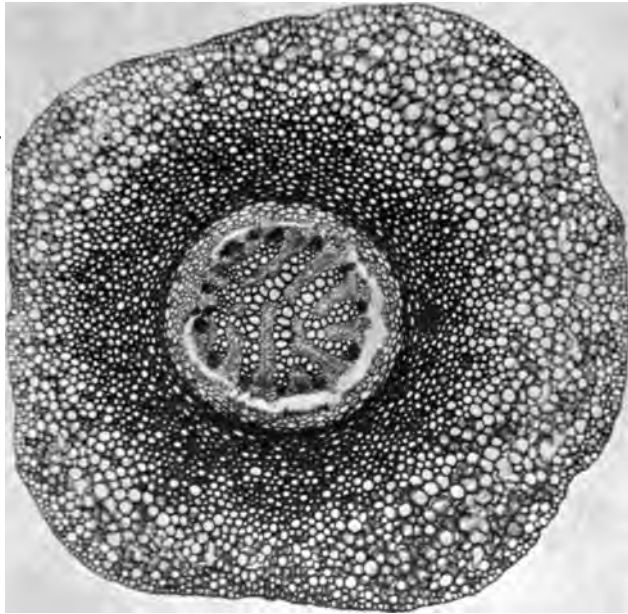


FIG. 9.—A section cut through the stem of a modern Club-moss, to show its vegetable cellular structure—magnified 50 diameters.

losing its gaseous constituents, and becoming converted into carbonised coal of various states of purity as it nears the stages of the more pure forms of carbon.

Fig. 11 shows vertical and transverse sections of fossil pinewood, while Fig. 12 shows another section of pinewood much nearer the coal stage. Again at Fig. 13 appears a section of lignite—a form of impure coal—while Figs. 14 and 15 represent longitudinal and transverse sections respectively of coal proper, the whole illustrating how the woody

vegetation of our existing woodlands could be converted into coal it would probably not make a coalfield of more than 2 or 3 inches deep. And yet collectively the various seams in some coal areas would make a depth of 200 or 300 feet.

From this we can estimate that these great forests of the coal period, which developed and stored these enormous accumulations of carbon, were something almost beyond our imagination. For at present we know of no other source of

carbon other than that gathered through the agency of the green portions of plants and stored in their trunks, roots, branches, etc.

The green leaf absorbs from the atmosphere the carbon dioxide or carbonic acid gas, which is built up of one part of carbon chemically united with two of oxygen.

This is decomposed by sunlight in the chemical laboratory of the leaf and the oxygen is given back to the atmosphere for animals to breathe and again convert into this same carbonic acid gas, while the carbon is retained and built into the wood structure of the plant. And as all the myriads of plant-leaves of the great Carboniferous trees were continually catching and storing these particles of carbon from the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere, which in those

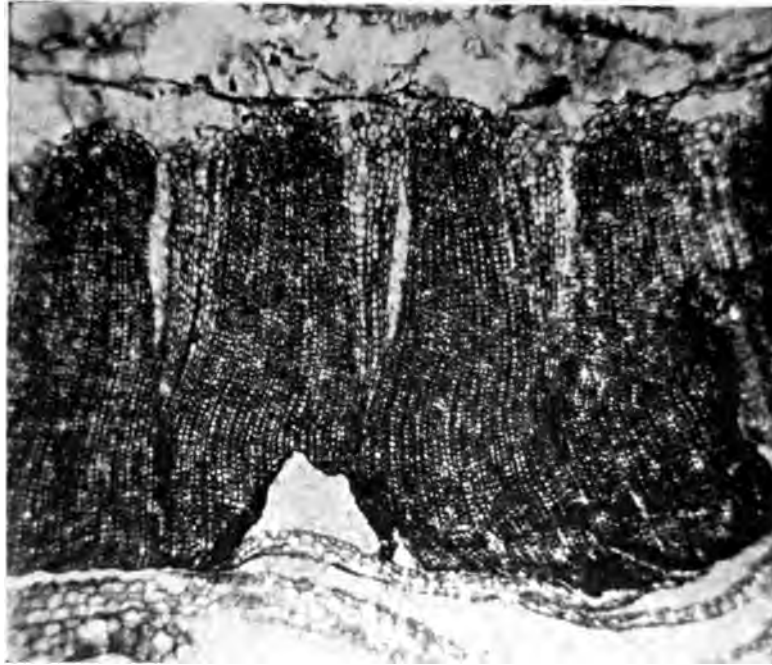


FIG. 10.—Part of a section through a fossilised stem from a plant of the coal measures—magnified.

times it is thought was in greater proportion in the atmosphere than it is to-day, it naturally follows that great and ever-increasing stores of carbon were being put by, not as pure carbon

alone, but chemically combined in the forms of starches, oils, etc., essential to plant growth.

But the earth at this time was in a very unsettled condition, and perhaps after these forests had grown and developed their trees and dense undergrowths for long periods of time a slow and persistent

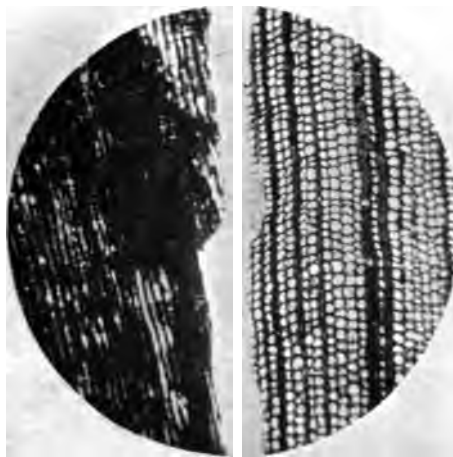


FIG. 11.—Vertical and transverse sections of fossil pine wood—magnified.

subsidence of the land would take place. And as this sinking went on the tides would gradually wash in amongst these forests deposits of silt and mud, which would increase as time went on until the once living and flourishing forest was completely submerged. And so a future coal-bed was laid, which the ever-increasing weight above would eventually, along with the natural chemical influences, convert into coal as we know it.

After a time the land would rest again, and the surface would become suitable once more for plant growth, and in the course of time a new forest would spring

others until we get coal stratum beneath coal stratum, each showing the same remarkable order—first a bed of clay, which represents the soil of the ancient forest; next the coal layer itself, representing the accumulations of the once living vegetation, and above this the deposits of sand and mud which have been hardened into shales and sandstones. A second time another layer of clay or soil follows, and over it coal and sandstone, the whole

to be similarly repeated.

It has been truly and frequently remarked that our stores of coal represent so much fossil sunshine of the Carboni-

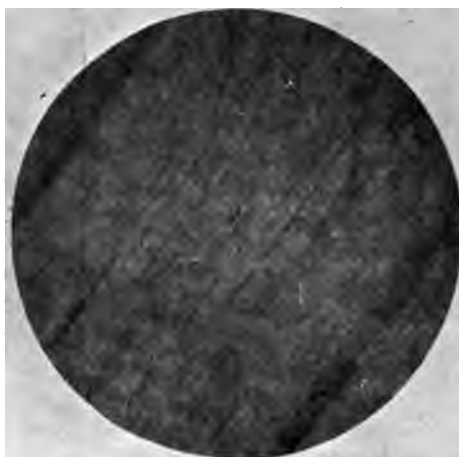


FIG. 12.—A section of fossil pine wood nearer the coal stage—magnified.



FIG. 13.—A section of Lignite, a form of impure coal—magnified.



FIG. 14.—Longitudinal section of coal, showing how it retains its wood-fibre texture—magnified.

up, which in due course would once more meet the same fate of submergence. And this again would be followed by

ferous period. For the carbon gathered during the sunlight by the plants of this period constitutes the great and chief

source of energy contained in coal, and the heat and light given out during combustion is but the warmth and light of the sun's rays absorbed ages ago by the leaves of the strange plants which we have been considering, reasserting itself as it were, after lying dormant through the countless ages.

And as we sit by our fireside and appreciate the glowing embers while reading our newspaper or book with comfort and enjoyment, with our rooms illuminated primarily from this same source, and our surroundings further cheered by the innumerable æsthetic and useful products derived alike from coal, such as the lovely coal-tar colours, exquisite perfumes, and the jet, marbles, slates, and sandstones from the adjoining strata, not to mention the comforts

derived from the numerous curative drugs that chemists have learned to compound from the coal-tar products, and even sugar three hundred times sweeter than that obtained from the cane—indeed, the wonderful products and benefits obtained primarily from coal would require pages for their mere mention; for the Carboniferous strata was a special one, like none before or after, and yielded more for the progress and service of man than all the other systems put together—we must see how vast and foreseeing are Nature's schemes, and, although these great forests grew ages ago apparently without any special purpose, yet on these the progress and social happiness of man to-day largely depends. Nature is one vast whole inseparably related and connected.

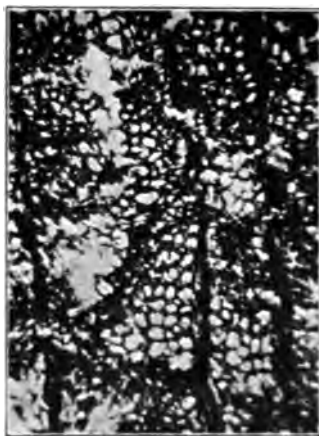


FIG. 15.—Transverse section of coal.

HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH

By YSTRIDD

"E schasté bielo tak vozmojino!
Tak blisko . . ."—POUSCHKINE
(*Eugene Oonéguine*)

"And happiness was so possible,
So near! . . ."

CHAPTER II (*continued*)

"I KNOW why!" put in Lisa, breaking off a dragging conversation with Dmitri which she found sufficiently slow and tiresome. "In Odessa there are plenty of your beloved Jews!"

Shura shook his mane. "A Jew is a man after all. If in Russia the race is marked with such objectionable traits, whose fault is it? Look how we treat them! They take their revenge in every nasty way they can. If I borrow money from a Jew, as he cannot legally charge 50 per cent., he makes me give him an I.O.U. for double the true amount at 4 per cent. Otherwise he won't lend. Can I prove his usury? He is safe and has spoiled an Egyptian. Shakspeare drew Shylock more than two hundred years ago and the type is common in Russia to-day. Nowhere else—at least so marked."

"And you love the type. What taste!"

"You have, as usual, not followed my remarks," said Shura, sitting down by Alice and resuming their broken conversation. They spoke of the sea, of the Opera House at Odessa, and their impressions of "Tosca," which they had heard there.

"It is almost too dramatic for an opera," said Alice. "Take the torture scene, for example. The sharp, desperate words which pass between Scarpia and Tosca seem almost grotesque when sung."

"On the contrary it seems to me that only music can express such passion,

such torture, and such devilry! Of course it must be well expressed. Puccini violates many of the laws of harmony in his 'Tosca,' but he gets the true expression. Recall the music and you will see that I am right. Ah, the 'Vittoria!' of Cavaradossi!"

He began to sing it softly, putting into the hushed, low notes a touch of the tortured passion of Mario Cavaradossi:

"Vittoria! Vittoria! l'alba vindice appar
Che fa gli empî tremar!
Libertà sorge-crollan tirannidi!
Del sofferto martir me vedrai qui gioir,
Il tuo cor trema—oh, Scarpia—barne-
fice!"

"But I have another objection to make," said Alice. "The scene passes in 1800 and seems to be in the Middle Ages. To torture a man without a trial or with, and to shoot him a few hours later, after the mockery of judgment—was it possible in those comparatively modern times?"

Shura tugged nervously at the tassels of his Russian blouse.

"Have you forgotten that Cavaradossi really lived and loved, was tortured and shot? There is a Madonna of his in the Church of St. Angelo. Not possible? Why, such things happen in Russia to-

"Victory! Victory! Victorio is the dawn
appears,
Which maketh the wicked tremble!
Liberty surges—tyranny falls!
Thou shalt see me rejoice in my
suffered martyrdom.
Thy heart shall fail thee, oh, Scarpia—
butcher!"

day! Oh, very much in secret, of course, but more than possible, I assure you! Did you never hear of the direct cause of the Students' Riots in St. Petersburg in 1898?

I can scarcely tell it to you; it is a parallel to the tragedy you would like to think impossible in 1800. Whenever it is whispered there are people who cry, 'Exaggeration -- nothing else! Such things are impossible under our government to-day!' That doctrine is so convenient, so comfortable!"

"Shura!" broke in Lisa again. "Wherever you are there are always disputes. You are insupportable!"

"It takes two to dispute. I am simply talking to Alice Lievovna and you interrupt every other minute to hurl anathemas at me!"

"What do you students riot for?" demanded Lisa, fairly started. "I don't know, and I know you don't know yourselves!"

"Oh, don't we?"

Unhappily the causes are only too manifest to us. But it's no good talking to you about such matters. You wouldn't understand."

"You are very rude, Shura! Fancy telling me to my face that I am stupid."

"I didn't say so."

"But you thought so."

"My thoughts are my own. Even the Government can't interfere with them, thank God!" said Shura, laughing and flinging back his mane.

Lisa flared up. "You are dreadful, Shura! So irreligious and—and impossible! And when you were in the first class of the *gymnasium* you were



He began to sing it softly.

such a nice boy! So pretty in your uniform, with your curls; and so bright and clever!"

"You think so," protested Shura, pausing in his restless walk to lean against a tree, "because my mind then was about as developed as yours is now. I have progressed a little since I was ten years old!"

"Oh!" shrieked Lisa.

"What is it? A nasty mosquito?" asked Vsevolod Antonovich, nearing the

group with a comrade on either hand, one, a tall, very stout Moldavian, Peter Pavilovich by name, which is, being interpreted, Peter son of Paul. He was only twenty-four, but his cushioney frame was so unwieldy as to give the idea that he was getting on in years. His face, with its beautifully regular features and dark, ox-like eyes, would have been handsome if only capable of a spark of expression. His surname was Zoté, and his family, like that of the Yordokeskas, was of the old Moldavian nobility. He was perfectly content with his unwieldy self and had quite an English contempt for all languages save his own, speaking even Russian incorrectly. How he had managed to scramble through the eight classes of the *gymnasium* was a wonder and a mystery. He had been two years at the University of Odessa, had failed to pass the examination of the Second Course, and had at last decided to desert his Alma Mater for a cavalry regiment.

"A mosquito?" echoed Lisa. "Worse! Shura is bullying me because I told him that I know you students don't know why you riot."

"I'm sure I don't," said Peter son of Paul, sitting down on the bench and shaking it to its foundations. "I never did know. I kept out of all the rows and came home when the riots began. Liberty? But I always did pretty much as I liked. Freedom of the Press? I never wanted to read forbidden books. Why? Reading's a bore. A broader, more progressive education? Lord—the present is broad enough for me! I'm going to throw it all up and go into the army. What did you riot for, Vseva?"

"I?" said the musical student, a tall, fair-haired, fair-bearded fellow, a true type of the Great Russian. "I never rioted either. I've other things to think of. A whole troop of brothers and sisters to be educated and started in life, and the mother as delicate as possible. I must get my degree as soon as I can and set to doctoring. Come to me when

I begin practice, Petia, and I'll try to reduce your weight."

"I don't find myself too heavy, thanks," protested the son of Paul.

"You see, Shura," cried Lisa, exultingly, "here are two against you. Now what can you say in defence of revolt?"

"Violent revolt is worse than useless. All violence is tyranny," said a clear voice from the silvered mass of vines, and a young man emerged from a side-path with Soynid Sergayieva and the rest of the guests following in pairs. "The only hope of real progress," he went on, "lies in education. Let us begin with the peasant and the workman. Raising them we raise Russia."

"That's Tolstoy, isn't it?" asked Shura.

The young man raised his large, luminous eyes—the eyes of a dreamer who tries to express his dreams in action and finds conflict.

"Tolstoy?" exclaimed Soynia, before he could speak. "Oh, no—Alexander Ivanovich! Tolstoy doesn't want us to raise the peasant, but to descend to his level. To follow the plough and gather in the harvest is the highest end of man, according to him."

"He pines for a universal Arcadia!" suggested Vsevolod Antonovich, assuming an expression of pastoral simplicity.

There was a general laugh. "Tolstoy Arcadian?" cried Shura. "Oh no! His ideas are too severe for that."

"He would banish the shepherdesses or make the shepherds choose them as partners of their life-work by lot," suggested one of the group.

"All very well, his ideas on that subject, for a man of eighty," said Peter son of Paul.

"There is no one to side with Shura," exclaimed Lisa, returning to the point. But three of the new arrivals ranged themselves by his side.

"I am sorry for you," protested the girl. "But you'll change. What will you all be in ten years' time? You, Shura, will be the most commonplace *bourgeois* alive. All wild young men

finish so if they're not sent to Siberia. I believe if your father, as governor, did not have a certain amount of influence you'd be there now. Three times in prison! But you'll finish by settling down."

"Never! Voloda, if I die to my better self, shoot me!" He turned to his friend Vladimir as he spoke and tossed back his hair. His attitude and words had a touch of the dramatic, but he was absolutely sincere. Lisa's pin-pricks had roused him at last. She laughed.

"Oh, you say so now, at three-and-twenty. At three-and-thirty you'll talk of the follies of your youth! A Russian's youth passes in plotting as an Englishman's in sport, a German's in music and beer, and a Frenchman's in debauchery. Follies!"

She had read the phrase somewhere, and thought it sounded well, and had no idea that the last clause came strangely from the lips of seventeen.

"Follies!" echoed Shura, walking up and down with his leonine young head flung back, his deep-set eyes flashing wide beneath the thick, uplifted lashes, "Folly! May I live in or die for such folly! What is my life—what the lives of all of us here, or of thousands more—if the sacrifice of them can help on the hour of dawn?"

"Oh, that's rather too strong, thou knowest!" muttered Peter son of Paul. Shura did not heed him.

"Oh, I love life! It is splendid! I would like to live a hundred years! But I would fling it away—so"—he shot his hand into the air with a superb gesture—"if I could by so doing advance the hour of our liberty! It will come—not in our time, perhaps. But our sons will reap the benefit of our struggles—our



He shot his hand into the air with a superb gesture.

losses, our very failures—of the lives that have been and will be sacrificed. The sacrifice has not always ended in death, but a long endurance more diffi-

cult by far. What is a cord drawn round the throat—a bullet in the head—the rising of the waters around one—to long, wearying years of imprisonment, of seemingly fruitless exile among criminals? Who would not rather rush to death, feeling till the last second the leap of generous blood, than find it after many years in a damp fortress cell?"

He shuddered. Was it the foreshadowing of his own fate—the worst for his restless spirit of flame? Then he shook his mane and smiled. "I am talking nonsense. Lisok, it is your fault. But I am silly myself to let your chatter rouse me."

"Silly *yourself!* Do you dare——"

"Lisa," interrupted Soynia, "Peace! Come to tea, good people. Dmitri Dmitrievich, you have not spoken a word during all this discussion, and you are a student."

"I *was,*" he corrected. "No, I have not spoken. I acted—once."

His voice was constrained, and as he came forward into the moonlight Alice was struck with the change in his face.

On the way to the house Lisa, walking with Shura, continued her lecture in a high, clear voice.

"You are worse every time I see you, Shura! You are without God, without religion" (evidently for her the two were very distinct and apart), "without conscience! So impious! Do take care and not step on my dress, please, it is of such light material. I am afraid to think of what will become of you; you'll certainly kill some one and be sent to Siberia."

"Oh thou of little logic! How can I end in Siberia if you have already decreed that I shall turn into the dullest of citizens? However, if you prefer Siberia, I'll do my best. As exile there is going to be done away with, I must make haste and assassinate some one. Whom shall it be? The Minister of Public Instruction? He is detestable enough."

Oh "words spoken in jest!" In a

few short months that man was shot by one of Alexander's comrades.

"And you are so mocking and so soulless. Shura! my dress! How clumsy you are!" (As her flounces lay two inches on the ground all round, it was difficult to avoid touching them occasionally). "I am sure that soon I shall be obliged to give up your acquaintance" (she said "*you*" now), "you are utterly without principle! Utterly! I can't give you my hand without a shudder! And to think that we played together! You respect nothing. My dress, Shura!"

"Not even your flounces and furbelows!" said Shura mournfully, convicted of sin.

They had reached the terrace steps. Lisa's voice had been pathetically serious, in the sorrow-without-anger note of one who refuseth to sit in the seat of the scornful. Now she repeated with indignant emphasis, "Utterly without principle! I cannot take your hand again! But all the same thou art a nice boy, Shura!"

A burst of laughter came from those near enough to hear. Her last phrase—so untranslatably expressive—coming as it did after her seriously formulated accusations, was irresistibly comic. Alexander laughed too. Who could be angry with Lisok?

. . . They walked through the soft, silvered dust of the road together, Alice and Dmitri. He silent, tortured with passion and revolt; she, revelling in that seemingly causeless gaiety which is the gift of some natures eternally young. Her small, sanctified feet danced through the dust, disdainful of the step of ordinary hours, and she sang softly to herself, setting words she had read in an English magazine to an air of Little Russia.

"Come, while the blackbirds call from the hollow,

Come, while the world is aflood with May!
Love beckons kindly, ah, let us follow!

Time cannot grudge us one perfect day.
Soon will the leaves, like our youth, be dying,
Soon will our life, like the leaves, fall sere,
Leaves and lives to the dead are flying,

Let us have joy of our youth, then, dear!"

"Good-night!" cried Loynia Sergayeva, in English, from the gate. "Come next week, both of you. Good-night!"

The group of young people echoed her words, shouting after the retreating figures, "Good-night!"

Alice, turning, waved a kiss, and changed her song to one more appropriate.

Russian '*mrachnie*,' in French '*léné-breux*.' Don't be grumpy, Dmitri Dmitrievich. I am not in the mood for walking with a Childe Harold."

"Shall we really walk? There is not a *droschkie* in sight. Let us walk. It is not so far across the fields, you know, but it is the second time to-day, and you have played tennis. Will you be tired?"



They walked through the soft silvered dust of the road together.

"Good-night, good-night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee.
To be near thee, to be near thee
Alone is peace for me!
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers——"

"Dmitri Dmitrievich," she broke off, "why are you so grumpy?"

"Grumpy?" echoed Dmitri. "I don't know that word. What does it mean?"

Alice tried to assume an expression of gloom, then shot a mirthful glance from her great gray eyes and laughed. "Grumpy? I can't give you an object-lesson on the word to-night. It is an expressively mocking term for what is in

"Tired? To-night! No more tired than a moonbeam. I do not feel my limbs. I seem to be floating. I think nothing could be easier than to reach that cloud passing across the moon. Shall we try?"

He smiled, gained by her mood. "In vain," he said.

"Why do you speak English so *Russianly*? Your accent is perfect, but your way of expressing yourself rouses the teaching instinct, and I want to correct you. But after all you are not so bad as Vera Goraieva; she is deliciously funny sometimes. It is not surprising. Her first English teacher was a Greek

who professed proficiency in all the languages of Europe. If only you were English enough to see the joke I would recite you the two poems she wrote in Vera's album—translations from the Italian of Mathilde Serao the novelist, I believe."

"Try and awake in me an English sense of the comic," pleaded Dmitri, indifferent as to whether he could see the joke or not, so long as her clear, gay voice soothed his troubled mood. She obeyed.

"When the moon is lighting,
And the sun is shining,
Wrapt in a picture kind
What calls it to my mind ?

"The smile of dreamer" ("I suppose she
meant 'dreamer'") "inloved,
And besk of eyes involved!
By the glowse of the one
Is sun and moon in a tone.

"But they no more are
When he is absent far!
Lingering like in a trance
Without his presence!"

"Isn't it delicious? It beats Lewis Carrol!"

"I don't know who is Lewis Carrol. But it is very funny, especially from an astronomical point of view. And the other?"

"I have forgotten it. I only remember that a lady confesses her love for some one, and talks about her blood 'briering and extinging,' whatever that may mean. Vera thinks it is a profoundly poetical expression in the decadent style. Perhaps it is decadent Anglo-Greek."

"Are the Goraieffs nice to you?" he asked abruptly.

"We fulfil our mutual obligations. I give lessons for three hours every day. Afterwards I go my way and my pupil goes hers. They are very polite always. But they are not what you call 'sympathetic' for me."

"I know General Goraieff slightly. He is not a bad fellow but, like many of our officers, dreadfully narrow and

ignorant of most things outside military affairs. I never met his wife to speak to."

"I hardly ever speak to her either," laughed Alice. "She is nearly always asleep. In her intervals of wakefulness she pays visits, take drives, plays cards, and drinks tea. Vera is like her."

Perhaps the mention of her employers had recalled her to a more prosaic mood. She walked on silently.

The stilled waves of passion surged anew over Dmitri. He was caught in the grip of a tormenting desire. He felt that he must, at all costs, hold her in his arms, crush against his heart the little, pale, proud face, cover with passionate kisses the small golden head, the "crimson flowers" of her lips, and the white lids that drooped heavily weighted with the curling lashes—over her changeful eyes—"devenia ochi—ochi tak moré!" Wild words rose to his lips; he looked at the bright pallor of her face and forced them back; but a murmur had escaped him, and she said, raising her clear eyes to his troubled face—"What did you say?"

His glance had fallen to her sandalled feet, otherwise the flame of his regard, no longer smouldering, would have burnt through the veil of glad unconsciousness shrouded in which lay, yet undreaming, the woman's heart, ripe for all the subtle poetry of passion.

"Are those sandals the nearest approach to tennis shoes you could find here?" he asked, seizing upon the first subject which presented itself to him. "I bought a real English pair in Odessa."

"They do quite well; they are so soft and without heels."

Dmitri did not even know what she said, and Alice, reconquered by the beauty of the night, began to sing again.

They left the road and took their way through his fields. The maize rustled as they passed, single file, along the narrow path, upwards towards a tiny stream spanned by a felled tree-trunk

by way of a bridge. Reaching it, Dmitri sprang across at a bound, and turning, held out both his hands to Alice. She advanced without his help, and stood swaying over the stream, holding to the meadow-sweet which drooped forward from the banks.

"You will fall," he exclaimed, and bending forward with one foot upon the crazy little bridge he caught her

round the waist, swung her lightly across and set her down upon the path. She did not even feel that she ought to be angry, but walked on dancingly as before, a little in front of him, between the heavy-laden vines.

"How the crickets chirp!" she said, pausing and holding up her hand. "Listen! The sound seems to swing through the air."

(To be continued.)





COUNTESS POTOCKA.

From a Photo

From a Painting by an Unknown Master.

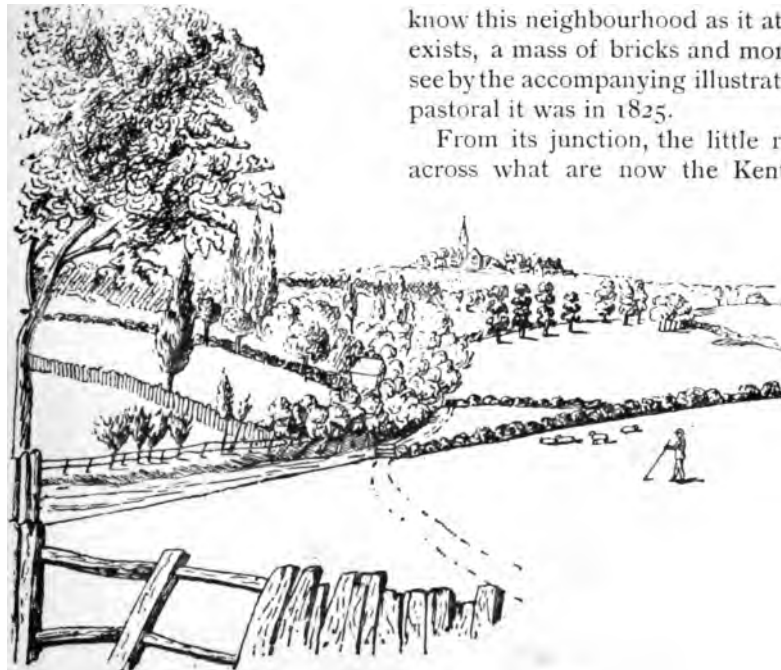
THE FLEET RIVER AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS

By JOHN ASHTON

THERE is no river in England of its size and length which has such associations as the Fleet ; and, as to its antiquity, its name is Saxon, as Bosworth points out in his Dictionary. "FLEOT. *A place where vessels float, a bay, gulf, an arm of the sea, the mouth of a river, a river ;* hence the names of places, as *Northfleet, Southfleet, Kent ;* and, in London, *Fleet ditch.*" It was stigmatised as a "ditch" because it was used as such, and, finally, became a common sewer ; but it sprang from a little rill near the Hampstead end

of Millfield Lane, and ran into the first of a chain of ponds (now in Lord Mansfield's grounds at Ken Wood) which are known as the "Highgate Ponds." From the lowest of these ponds it crossed the Highgate road not far from its junction with the Kentish Town road ; and as "Ken ditch" it probably gave its name to the suburb. It followed the course of this road on the north side till it reached Hawley Street, where it was joined by a sister brook whose source was in the "Vale of Health" pond at Hampstead, and its memory is still perpetuated in the "Fleet Road." Those who only know this neighbourhood as it at present exists, a mass of bricks and mortar, will see by the accompanying illustration how pastoral it was in 1825.

From its junction, the little river ran across what are now the Kentish and



VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF THE FLEET AND HIGHGATE CHURCH, FROM FORTRESS TERRACE, KENTISH TOWN, SEPT. 28, 1825.

(Water colour by A. Crosby)

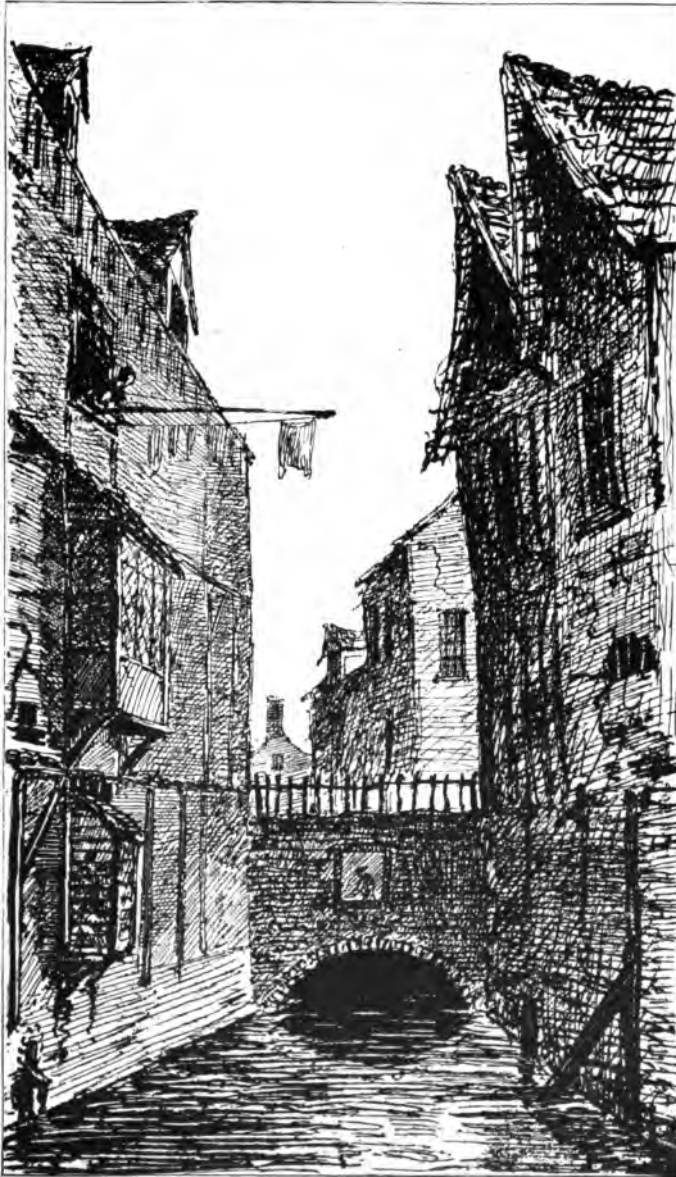
Camden Town Roads, and between Great College and King Streets, whence it followed the course of the present road to King's Cross, passing by old St. Pancras Church until it came to King's Cross, or, as earlier named, Battle Bridge, the traditional scene of a battle between the Britons and the Romans ; it then flowed to the east of Gray's Inn Road, and was met at Mount Pleasant

by the little stream which fed Lamb's Conduit, which took its rise about where the Foundling Hospital now stands : thence it reached what is now Farringdon Road, and continued a straight course until it fell into the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge.

It was partially navigable for some distance, as an anchor was found in its bed at Kentish Town ; but that must

have been in very early times, for Stowe says : "This brooke hath been divers times since cleansed, namely, and last of all to any effect, in the year 1502 the whole course of Fleete dike, then was scowred (I say) down to the Thames, so that boats with fish and fewel were rowed to Fleete bridge, and to Old burne bridge, as they of olde time had been accustomed." That there was a good shipping trade here at the end of the eighteenth century is shown by a painting (in the Guildhall Art Gallery) by Sam. Scot (1770 ?).

This little river had another and a very pretty name, "The river of Wells," from the numerous small tributaries that helped to swell its stream, and from the wells, medicinal, or otherwise, which bordered its course. First of all, there



HOLBORN BRIDGE.

was Pancras Well, whose waters cured every disease ; then St. Chad's Well, the site of which is now occupied by the Metropolitan Railway at King's Cross ; close by, though not helping to swell the river, were White Conduit and Sadler's Wells, both said to have medicinal properties, or what were then called "Spaws," and both places of public entertainment ; indeed, the latter boasted a theatre, which for some time was the home of Shakesperian drama.

Following the Fleet and before reaching Bagnigge Wells, was Black Mary's Well or Hole, but this totally disappeared about the commencement of last century. Bagnigge Wells was a famous Spa, and tradition says that Nell Gwyn lived at Bagnigge House. The gardens were very pretty, and many are the pictures of Macaronis and their ladies who visited the place about the end of the 18th century. It came to grief and disappeared in 1844. There was a spring which gave name to Cold Bath fields, which was first utilised in the reign of William III. ; a cold bath there cost 2s. and 2s. 6d. ; and Steele wrote of its virtues in 1715. The London Spa, in Clerkenwell, which gave its name to Spa Fields, seems to have been a disreputable place of resort, and was closed as a place of amusement in 1776, when its *Pantheon* was turned into a chapel, which was subsequently purchased by Lady Huntingdon, and became the well known Spa-fields Chapel. Not far off was Hockly in the Hole, the scene of prize fights, bull-baiting, and blackguardism of every description. In Farringdon Road—very little way north of the Sessions House—was Clerkenwell, where the Guild of Parish Clerks used to act Miracle plays. The last tributary of the Fleet was Turnmill Brook, a name now surviving in Turnmill Street.

There was a bridge over the Fleet at the bottom of Holborn Hill, from early times—but after the Great Fire of 1666 the river was widened and canalised thus far, and, soon after, a new bridge of red brick was built by Sir C. Wren,

No. 231. December, 1902.



FAGIN, THE JEW.

having an arch of about twenty feet span.

This canal was expensive to keep up, and was nearly worthless ; so, in 1733, an Act of Parliament was obtained to cover it in between Holborn and Fleet bridges, and to convert the ground thus reclaimed to the use of the City. This is now Farringdon Street, and the space was opened as a market on September 30, 1737, which was pulled down in 1829.

Close by here, now destroyed by the Holborn Viaduct and other improvements, was Field Lane, the home of Fagin—who was a real character—whom Kenny Meadows drew in *Bell's Life in London*, and in the same newspaper Leech gave us "Field Lane Negotiations," a picture which tells its own story.

Getting very near its end, the Fleet passed Ludgate, with its debtors' prison, having in its way, in days long since, passed at the bottom of the gardens belonging to the palace of the "King Maker," in Warwick Lane, and in later times the College of Physicians, Newgate, and the Old Bailey, until it came to the Monastery of the Dominicans, or Black-

friars, on its eastern, and the royal palace of Bridewell on its western, bank, afterwards falling from its high estate to be a prison of the commonest : and, close to it, and ending the course of the Fleet, was the sanctuary of Whitefriars, or Alsatia, the resort of the worst rogues in London.

The FLEET PRISON stood on the eastern bank of the river, between

that they may not be hindered therein by the counterfine of Osbert De Longchamp." Leveland's wife succeeded him as custodian, and she was the first female Warden, although there were others ; as in 1677 a case is cited in which "a woman guardian of the Fleet marries her prisoner in execution ; he is immediately out of execution ; for the husband cannot be prisoner to his wife, it being repugnant that she, as jaylor, should have the custody of him, and he, as husband, the custody of her."

At first it would seem that the wardenship of the Fleet was hereditary, but soon such offices were sold, and the price paid recouped by squeezing the prisoners ; for, as early as 1400, a petition was presented to Parliament asking that the fees might be settled, and as many noblemen and gentlemen were committed to this prison, the emoluments must have been great. Space will not allow of any enumeration of well-born prisoners,

but the character of the occupants of the Fleet may be imagined when Shakspeare (2nd part "King Henry IV." last scene) makes the Lord Chief Justice say, "Go, carry Sir John Falstaffe to the Fleet ; Take all his company along with him."

The Wardens seem to have been a law unto themselves, and, in 1520-1, one of them, Alexander Harris, had nineteen counts brought against him, of which four were for murder, felony, robbery, and excessive rates for chambers, and there are several other instances



FIELD LANE NEGOTIATIONS ; OR, A SPECIMEN OF "FINE DRAWING."

Ludgate Hill and Fleet Lane, on the spot on which the Congregational Memorial Hall and Library and other buildings now stand, in Farringdon Street. As a prison it was of great antiquity, very probably dating back to William the Conqueror, for we find that, in 1197, "Nathaniel de Leveland and his son Robert were fined in sixty Marks to have the custody of the King's Houses at Westminster and the Prison at Fleet-Bridge, which had been their inheritance ever since the conquest of England ; and

of malpractices by Wardens, but it was not until 1729 that Parliament took cognizance of such offences, and ordered a Committee of Inquiry. The then Warden was one Huggins, who had bought the post from Lord Clarendon for £5,000, for his own and his son's lives. His deputy was one Thomas Bambridge, "*A Newgate Solicitor, and a person of abandon'd credit,*" and he afterwards bought the Wardenship from Huggins; and the cruelties practised under his régime were so terrible that Huggins, Bambridge, and their satellites

"Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor
To this poor, but merry place
Where no Bayliff, Dun, or Setter
Dare to shew their frightful face.
But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
Down your Garnish you must pay
Or your Coat will be in Danger—
You must either strip, or pay."

In the other the Chamberlain introduces a new-comer to the cook; the gaoler and tapster seem already to have made his acquaintance.

When Howard visited this prison in 1776 he did not find much fault with it, but he mentioned the amusements of the



THE COMMON SIDE OF THE FLEET PRISON.

were committed to Newgate. Huggins was acquitted, and so was Bambridge, who, however, some twenty years afterwards, committed suicide by cutting his throat. Hogarth has immortalised his examination before the Committee of the House, and the production of both prisoners and instruments of torture.

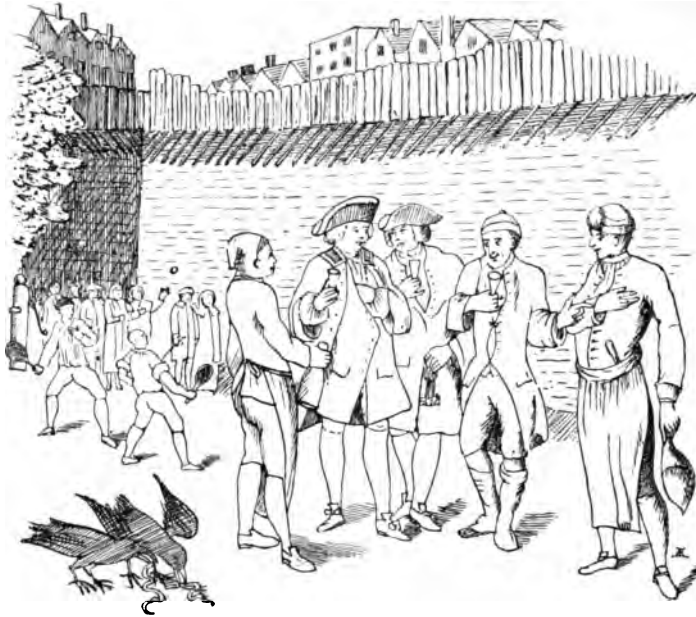
There are two pictures of the social economy of the Fleet in the middle of the eighteenth century, both illustrating the introduction of new prisoners—one is "*The Common Side of the Fleet Prison,*" underneath which is a song, "*The Debtors' welcome to their Brother*" :—

inmates. "I mentioned the billiard-table. They also play in the yard at skittles, missisipi, fives, tennis, &c. . . . On Monday night there is a Wine Club; on Thursday night a Beer Club; each lasting usually till one or two in the morning." But, should any one care to know of the convivialities of the Fleet Prison let him read Egan's *Life in London*. Robert Cruikshank, himself an inmate, painted a water-colour sketch in June, 1835, which shows that the prisoners were by no means downcast, and that their amusements were both noisy and merry.

But the end of the Fleet Prison was coming. By an Act (1-2 Vic. c. 110)

arrest on mesne process in civil actions was abolished, so that no prisoners could be committed to Fleet from the Courts of Chancery, Exchequer, or Common

the "Rules of the Fleet," and hither congregated many broken and dissolute clergymen, who would marry couples for whatever fee they could get. Pennant,



INTRODUCTION OF A NEW PRISONER.

Pleas, and the debtors and bankrupts were removed in 1842 to the Queen's Bench Prison. The Fleet Prison was doomed, and the sale of its building materials commenced on April 5, 1845, but the site was not finally cleared until 1846. And so it passed away.

A notice of the Fleet would be incomplete without mention being made of the Fleet Marriages. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the marriage law was very lax, and it was not until 1689 that a law was passed making it compulsory that every parson should keep a register of his marriages; and in 1696 it was made penal for clergymen to marry a couple without the publication of banns, or by licence. This was avoided by many, who pleaded that Crown livings, or places belonging to the Crown, were "*peculiars*," or out of the Bishop's authority. To any who could pay for it there was a privilege of living within a circumscribed area, called

the "Rules of the Fleet," and hither congregated many broken and dissolute clergymen, who would marry couples for whatever fee they could get. Pennant, writing at the end of the eighteenth century, says, "In walking along the street, in my youth, on the side next the prison, I have often been tempted by the question, *Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?* Along this most lawless space was hung up the frequent sign of a male and female hand conjoined with *Marriages performed within* written beneath. A dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop; a squalid,

profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin, or a roll of tobacco." The accompanying illustration vividly illustrates not only a Fleet wedding, but the Market as it existed in 1747.

The names of the Fleet parsons have been handed down to us, and one of the first is John Gaynam, who married from about 1709 to 1740; he rejoiced in the soubriquet of the "Bishop of Hell." We also have some of their pocketbooks and registers, in one of which, that of Walter Wyatt, we find that his fees in October, 1788, amounted to £57 12s. 9d. A few excerpts from some of the registers must close this notice. "January 5, 1742. On Tuesday last, two Persons, one of Skinner Street, and the other of Webb's Square, Spittle Fields, exchange'd Wives, to whom they had been married upwards of twelve Years; and the same Day, to the Content of all Parties, the Marriages

were consummated at the Fleet. Each Husband gave his Wife away to the other, and, in the Evening, had an Entertainment together." "The Woman ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift." "Had a noise for four hours about the Money." "N.B. Stole a Silver Spoon." "Stole my Cloathes Brush." "N.B. Married at a Barber's Shop, next Wilsons, viz., one Kerrils for half a Guinea, after which it was extorted out of my pocket, and for fear of my life delivered." "They behaved very vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks's Gold Ring."

Sometimes they married people of a higher class. "March y^e 4th, 1740. William — and Sarah — he dress'd in a gold waistcoat, like an Officer, she a Beautiful young Lady with 2 fine

Temple & Charlotte Gaillard of St. Mildred, Poultry, at Mr. Boyce's, King's Head. N.B. One gentleman came first in a merry manner to make a bargain wth the Minister for the marriage, and immediately came the parties themselves, disguising their dress by contrivances, particularly buttoning up coat, because the rich wastecoast should not be seen, &c."

The Church of England Marriage Service was generally used, but, in one instance, as shown by a pocketbook, it was somewhat modified, as when the ring is given, the Trinity is not mentioned, but the words are altered to "from this time forth for ever more. Amen;" and, when the couple promise to hold together "according to God's holy ordinance," it was rendered, "according to law."



A FLEET WEDDING.

diamond Rings, and a Black high Crown Hat, and very well dressed." "Nov. y^e 24, 1733, att y^e Baptized hed Tavern to go to Mr. Gibbs for to marry him in y^e country—Wife worth £18,000." "Sept. 5, 1744, Andrew Mills, Gent. of the

These marriages received their death-blow in 1753, when the Lord Chancellor brought forward and passed "An Act for the better preventing of clandestine marriages," which settled the Marriage Law as it is at present.

THE STATEMENT OF GEORGE HASTINGS

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

IT was a kind thought of my old friend, Wilfrid Bramley, to invite a lonely man like myself to spend Christmas with him at Ranadale Abbey, where he and his wife had collected a merry party. I arrived at the close of a winter afternoon, and the great hall when I entered it was lit only by the dull glow of the fire, round which most of the guests had gathered in the pleasant interval between tea- and dressing-time.

This was the manner of my meeting with Edith Percival, and as for an hour we sat talking, almost hidden from each other by the shadows, the magic of her charm had already, I think, begun to influence me.

Then the lamps were brought, and, curious to see the face of my companion, I turned towards her with, as I remember, some trifling jest about a fresh introduction; but even as I noticed the wonderful beauty that has become so familiar to me, I saw it suddenly change with an expression which I could not understand. She tried to smile in answer to my words, but her lips were white and trembling, and in her eyes was something that looked like fear.

As we rose to separate she drew herself away from me with almost a shudder, and at dinner a message was sent down that Miss Percival found herself too tired to appear again that evening.

I was somewhat disappointed at this for, as I say, the girl's beauty and manner had impressed me strangely, but as yet I did not connect her illness with myself—how, indeed, should I?

Next morning when she joined the party at breakfast I noticed that she was still very pale.

She passed round the table receiving from every one congratulations on her recovery and returning a few pleasant words to each; lastly with, I thought, an obvious effort she turned towards the place where I stood, but she did not lift her eyes to mine, and the hand, which she held out to me, was as cold as marble. Anything more different from the pleasant companionship of the previous evening, it would be impossible to imagine. I was startled at the change in the girl, and could scarcely return her greeting; next moment she had passed on and taken a seat at the table, at some distance from mine.

But it is unnecessary for me to detail the evidence which I received during the next few days that Miss Percival's feeling towards me had been violently affected by something unknown.

This change, of course, distressed me not a little. Try as I would, I could not imagine what had caused it. Indeed, so much was I disturbed and perplexed that I at last determined to ask her for an explanation.

I found her in the library seated in a low chair near the fire. She had evidently been reading, but the book had fallen from her lap, and her eyes were gazing into the red glow, with a look of sadness which was distressing to see.

I opened the matter at once.

"Miss Percival," I said, "will you be offended if I ask you a somewhat unconventional question?"

She started at the sound of my voice

and looked up. I guessed from her manner that she knew what I was about to say, and had expected it; nevertheless she tried hard to seem unconcerned.

"That depends upon what the question is," she said.

"It is this," I answered. "I have noticed that I have been so unfortunate as to displease you in some way; so much, indeed, that my presence here is obviously a source of pain to you. Please do not say it is not so," I urged, watchful of her expression, "because I want you to be quite honest with me. If it is anything that I have done, I can perhaps undo it, or, if that is not possible, I may at least relieve you of the burden of my presence."

"It is not you who must apologise, but I," she said. "You have asked me to be quite honest with you, and I will try to be so, though the confession which it obliges me to make is both painful and humiliating."

I was about

to speak, but she checked me with a motion of her hand, and continued—

"It is humiliating, because to many people, to you perhaps, my reasons must appear foolish and morbid. Painful, because to me they are very serious, much more so than I can tell you. Mr. Hastings, do you believe in the reality of dreams—in dreams, I mean, as visions sent by a supernatural power to warn us?"

"No; I do not think so," I said.



"The face of the vision was your face."

"Dreams are, to me, merely the reflection of waking influences; I do not believe that they have any special meaning."

She looked at me sadly for a moment.

"I am sorry for that," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it makes it rather hopeless for you to understand what I shall have to tell you. Ever since I was quite a little child, dreams have been a great reality to me; you can think, then, how greatly I have been moved by a terrible vision which has haunted me since I came to this house."

She paused.

"What was the vision?" I asked.

"It is horrible to me even to think of it, but I will tell you. It was a vision of a man clad in the black robe of some holy order. For three nights in succession I was tortured by it. Each night there appeared to come over me a strange and awful Influence, compelling me to rise and come down into the great hall of this house. I used to descend the stairs trembling with the fear of what I knew was going to happen. Then, in my fancy, I went to the hall door, unbolted it, and threw it open. On the last stroke of twelve a figure, its face hidden beneath a monkish cowl, advanced from the avenue and entered the house. I knew that it was come to kill me, and I used to fall on my knees before it imploring for mercy. But there was no mercy. It seized my arm, and dragged me towards it. Then the cowl fell backwards so that I saw its pale, stern face, and this was to me the most appalling terror of all. It drew a dagger from its girdle, and—I awoke, trembling and cold. This horror possessed me, as I say, for three nights in succession. Then, on the fourth evening you arrived——"

"Yes?" I said.

"And," she answered, in a voice so low that it was almost a whisper, "*the face of the vision was your face.*"

I was by nature a man of strong nerves, and one who scorned all super-

stition, but I confess to feeling a sensation of horror at her words, spoken, as they were, with such earnestness and conviction. The next moment, however, I had mastered the weakness and was ashamed of it.

"And is that all?" I asked. "I have done nothing else to displease you?"

She looked at me in some surprise.

"You have done nothing to displease me," she answered; "but I have perhaps avoided you lest I should be led to disgrace myself as I did at our first meeting."

"Then," I cried, "that is all settled, and we can be friends as before. Now let us think of something more cheerful. Will you come and help them to prepare for Christmas Eve?"

I went upstairs an hour afterwards, with a distinct feeling of relief. Now that I had come to an understanding with Miss Percival, it seemed impossible that the position should not improve. Doubtless the poor girl was nervous and overwrought, and I pleased myself with the idea that I had helped her. Musing thus, of a sudden something caused me to glance over my shoulder, and I was for a moment horribly startled. At my elbow I saw what looked like a reflection of my own face!

I have said that my nerves were naturally strong, but for the second time that day I was startled out of my self-possession, and stood for a moment hardly daring to look round again. When I did so, the optical illusion, or whatever it was, had disappeared. Still, it was a nasty sensation, and coming just after the girl's story it made an impression on me which it needed all my strength of will to efface. I said nothing, however, to any one of my strange fancy, fearing lest it might come to the ears of Miss Percival, and bring about a renewal of the nervousness from which she was evidently escaping.

Indeed it did one good to watch the change which the next few days wrought in the girl. She regained all her former cheeriness; while, for my own part,

never till then had I known how much pleasure life held—that time was perhaps the happiest of my whole existence.

At last came Christmas Eve—only

to be, the window curtains shut out a world in which dull white and grey were the only colours.

Inside, however, no scene could have



"Take me away from here: there is something dreadful in this place!"

yesterday! and it seems as though I had lived years since the morning when we rose to find the first snow-flakes sprinkling the lawns.

That was a busy day at Ranadale. First came the decoration of the house, for which the men of the party were requisitioned to hold ladders and hand up the long trails of green and scarlet holly. Then there was the mistletoe to be found and hung, and finally the Christmas Eve dance, in which all, servants and friends alike, were to join.

This was Wilfrid's idea of keeping the season in a good old-fashioned way, and for once the weather seemed determined to assist in carrying out the idea. All day long the snow fell in steady, persistent masses from a lowering sky, and when at length we assembled in the servants' hall, where the dance was

been prettier or more cheerful. A huge fire blazed on the hearth, sending its flames roaring half-way up the chimney; the candles round the walls were multiplied in twinkling reflections from the polished floor, while holly and greenery were displayed in every nook and corner.

Edith Percival excused herself from more than the opening dance, and I seated myself beside her in a spot from which we could observe the whole scene.

So we two sat apart, in a twilight of our own, behind a leafy screen of holly, where the dancers passed with a flashing of bright colours through the green, and the music came to us softened by distance. It seemed as though the moment for which I had been waiting throughout the day was to be mine at last.

"How happy they all seem!" said

the girl, turning to me with rather a sad smile.

"Yes," I said, "Wilfrid is a good host, and knows how to make all his guests enjoy themselves."

"I think he is the very kindest man in all the world," she said warmly, "no one knows how good he and my cousin have been to me."

"As for that," I said, touched a little by her enthusiasm, "if it had not been for Wilfrid I should have been spending this evening in lonely chambers, or, worse still, in the wastes of a deserted Club."

"Yes," she said, "but I do not think it can be the same for you as for me. You are a man, you can go where you will, do what you will, be what you will, while I—oh, you have no idea how lonely it is at home! Everybody here has been so kind, and we have had such a happy time together that it is dreadful to think of going back to the old life again."

There was a tremble of tears in her voice, and, the wonderful dark eyes gleamed with suppressed moisture. At the sight a wave of tenderness swept over me; I could be silent no longer, but would tell her, now, at once, how much I loved her.

Suddenly, even as I opened my lips to speak, the distant echo of a voice seemed to reach my ear.

"You have had your warning, take it, and be silent!"

"What was that?" I exclaimed, in some alarm.

"What?" said the girl, looking up. "I heard nothing."

I looked round. No one had come near us; the music sounded, and the dancers whirled past just as before.

"It must have been my fancy," I said.

Fortunately she had not noticed my agitation, and I continued, "Miss Percival, I was going to tell you something, to ask you something—may I ask it?"

She was silent, looking away from me, but the hand which lay in her lap began to tremble.

"I want to ask you if you need go back to the old life which is so hateful to you, to ask you to start a new life of happiness, to ask you to be my wife. Edith, my darling, do not turn away from me. Give me some answer, some hope."

Still silence. I kept my eyes fixed on the face which was turned from me, and I could see that she was labouring to speak.

"Edith," I said again, "will you not at least give me some sign?"

Then suddenly, "What can I say?" she cried. "I cannot answer you; something is preventing me! Take me away from here; there is something dreadful in this place! Oh, if you love me so much, let me go away; I am stifled!" She sprang up, pale and trembling; I rose too, and faced her.

"Then you will give me no answer?" I said, harping, in my selfish anxiety, on my own wishes.

"Not now," she murmured, "not now."

"To-morrow?" I asked eagerly.

She swayed forward and caught me by the arm. "Spare me!" she said quickly. "It is true, I do love you. But indeed, indeed, I cannot say more now. Wait—till to-morrow."

And with this I was forced to be content. Edith went upstairs at once, and not long afterwards I made my own escape from the crowd, and got away to my room.

Here I slipped on my thinking garment, once the habit of a Spanish monk, which I had brought back with me from my travels, and which, being warm and comfortable, I was accustomed to use as a dressing-gown. This done, I lit a pipe and began to pace up and down the room, thinking over the events of the day.

I heard the music below me waxing and waning, till finally the whole house grew still, and I seemed to myself, as I walked up and down, to be the only waking creature in it.

At last the tension became unbearable: the warm air of the fire-lit room seemed to stifle me, and opening one of the long windows, I drew my cowl over my head,

and stepped out on to the balcony. The snow was still falling thinly, while over all the park, and away to where the old square tower of the Parish Church was dimly visible, there stretched a white shroud which obscured all the familiar

quarter before twelve, the sound coming clearly over the still night. I stood for some moments enjoying the peacefulness of the scene, with the cool air blowing on my face, when, all at once, I fancied I saw a dark shadow crossing



The coat upon its head fell back and I saw its face. IT WAS MY OWN!

landmarks and made the country seem like the ghost of a dead world.

As I stepped through the window the chimes of the distant tower sounded the

a snow-covered opening in the park. I watched it eagerly, and thought I discerned the figure of a man, though I could not be sure in the dim light.

Whatever it was, the shadow pursued its way slowly and with a settled purpose, in and out among the boles of the great trees, as though weaving an invisible chain about the house. There was no sound of footsteps, or crunching snow, and suddenly, while crossing an open glade it seemed to vanish. I had been watching it so closely that its disappearance caused me a shock of something like fear. There seemed to be some evil influence hovering about the place; else why was I always seeing these dreadful, unaccountable things?

I was back in my room again, when I heard a slight noise, as of some one moving in the house. It came again, and a light footstep, which I instantly recognised, sounded outside. Then, of a sudden, as the steps passed my door, I heard another sound, which sent the blood to my heart. It was a cry of terror in Edith's voice. In an instant I was on the alert. I was unarmed, but, glancing round, my eyes fell on a trophy of daggers upon the wall, and I wrenched one of them from its place, and thrust it into my girdle for use if I should need a weapon.

This took hardly a second, and then I had reached the door, opened it, and darted into the corridor. It was empty. At the further end, where it crossed the hall, the flicker of a candle moving upon the wall directed my footsteps. I ran swiftly towards the light, and turning the corner came out on to the gallery.

This is what I saw.

The light came from a candle which had been placed upon the floor. At the head of the stairs stood Edith, dressed just as I had left her, even to the jewels which still gleamed at her throat and wrists. She was looking down into the shadowy hall, but at the sound of the cry which I involuntarily uttered, she turned and saw me.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "it is the Monk! the Black Monk!"

When she spoke, I started forward, and in a moment was beside her, striving to take her hands and soothe her, while

she, wild-eyed, and quivering with terror, struggled desperately to keep me off.

"Edith, Edith!" I exclaimed, "what are you doing here? What does this mean? Do you not know me? Edith——"

I stopped, for at that moment, by a supreme effort, she had broken away from me, and now stood listening, with one hand upraised.

Then the silence was broken. Suddenly, on the great door there came three loud knocks. They ceased, and for a moment there was absolute stillness. Then the sound was repeated, more loudly, and at the second summons Edith passed quickly down the stairs and into the hall.

Silently, and as though accustomed to the task, she went to the door, shot back the heavy bolts, and threw it open. Something was moving under the trees. It came nearer, advancing towards the house, and I saw the figure of a monk, clad in a long, dark robe. It came nearer still, up the steps towards the door, and I saw that even to the smallest detail the dress was my own dress!

It came on, through the door, till it was below me in the hall. Then for the first time it seemed to notice the girl, and, extending a thin hand, it grasped her wrist. Powerless to move, I saw her fall upon her knees as though imploring mercy, though she made no sound. But the figure was merciless; silently it drew her forward, and then the cowl upon its head fell back, and I saw its face. *It was my own!*

Then I saw the other hand go towards its girdle, and grope for something there, and at the sight the spell which held me seemed to be broken. For I knew that the dagger which it sought was in my own hands. With a cry of triumph I rushed towards it. We closed with one another, two dark-robed figures, the man fighting the reflection of himself, the living fighting the dead. And from that moment all became uncertain to me.

I felt the shock of our meeting, as, with arm upraised to strike, I dashed

upon it. I saw the white face, that was my face, close to mine, and I heard the low laugh of derision with which it greeted my attack.

Then I felt its hand close upon my arm with the grip of a vice ; the deadly cold of its grasp froze into my flesh, and I felt my arm turned aside, powerless against a superhuman strength but still, blinded and desperate, I struck out frantically before me.

Last of all, I felt the knife sink into something soft, and lunged again and yet again, till the blade grated against bone. Then the grasp upon my arm gradually loosened, and with the fiend-laughter ringing in my ears, I sank down, into darkness.

The rest is known, and therefore quickly told. When I came to myself, it was in the grey light of early morning, to find the household crowding round me, with white, scared faces, while at my feet lay my beautiful darling, slain by the knife which I yet grasped in my hand.

She had been murdered, foully murdered, and by me who loved her more than all the world ! It was the dream come true. The Black Monk was myself, and I had slain her. Why was I made to do this thing ? Was I an instrument of heaven, or the sport of fiends ? I know not : I only know that it was so. A hard fate, surely, to be made to sacrifice the only thing I ever loved. And if I had taken my warning, and been silent—but it is no use thinking about that now. Perhaps, after all, we were not suited mates ; and yet I loved her so ! Well, it is done ; she is dead, and, thank God, I shall soon be dead, too, and understand.

NOTE BY WILFRID BRAMLEY.

After waiting for close upon two years, I have at last allowed this statement of my poor friend's to be published, for several reasons—principally because of its bearing upon his mental condition at the time of the tragedy.

When the result of the trial was made known, some dissatisfaction was expressed by those whose business (or pleasure !) it seems to be to write to the Public Press on such occasions, and it was openly stated that only the social standing of the accused saved him from the fate which a poor man, under similar circumstances, would have had to suffer.

If such an opinion still exists, I consider that the general tone of the foregoing narrative, coupled with the extraordinary delusions which it contains, amply suffices to disprove it. It is evident that the insanity which developed shortly before George Hastings died, must, at the time of his visit to us, have already affected his mental balance to a considerable extent. Of explanation, however, I have little to offer, for what really took place on that terrible Christmas Eve will never be known, though it is obvious that had what he describes actually occurred, some one of my household must have been aroused by it, whereas it was not until the following morning that we became aware of anything unusual having happened.

The fact that Miss Percival was for some time troubled by a dream similar to that described here, is one which admits of no contradiction. Before his arrival, we had been talking much of my poor friend to the girl, and had perhaps succeeded in conveying to her an impression of his appearance which she transferred from her waking to her sleeping thoughts. The accessories, such as the monkish costume, were, of course, purely accidental. The ghost of a human soul is conceivable, but the ghost of a dressing-gown is absurd !

For the rest, I have only to add that poor Hastings died in confinement, some few months after the trial. His last days were, I am told, brightened by supernatural visits, which, in his delirium, he fancied himself to receive from the unfortunate girl whom he killed. It is altogether a strange and unaccountable story.

THE STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN HALL

By GERTRUDE BACON

THE places of amusement wherein our grandfathers were used to disport themselves in the early days of the century which has just closed, have now for the most part disappeared from the metropolis they strove so hard to enliven. Their sites know them no more, their very names are well nigh forgotten, and their glory is as completely past and dead as is that former generation for whose entertainment they existed. The links that bind our present world of gaiety with that of eighty-five years ago are very few and slender—indeed, for all practical purposes they may be reckoned as two only, Drury Lane Theatre, which, as fourth of its illustrious line, was re-erected in the year 1812, and that equally famous building whose quaint *façade* forms such a well-known feature of the southern side of Piccadilly—the Egyptian Hall.

The number and the variety of the associations bound up in this building which, for nearly a century, has catered for the amusement, and not a little for the instruction, of the people, almost transcend those of the great theatre itself, inasmuch as they are more diverse. The study of its ancient hand bills—a complete and most valuable collection of which is in the possession of the present lessee—affords an accurate and comprehensive history of one side of the life and thought of London not to be found elsewhere, besides showing us how far we are removed, in the matter of our entertainments at least, from the days of even our fathers and grandfathers.

It is sufficient proof of how our

ancestors, having so little to amuse them, were the more readily amused, that the Egyptian Hall was first built for a Natural History Museum. The reason for its Egyptian character is not very clear. As every one who has the slightest acquaintance with things Egyptian now knows, the architecture is faulty in many all-essential particulars, but at the time of its erection it was considered very wonderful indeed, and the details were supposed to be derived from Denon's work on the Egyptian Monuments, and especially from the great temple at Denderah. The two colossal figures over the entrance, purporting to represent Isis and Osiris (why is not very clear) especially excited the admiration of the guide books of those days as "greatly adding to the interest excited by a work unique in its character and elegant in its execution," while the superior cornice was "on a scale of grandeur commensurate with the rest of the building." Truly the words sound quaintly to us now, for ideas on art and architecture have changed even more than has Piccadilly itself since the Egyptian Hall was referred to as the most noteworthy object in the street.

The Hall was erected in 1812, as said, from the designs of a Mr. P. F. Robinson for W. Bullock, Esq., of Liverpool, who there established the "London Museum of Natural History," which for several years bore his name and was counted as the wonder of his day. Bullock was evidently a man of much enterprise, something considerably beyond the mere showman, and ahead of his generation in originality and resource. As to his

collection, allowing full discount for professional exaggeration and advertising purposes, it must have been not a little remarkable for those times. The advertisement in "Bell's Weekly Messenger" for February, 1814, reads as follows:—

"The London Museum of Natural History at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, has been considerably enlarged by the addition of many rare and valuable specimens, and now contains upwards of twenty thousand quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, shells and fossils,

years exhibited at Madame Tussaud's. The appearance of this historic coach in London so soon after the battle naturally attracted great attention, and though Bullock had only obtained possession of it at a high figure, yet it turned out to be the most lucrative bargain on which he ever embarked. The carriage was fitted up with a number of the Emperor's personal belongings, and Bullock obtained also (or said he did) the actual horses which drew it, and the actual coachman who drove it on the ever-memorable day of its



THE EGYPTIAN HALL IN 1812.

collected from every part of the known world, at an expense of £25,000, preserved and arranged in the most beautiful, scientific and instructive manner, forming by far the grandest display of animated nature in Europe. Admittance every day from ten till dusk at one shilling each. Descriptive Catalogue, 2s. 6d."

In the year 1816 the Museum was enriched by an exhibit which, if scarcely to be classed in Natural History, yet added enormously to its interest and the number of its visitors. This was none other than the military carriage of the Emperor Napoleon, captured at Waterloo, and in after

capture. Cruikshank has put on record in an amusing caricature the scene in the London Museum in the early days of the show. When the Natural History collection came to the hammer in 1819 the coach sold for £168; while other Napoleon relics fetched proportionate prices—a shirt going for £25; an old pair of slippers £1, and a small piece of sponge, once used by the great man at his toilet, 17s. 6d.

After the disposal of the collection a diverse number of things were exhibited from time to time at the Egyptian Hall—French paintings, models of Egyptian temples, mummies, and the Egyptian tomb discovered by the explorer

Belzone, now in the British Museum. unhappily addicted to over-indulgence
 But none of these somewhat severe in brandy, yet those under his care
 entertainments seemed to draw very were models of the strictest propriety,



PICCADILLY IN 1812.

successfully until in 1822 Bullock opened his doors with a Lapland Exhibition, including a herd of live reindeer and a real Lapp family, father, mother and child, all in the flesh and in their native costume. Being the first Lapps ever brought to England, these northern folks naturally came in for a great share of notice, and whether the scene in the Egyptian Hall ever at all resembled the highly coloured representation of it which figured on the show bills it must at least have been an animated one. Bullock wrote an elaborate and highly interesting account of his *protégés*, in which he expressed his hope of introducing the breeding of reindeer in this country, even in the vicinity of London; and carefully assured his patrons that, although the Lapps as a nation were

had a deposit in the Savings Bank, and always went to church on Sundays.

A short while after this the ubiquitous Mr. Bullock turned his attention to Mexico. It is said that he became interested in a silver mine there, to the detriment of his fortune; but be that as it may, his showman's interest was still strong within him, and in 1824-5 we find him at the Egyptian Hall with an Exhibition of ancient and modern Mexico. It must be conceded to Mr. Bullock's renown that he did his best to elevate and instruct his audiences, and probably the information (and there was plenty of it) compiled in his catalogues and hand-books comprised the sum total of the general knowledge concerning the far-off countries they referred to. With the

Mexican Exhibition (a particularly dry and improving one it would seem) terminated Bullock's connection with the Hall he had founded. He retired to South America, and though in later years he again re-appeared in London it was as a private individual only.

For the next few years the exhibits at the Egyptian Hall were many, varied, and unimportant. There was the Imperial state carriage of the Emperor of Burmah, "studded with twenty thousand precious stones;" performing snakes, the skeleton of poor Chuneo, the big elephant slaughtered so barbarously (when maddened with toothache) at Exeter Change, and "The Musical Infant Sisters," aged four and seven, who performed "to admiration" on the harp and pianoforte, though

sonian ring, worthy of Mr. Vincent Crummies, about a sentence in the newspaper advertisement of these prodigies, which relates that—"Music with them is their chief, their only amusement and delight; their souls would seem to possess a preternatural capacity for grasping all the powers of harmony, and their fingers, from their earliest infancy, have evinced an instinctive musical agitation, the painful sensation of which was relieved only by their being permitted to play on a keyed instrument"—poor little mites!

But the year 1829 marks an epoch in the Egyptian Hall and the history of London entertainments generally, for that season there appeared in England for the first time the famous and original Siamese twins—Chang and Eng—then youths of eighteen, but recently brought



NAPOLÉON'S CARRIAGE AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, 1816.

From a drawing by Cruikshank.

"their previous musical instruction had only extended over a period of four months." There is a distinctly Dicken-

No. 231. December, 1902.

from their native country. Since their day there have arisen from time to time many other examples and varieties of

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the same freak. The Egyptian Hall itself has exhibited at least two other pairs of similar twins, and they are now fairly plentiful among the Dime Museums of America. But Chang and Eng were the first in their particular line of business, their name has become proverbial, and the interest they excited was unbounded. Their chief accomplishments when on show appear to have been chess and battledore and shuttlecock. In later life they both married and had children. Their last visit to England was in 1862, when, as prematurely old and decrepid men they once more appeared on the boards of the Egyptian Hall, only a short while before their death, in which, as in life, they were not divided.

And so the years went by, and, as a study of their handbills makes amply evident, the entertainments and exhibitions at the Hall changed with the times and became less and less educational and severe in their character, and more and more in conformity with the general spirit of—shall we say frivolity—which has culminated in the present generation. Gone indeed are the days when the exhibition of an Orrery would have afforded a suitable Christmas treat to the children home for the holidays. Wide is the gulf between Bullock's collection of stuffed animals and the show at Earl's Court. Nevertheless the educational entertainment died hard. An exciting collection of fossils entitled "Koch's Antediluvian Museum," presumably drew its share of spectators. In the contemplation of the "Missourium Theristocaulodon," "now standing erect in all its grandeur," the beholder was "lost in wonder and astonishment," at least so the proprietor said. A long name went a long way then as now. Witness the "Eccalcobion," "whereby life in countless thousands is produced by machinery," but which was really nothing more or less than an egg-incubator on a rather large scale. In the year 1832 the great attraction seems to have been "The

Royal Clarence Vase," a large example of Birmingham art in the form of a great cup of cut glass, made in separate pieces, weighing eight tons, and capable "of containing 5,400 bottles of wine."

Nevertheless, mingled with this strong meat may we note an ever-increasing proportion of lighter fare, such as "Young Master M'Kean the Double-sighted Phenomenon" or clairvoyante; Michel Boai, who performed tunes *upon his chin*; the Prague Minstrels, Indian Dancers, a Welsh Dwarf, monkeys, several more or less unpleasant human freaks and monstrosities, and a masquerade "to commemorate the majority of the Princess Victoria." In 1839 there was given a mechanical representation of the storm in which Grace Darling performed her immortal act of heroism, also an American ox weighing 4,000 lbs. In 1842 we find "an electro-magnetic" show under the patronage of the Scotch Society of Arts, wherein the largest electro-magnet ever made, weighing 800 lbs., was exhibited, and models of locomotive engines and machines worked by electricity. It is interesting, too, to read at the same date of "The Flying Railway," the same exactly as the Centrifugal Railway, at present attracting so much attention in America and elsewhere; and more especially of "The Patent Signal Telegraph or Writing Machine," by which apparatus a letter may be written in London and copied in Liverpool and all intermediate places at the same instant of time, thus rendering time and distance no longer obstacles to communication. Here, for once, too much was not claimed on the handbills.

During this while, at the picture Gallery of the Hall, were being exhibited the historical pictures of Sir George Hayter, and also the famous series "Pictures of Xenophon," by that most ill-fated painter Benjamin Robert Haydon. The Egyptian Hall, in fact, played a part, as it were, in the tragedy which terminated a brilliant but most unhappy life. Largely by his own fault Haydon had contrived to raise many enemies,



(1) THE LAPLANDER EXHIBITION, 1822. (2) BULLOCK'S NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, 1812-1815.
(3) THE BOBESMANS, 1847. (4) THE LAPLANDERS, 1822.

and though his enormous and really wonderful pictures occasionally realised large sums, still, as time went on, they attracted less and less attention, and the painter, friendless and hopeless, found himself sinking lower and lower into destitution.

The year 1844 was a year of Dwarfs. The great little Tom Thumb had come over for the first time from America, and at the same time some equally



THE ROYAL CLARENCE VASE, 1832.

diminutive Germans were exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall. Vast crowds were flocking to see these miniature people, and their fortunate showmen were reaping profits at the rate of £100 a day. But in the adjoining room Haydon's masterpieces hung unnoticed and forgotten. The bitter irony of it all was too much for the overwrought brain, and Haydon himself put an end to a life he found unendurable.

Visitors to the Museum of the United Service Institute at Whitehall are familiar with Siborne's huge and really extraordinary model of the field of Waterloo,

with 190,000 tiny figures engaged in that tremendous fray. This monument of patience and ingenuity was twice on show at the Egyptian Hall, in 1838 and again in 1846. Next, "Catlin's Gallery of Ojibbeway Indians," followed by a family of "Bosjesmans," or Bush people, delighted large audiences. Among minor shows of the same period figure a "Polar Dog," taken off an iceberg, with hide composed of

"white silk, soft wool, stout felting, and horny stripes"; a "Machine for composing Hexameter Latin Verses"(!); a "Talking Machine," a "Mysterious Lady," another giant ox, and "General Washington," "the largest Horse in the World, standing twenty hands and weighing 2,500 lbs." These gigantic beasts, be it said, have left their mark to this day in the Egyptian Hall, in the shape of massive brick pillars built up in the basement to support their enormous weight.

Carter, the Lion King, was the owner of "General Washington," and it was he, by the way, who exposed a clever imposture which went by the name of "What is it?" exhibited at the Egyptian Hall for a period in 1846.

The creature in question was supposed to be a live specimen of the Missing Link, half man, half monkey, horribly deformed, covered with hair, and of terrible ferocity. All London flocked to see the terrible being which, in its cage, tore and devoured raw meat and living rabbits, yelled and shook the bars in paroxysms of savage wrath; and all went well (from the showman's point of view) till one day Carter (who had a private account of his own to settle) announced his intention of entering the cage and taming the fearsome and utterly untamable monster. In vain the keeper and the bystanders tried to dissuade

him from so foolhardy an act ; in vain "What is it?" rampaged about its den and yelled till the house rang. Carter, with his own hands, drew back the bars of the cage, and amid intense excitement entered with a heavy whip in his hand. To the astonishment of the onlookers the Missing Link made no sort of an attack upon the intruder, but slunk to the corner of its cage, Carter smiled and approached, while the crowd held their breath, believing that the creature would yet spring upon and destroy him. Instead of this, however, the Lion King seized it, all unresisting, by the hand, dragged it into the centre of the cage, and there, while the crowd wildly cheered and the showman beat a hasty retreat, tore the shaggy skin off its back and disclosed Harvey Leech, a well-known character of his day, a man of the build and deformity of Scott's "Black Dwarf," who, in the make up of an enormous fly, had

lately been performing prodigies of strength at the Adelphi Theatre, and was now turning his talents to a new use. Needless to say, "What is it?" retired from public exhibition.

For the next few years the Egyptian Hall was given over to dioramas; Banvard's moving painting of the Mississippi being followed by others of California and the Holy Land. Then in the year 1852 came Albert Smith. Just as to our present generation the words Egyptian Hall are synonymous with Maskelyne and Cooke, so in that of our fathers they spelt Albert Smith. For eight years, until his lamented death, did this famous *raconteur* hold

successful possession of those historic boards, drawing large and delighted audiences year in and year out, to listen to his tale of the Ascent of Mont Blanc, and his eastern travels. His clever and amusing lectures were delivered twice a day with a fluency almost startling in its rapidity; they were illustrated by dioramic views, shown upon a stage most artfully and tastefully decorated, with a fountain and pool of water in the foreground, and the charm of manner, the interest of subject, and unique and



ALBERT SMITH AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, 1852-1860.

comfortable appointments rendered the entertainment both vastly popular and memorable.

After Smith's death the Hall again became the temporary abode of fleeting exhibitions and entertainments, which lasted for a few weeks or months only, and then gave place to something fresh. Howard Paul and his wife held it for a short spell, then Robin the French wizard; Miss Fanny Kemble gave readings from Shakespeare, and Mr. Kennedy Scotch songs. In 1864 the ever popular Tom Thumb came back again, small as ever, and the same year saw the arrival of Annie Swan the Nova-Scotia Giantess. This "magni-

ficent female" stood eight feet high in her stockings, and inasmuch as a real live giantess is even more of a rarity than a giant, attracted a great deal of attention, which culminated on her marriage at St. Martin's Church with Captain Bates, the eight-feet representative of Kentucky.

attractions appeared Chang, the giant Celestial, perhaps the most famous of them all.

A faint foretaste of the later glories that were to come was given to the public in 1865 by a Colonel Stodare, whose speaking head, "The Sphinx," was a nine days'



ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

ALBERT SMITH.

then also "on show" in England. At this auspicious ceremony were (or should we say "was?") present Christine and Millie, the Two-headed Nightingale, a female variety of the Siamese Twins, and also an Egyptian Hall attraction. The Siamese brothers themselves were at the Hall on their last appearance in England at about the same period, while in the midst of these other human

wonder. An entertainment of another class was Mr. Arthur Sketchley's "Mrs. Brown at Home and Abroad." Some of the dialogues of this respected lady have become almost historic, and are to be found in the *répertoire* of most comic reciters to the present day. In 1867 Artemus Ward engaged the Hall for the delivery of his lecture "On the Mormons." The genial humorist took care



(1 AND 2) THE SIAMESE TWINS, 1807 AND 1826. (3) THE HORSE, "GENERAL WASHINGTON," 1845. (4) GENERAL TOM THUMB, 1845. (5) CHIANG, THE CHINESE GIANT, 1875.

to have even the minutest details of his performance in harmony with the spirit of his discourse. His very programmes gravely stated that "Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the citizens of London at their residences and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand"; and conveyed the intelligence that "During the Vacation the Hall has been carefully swept out, and a new Door Knob has been added to the Door."

Then came Maccabe the ventriloquist, Rubini the conjurer, who daily and nightly went through the ghastly performance of beheading a lady under necessarily and horribly realistic circumstances; Fleming Norton's "Musical and Mimetic Entertainment," the "Tycoon troupe of Japanese Jugglers," and Woodin's "Carpet Bag" sketches. In

1870 a panorama of the Franco-Prussian war naturally drew good houses, and by a curious coincidence of names *Bullock's* "Royal Marionettes" were the next attraction. The illustrious Professor Pepper produced his Ghost and other scientific wonders at the Hall in 1872, and after him the Fakir of Ooloo, Hermann, and Dr. Lynn, well-known conjurers of their day, strove to introduce Egyptian Magic into the London temple of Isis and Osiris.

But a greater than they was about to arise. During these latter years a youth in Cheltenham had been spending his leisure hours, purely for his own amusement, in the invention and perfecting of small mechanical tricks and devices, which he occasionally displayed for the entertainment of his relations and friends. In the year 1865 there appeared in his

town those two arch humbugs, but intensely clever men, the Davenport Brothers, with their mysterious and presumably spiritualistic performance, which was causing such an intense sensation throughout America and England. It was after one of their seances with their famous cabinet that John Nevil Maskelyne (for such was the youth's name) stood upon the platform and boldly pledged himself, to the thunderstruck audience, to

reproduce in a short while the trick, whose secret he had discovered. And he was as good as his word. With the assistance of his life-long friend, Mr. Cooke, the selfsame performance was presently produced, and from that day forward until the present moment, Mr. Maskelyne, the lessee of the Egyptian Hall, has ranked as *facile princeps* among the magicians of all time.



ONE OF MESSRS. MASKELYNE'S FIRST PLAYBILLS, 1874.

MABEL AND THE WHIKKIES

By F. J. WAUGH

IN the story-book which Mabel was reading lived the Whikkies.

She had been turning over the leaves of the book for some time, and was wondering whether she was too sleepy to keep on looking at the pictures, and was just yawning a little by way of finding out how she really felt, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, out popped all the Whikkies, who stood in a row all across the page of the book and stared at her in such a comical way that she was forced to put away all thought of taking a nap.

Mabel had been reading, but now the Whikkies began to walk about among the print in such a confusing way that she was obliged to stop. Besides this, they all began to chatter at once, each in a different language, which she could not understand.

Mabel sat there awhile sucking her thumb and trying to think what she ought to do. When she had all of her

the book, and out stepped the Lord Mayor of all the Whikkies himself.

When the Lord Mayor saw Mabel he straightened himself up stiffly and seemed to sniff at her with disdain. Then he spoke.

"The small child with the thumb in her mouth ought to have better manners than to be wishing me and my people all back in the book, as I know she is now doing."

He spoke only one language, and as Mabel understood it she promptly replied.

"Why, you impudent little fellow, I have a notion to box your ears for you. I'm not wishing you back in the book at all!"

"Do it then! Do it then! I'll make my ears large on purpose," cried the Lord Mayor. "See! here is my left ear. Box *that*, will you?" he went on, while the left ear, which had grown very big, flapped up sharply into



Out popped all the Whikkies.

thumb in her mouth and was on the point of opening a conversation with the Whikkies in her own language, there was a rustling among the pages of

Mabel's face, slapping her soundly upon the cheek and leaving there a red spot. But Mabel was too quick for the Lord Mayor when he tried it again, for



"The small child with the thumb in her mouth ought to have better manners."

catching him tightly by both of his ears she hustled him off of the table and on to the floor in a trice, where he stood for a moment looking very much surprised, while all the Whikkies jumped about and laughed in so many different languages that if Mabel had not held up her finger and said "Hush!" there would be no telling what next would have happened.

But Mabel's attention was now directed to the Lord Mayor, who was swelling to a size which equalled the size of her old pet, the Box Turtle, who was all the while asleep upon her lap, and who has not been mentioned before because he was not wanted until he was awake.

The Box Turtle stretched his long thin neck out a good deal and yawned, and when quite awake he looked up at Mabel as much as to say, "Well, my dear, what's the row?"

And Mabel said, looking down at him, "I think I have taught the Lord Mayor a lesson in manners, don't you?" And the Turtle said in Turtle, which is a language which only little girls like

Mabel understand and only Lord Mayors likewise understand, "Perhaps you have taught our little friend a lesson in manners, but you and I ought to be very charitable toward one who is surrounded by such great temptations to vanity as is our little friend, meaning his Lord Mayorship you will observe."

The Turtle said all this with an air of something more to follow, so Mabel and the Lord Mayor waited to hear what he had to say in conclusion.

"I have not lived in the woods for the last hundred years for nothing," continued the Turtle, "nor am I the less wise because of my great age. And I can safely say that I knew all there is worth knowing about the Whikkies before you, Mabel, were born, and before our smart little friend there was in print!"

Here the Lord Mayor became quite



"Some of my friends and I found an old doll-house."

furious and, interrupting the Turtle, said savagely, "I'm not in print, nor shall I ever be; I do not wear prints, I wear proper clothing! Do you understand, old Stick-in-the-Mud? My clothing has always been of a quality well suited to my very great dignity and my lofty position."

"Tut, tut," blandly remarked the Turtle; "pray calm yourself, sir. I fear if you do not your paper clothing will catch fire from the heat within you. Now listen to reason."

"My first meeting with the Whikkies was before that book upon the table was printed. Some of my friends and I found an old doll-house in the woods upon the walls of which there were numerous pictures cut out of old books, and among them was pasted up a picture which represented a lot of grinning Whikkies. Perhaps they had been cut out of an early edition of that same book of yours, Mabel."

"Oh, how funny!" cried Mabel.

"But," the Turtle went on, "there was not even so much as an eyelash of



"If I were you I would fan our little friend!"

a Lord Mayor in the picture. In fact, I do not think he had been invented then."

This was evidently more than the Lord Mayor of the Whikkies could bear, judging by the way he reddened all over and puffed himself up.

"Impudent Turtle!" said the Lord Mayor in his grandest and loftiest tone, "do you know whose name you are using with such disrespect? Do you not know that I the Lord Mayor am the only Lord Mayor in the world!"

"Well," smiled the Turtle, "I know this much, that you are the only one of the sort in that book, and I don't believe you were much before it was printed."

"Ah," said the Lord Mayor, "that shows how empty is your shell. I am too far above you for you ever to even so much as to give an opinion upon the subject."

Here Mabel interrupted him.

"Whew!" cried Mabel. "I wonder if he is going to burst. My dear, do



"Hush, you naughty little girl!"

you think he can hold together much longer?" She addressed this remark to the Turtle.

"Hush, you naughty little girl!" cried the Lord Mayor, stamping in anger, and then the Turtle proceeded to give a lecture upon the vanities of mankind in general and Lord Mayors in particular, and wound up with—

"No doubt your ancestry could boast of paper clothes, that is if you ever had any, but as you are made entirely of paper it doesn't matter a bit.

"See, Mabel," he continued, "if you look at him edgeways you will lose sight of your friend the Lord Mayor of all the Whikkies. He is certainly thin and shallow, which is apt to be the way with the boastful!

"Pray turn your edge this way, Mr. Lord Mayor, and let us see your depth." But the Lord Mayor stood facing Mabel and the Turtle and would not turn. And he seemed to have sobered down wonderfully, for he cleared his throat and said, "You are much too wise for me, Mr. Turtle, and I think the small person who sucks her thumb had better replace me in the book."

But Mabel only smiled, and did not move.

"What! you will not do so! Well

then, I will call all the Whikkies about your ears!"

And with this threat the Lord Mayor stamped upon the floor until he grew quite red and heated again, and the Whikkies danced up and down more than ever, and the Turtle said, "I think, Mabel, if I were you I would fan our little friend, who is becoming heated again."

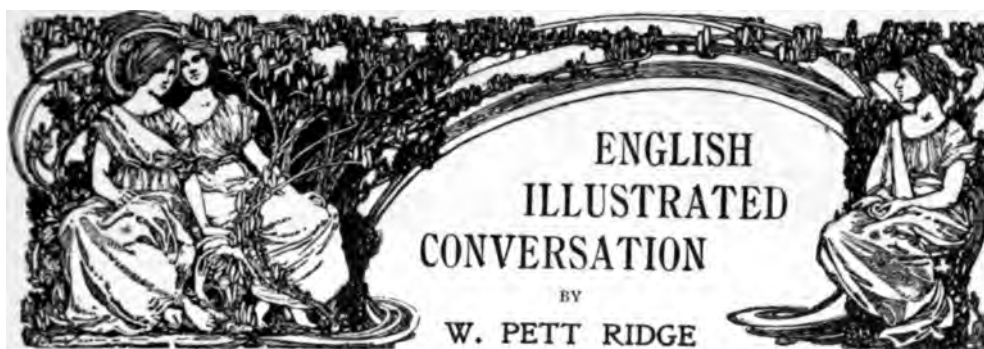
But when Mabel fanned the Lord Mayor, he flew up the chimney and was seen no more, while in great haste all the Whikkies scrambled back into their places in the book. But the place where the Lord Mayor had been looked just as if he had been cut out of it with the scissors.

The Turtle remarked, as he closed his eyes for another nap, "You see, Mabel, how the vanity of mankind sometimes carries them away where they float among the clouds far above the reach of mere modest Turtles and little girls." And having finished his say, the Turtle went to sleep.

"Now wasn't that a ridiculous dream," said Mabel to herself, as she awoke and sat up in her chair, and as the Lord Mayor was in his place like all the other Whikkies, and the Turtle had vanished away completely, there was not the slightest doubt but that Mabel HAD been dreaming.



"Far above the reach of mere modest Turtles and little girls."



Christmas Stories.

The old recipe for Christmas stories was to take a country house, sprinkle with snow, flavour with hot punch, garnish with visitors and stick a ghost in it, serving the whole in a state calculated to congeal the very blood in the consumer's veins. Nowadays, introduction of ice is looked on as old-fashioned, and no good cook would send a story up cold. Folk are beginning to have doubts concerning ghosts; any suggestion of wine is calculated to give grievous offence to intemperate teetotallers. (I had a furious letter the other day from a lady in Yorkshire because I had allowed a youth in a story to puff at a cigarette; she went so far as to say that she believed I was nothing more nor less than a persistent smoker myself.) The modern Christmas story is generally of a dolorous kind about some mature fellow dining alone in a London club who is called suddenly by a child ("Your face seems strangely familiar, little one," says the mature fellow thoughtfully) to her mother's bedside, and there he recognises Flossie Meanwell, for whom he has been searching this five-and-forty years; they attribute the meeting reverently to Providence, whereas it is really the author of the story who ought to be thanked. "And without, Christmas bells rang merrily, bringing a message of peace and good-will." Another way is to take much the same story, but make the gentleman a highwayman in the year 17—. In this case the lady has a title, and is rather short-tempered

with Mistress Deborah, her waiting-maid; but she has been true to him ever since he sailed with Sir John Norris and a strong squadron for Lisbon. Whatever the age and whatever the environments there must always be love, for that is the one sentiment everybody can understand.

Seamans humour.

One of the few things men learn at the Universities is the happy trick of parody. There used to be many amateur-writers on *The Granta* adroit in this; Mr. Barry Pain and Mr. R. C. Lehmann are of the few who emerged from this stage and became professionals, giving up the imitative game and scoring off their own bat. Mr. Owen Seaman, whose pen has done much for the columns of *Punch*, has issued through Messrs. Constable a small volume called "Borrowed Plumes," in which he plucks the feathers from many a haughty bird of literature. It is a book which has the rare quality of making the reader laugh aloud. The parody of John Oliver Hobbes, for example, is excellent:

"I will never believe," said Poubaba, speaking in fluent Dutch, but with a Siberian accent which betrayed his Trans-Ural habit of thought—his parentage was Levantine, with a Maltese cross on the mother's side, and he himself a reputed traveller in Swedish liqueurs, "I will never believe the Anglo-Teuton theory that the Latin races are doomed to perish, remaining extant in Alsace and the Channel Islands only."

The imitations of Mr. Hall Caine, of Mr. Henry Harland, and of Mr. Stephen Phillips are all very capital, and Mr. Sea-

man manages somehow (I don't know how) to avoid being stodgy in imitating the stodgy writers. Sometimes, as in the



MR. OWEN SEAMAN.
Author of "Borrowed Plumes"

case of Lord Avebury, the parody is more intelligent than the original.

The Sincerest Form.

Every writer not labelled "Genius" begins by imitating some writer whose work he admires, and few find themselves at the very beginning of the search. This is one reason for recommending that a first novel be written rapidly. A few years since an author published his first novel, and young as he was he had consecrated several years to the task, with the result that it showed the influence of Thackeray in the early pages and gave a suggestion of a different author for every chapter; finishing with a close imitation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Only his aunts bought the book. To avoid disaster of this kind one chapter a week should be written, and Sunday morning can be

utilised in deleting most of it. The enthusiastic young writer finds little difficulty in knowing what to put into his first novel, but there comes turmoil of the brain in knowing what to leave out of it; trouble is also occasionally to be encountered in finding publishers. Fortunately of these there are many, and the encouragement given by the porter to rejected young dramatists at the Théâtre Français may be remembered. "There remains," the porter used to say kindly, "there remains always God—and the Odéon."

First Impressions of Town.

The most faded Londoner can always find something fresh to look at if he will but get on a 'bus; it is nevertheless interesting to know how London strikes an intelligent mind when the intelligent mind makes its first visit. Mrs. Creed dating from Cooloolloo (which I for one can scarcely credit), records in "An Australian Girl in London" her impressions, and she has done the work with such brightness and vivacity that every one who reads her book will wish that they had met the writer. Mrs. Creed, selecting a candid pen, admits that the remark made to her at every tea, every dinner, every house, every moment, "You were so good to us in the war!" made her think furiously. Yet it was quite a natural comment on the part of all of us; one cannot on meeting even an Australian girl plunge at once into a discussion on first principles, or offer a stimulating remark in regard to the works of Schopenhauer. There is in the book an admirable description of life in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and the end is calculated to stimulate bookings by single young women at the Sydney steamship offices.

A First Novel.

A heroine from the other side of the world also figures in a volume published by Messrs. Hutchinson. I know that Mrs. Boyd has written books, for I

have read them, and they are books that remain in the memory. "With Clipped Wings" appears to be her first novel. It is a delightful story of a New Zealand girl who comes to London and marries, after tribulation and disaster, the best man. I feared at one time that she would return with no prospect of a happy marriage (an intolerable thing), and I could never have forgiven Mrs. Boyd if this had happened, but young Tresscott arrived just in time, and wedding bells, that so often signalise the end of romance, are suggested on the last page. "With Clipped Wings" is a most entertaining novel, well written and with touches of humour not always to be found in works by lady writers; I know that it made a journey from Euston to Blaenau Festiniog seem but a suburban trip to Chalk Farm. Thanks to Mrs. Boyd, New Zealand is for me no longer a strange land: the voyage to the London docks I count amongst my holidays, and my friendships are increased in number and value by introduction to Tommy Tresscott, to Tommy's father, and to Lucie herself. The dramatic situation of Lucie's arrival is admirably managed.

Within Boards and on Them.

The remark often made of a book that it ought to be adapted for stage use is generally meant as an amiable opinion: it is really exceeded only in bitterness by the comment on a stage production that it would have made a very fine novel. I am afraid the two are wide apart. Either you write the word to be spoken or the word to be read, and the manner, the treatment, everything differs. Successful plays have now and then been carved out of books, but I do not think good plays have been made in this manner. The fact seems to be that writing for the stage is a trick that looks easy and isn't: only the practised pen knows where to italicise, where to hint, where to forewarn. New rules come into the game

every day, and I am told that you are no longer permitted to give your heroine a chance of over-hearing (this seems hard), no longer can your bad man indulge in what always seemed to be his one attractive weakness, that of thinking aloud (a cruel deprivation). Other conventions of the stage are disappearing. When two people discuss a subject they no longer cross and recross as in the old days, and even actor-managers sometimes move from their little bit of freehold property at the centre of the stage. But the pair of young lovers still have a scene to themselves in Act Two, and they are still interrupted at the very first kiss; their discomfiture never fails to cause merriment in the house. Here it may be added that if the stage has improved, audiences have travelled far in the same direction. There was a time when the gallery could not witness an embrace on the stage below without howling expressions of reproof and affecting a considerable shock to their



MRS. BOYD.

The Author of 'With Clipped Wings'

sense of propriety; audiences at amateur performances were particularly restive. I remember seeing a piece once at St. George's Hall where the

gallant young man having said farewell to his love, came back and kissed her again, went off and returned for one more embrace. "I say, old man!" remarked a voice from the back of the hall, "couldn't you manage to swaller the girl?"

Authors and Artists.

An indignant author wrote the other day to an artist complaining that the artist appeared not to read the stories which he undertook to illustrate; the artist retorted that he would willingly read them only that he had a rooted objection to wasting his time. They never will agree, these two sets of people, so long as they continue to disclose contempt for each other's work. If artists would but admit that every galley proof sent to them is the production of undeniable genius, and if authors would confess that the pictures were the outcome of high inspiration, then something might be done to bring them together on amicable terms; at present writing men argue that their work does not require illumination, and drawing men complain of short stories containing four marriages. Meanwhile it may be stated that much of the trouble would disappear were artists able to draw a convincing silk hat. Mr. Ralph Cleaver can do

it, but too often the brims by other artists are enough to turn Lincoln green and the shapes are calculated to make a Gibus collapse.

A New Dickens.

In these Conversations (wherein I have monopolised the talk too long; some one else must now be permitted to speak) I have referred only to books which I have read and liked; if I have ever encountered one that did not call for applause I have said nothing. This because of an idea that one bookmaker need not depreciate other bookmakers when there are so many outside the ring eager to perform the task. But here in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Paul Kelper" is a novel which it will surely be difficult for anybody to dispraise. Have you ever felt wishful that Dickens could return and write just one more book? If so, you will find in "Paul Kelper"

something to satisfy your desire. It is a long book, but I found it all too short, and I would that Mr. Jerome had written of Paul Kelper's maturer life with the same detail that he gives to the boyhood. One has no right to dictate to posterity, and I do not know what Mr. Jerome's pen may write in the future, but I think posterity will speak of him with affection because of his book "Paul Kelper."



MR. JEROME K. JEROME.
Author of "Paul Kelper."



THE HOLY FAMILY.

By Juan de Juanes.

[See page 320.]

The English Illustrated Magazine



THE LAST SUPPER.

By Juan de Juanes.

MORE PICTURES FROM THE PRADO

By S. L. BENSUSAN

(Photographs by permission of Messrs. Myers and Rogers, 50, High Holborn, Sole British Agents.)

WAYFARING men know well enough that when the wandering spirit calls to them they must respond promptly to the summons, leaving hearth and home and occupation, engagements and friends, that they may fare forth. To most who "have heard the East a callin'" the journey must be a very long and varied one, a visit to some favourite country suffices the rest. The writer is among the latter, and when the call to travel comes, Spain is generally the objective. The East, with its cities of dazzling white, its covered arcades and countless bazaars where True Believers sit ignoring Time, does not lack attractions, but Spain seems to combine certain qualities of the East and the West; it is not too civilised, very, very old, stamped

with the impress of centuries of Mohammedan sway, picturesque as any part of the earth can be, and full of sunshine. It has all the indescribable fascination of faded world power; and though Cairo, Damascus, and Baghdad have as much, the time of their glory is far more remote, and cannot be so readily conjured up. Little more than three centuries have passed since Spain ruled the world, and the traces of her dominion are to be met in many Spanish cities. Moreover, the life of those days, the outlook of her strong men upon the great mystery of Faith are revealed for us in a picture gallery second to none in Europe, and as acquaintance lengthens and deepens the mute canvases begin to tell their story, one of the most interesting in modern

history. This is my excuse, if one be needed, for putting forward in this place certain pictures either painted by Spanish artists, or gathered into royal palaces, long before the Prado Gallery was built, by the great rulers of Spain. Outside the country, one may say the city, of their residence, they are quite unknown: even in Madrid they are passed over by the great majority of visitors, who think that Spanish art began and ended with Velasquez and Murillo.

Spanish pictures had received surprising treatment at the hands of British writers. The Prado was almost unnoticed before the late Mr. Ford wrote his well-known book, and after that for a brief space it was loudly praised, even if it was not understood. Then reaction set in, and modern visitors have condemned it apparently because the work of the greatest Italian masters is more attractive than the work of the great Spaniards. The writers have overlooked the truth that the peculiar quality of Spanish art is a reflection of the national life, character, and temperament. It differed from Italian work because of this temperament, for many Spaniards studied in Italy when Charles V. and Philip IV. ruled in Spain, just as they do to-day when Spanish art has no individuality at all. Murillo was one of the few great Spanish painters who had the chance of going to Italy, and refused to take it, preferring the smaller opportunities that came to him in Seville, the city of his great delight. If proof be wanted that the artistic tastes of Spain were well founded and catholic, a visit to the Prado supplies it. How few of all the pictures that are ranged within its walls have failed to stand that great test of merit, the passing of the years. Much of the best work done in Italy and the Low Countries in the fifteenth century found its way to Spain, and is there to-day, and the pictures that appealed to Charles and Philip, and attracted their satraps in the tributary and semi-tributary states, are acknowledged now to be the best work of their time. The Renaissance

could not do for Spain what it did for Italy, and every painter is the product of his environment. Would Velasquez have been possible had he never known the surroundings of the Court, or Murillo, had he lived in any but a Catholic country? Surely their gifts would have chosen some other outlet, probably one less suited to their complete development.

Two pictures by Juan de Juanes are given in these pages; one of them, the Holy Family, has not, I think, been published in England before. Within the limits of his time and faith Juanes is a painter whose many fine qualities appeal to the layman, and seem to justify the title of "The Spanish Raphael" awarded by his admiring countrymen. He was a Valencian by birth, and the painters of that great district have been called fairly enough the Spanish Venetians, for only among the painters of Valencia do we find the sense of colour that immortalises the works of a Palma Vecchio, a Titian, or a Paul Veronese. In addition to his fine sense of colour, Juanes was a skilled and accurate draughtsman with a taste for highly finished work, and a remarkably dignified conception, the product of his faith. He is hardly Spanish at all in the sense that painters like Ribalta and Zurbaran are Spanish, but it may be remarked that he studied in Rome, and probably took his inspiration in part at least from some of the Italian masters. His Madonna reminds me a little of the better-known Madonna of Cimabue in our National Gallery. The artist's conception of Christ is very beautiful; it may be seen faintly in these pages in the reproduction of the "Last Supper," and in the Prado there is a beautiful single figure of Christ that arrests the attention of all who pass beneath it. There is nothing gloomy or painful about the artist's faith; the figure of its Founder is full of mildness and compassion and love. Much as we admire it now, three or four hundred years after it was painted, it seems more than ever admirable in the light of the times that



HOLY FAMILY.
By Andrea del Sarto.

saw it produced. Religious persecution and intolerance could hardly have entered into the heart of a painter who saw so much that was inspiring in the central figure of his own faith. I have searched in vain for trustworthy details of Juanes' life and work. His best paintings are to be found in his native city of Valencia, an attractive but rather inaccessible town. It lies some three hundred miles due east of Madrid, and

"Burial of a Monk," and the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes"; in the latter he manages to tell his story without any of the disgust that a Ribalta or Ribera would have inspired. His should have been a very lovable personality, but a silence as of the grave surrounds it, and he disappears quite suddenly towards the end of the sixteenth century, little past middle age, and working for the honour of the Church to the last. Many greater



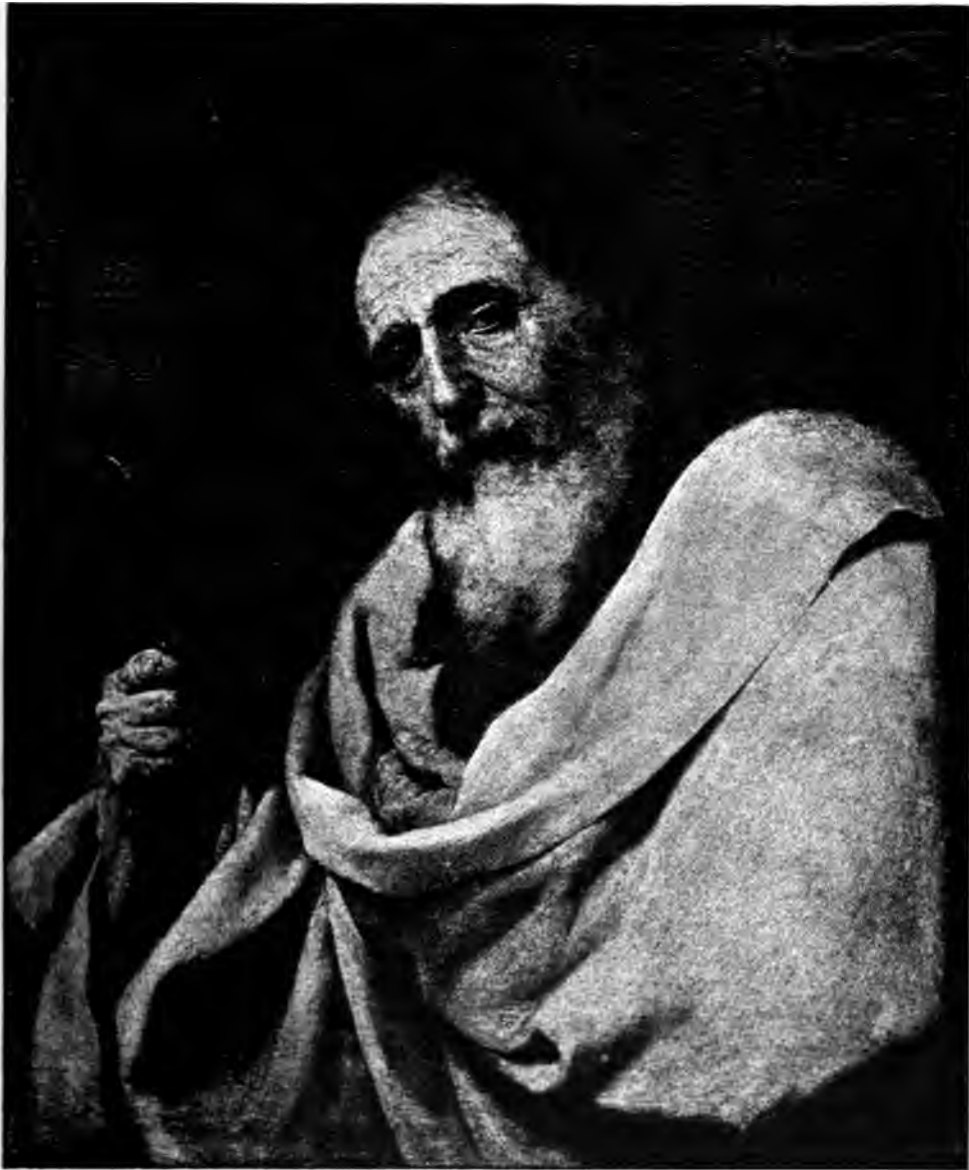
JACOB'S DREAM.

By Joseph Ribera

Spanish railways are like our own well-beloved combination of South Eastern and Chatham—only even more so. But Valencia repays the journey, being a city well worth study in its older quarters and admiration in the new, and Juanes can be studied in the city gallery, the Cathedral, and the Church of St. Nicholas without forfeiting any of the interest that was inspired by his work in Madrid. Particularly striking are his

painters whose life is more accessible to our research inspire less interest.

I have chosen for reproduction in this place a picture little known, by that great Florentine painter Andrea del Sarto, who was of earlier date than Juanes (1487-1531), and may have had some influence upon his brush. It presents the Holy Mother and the infant Christ with Joseph and an Angel in the foreground, and two figures in the back-



ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

By Jusepe Ribera.

ground, of which the child is the infant St. John. The special interest in the artist's picture lies in the fact that his brush is represented in all the great galleries of Europe, and this is the most representative piece of his work in Madrid. The original has a fine pictorial quality, a very dexterous handling, and some very rich colour. Of all Italian painters, del Sarto seems to me to be the one who was least devoted to a special school. He took what seemed good in his eyes from all the surrounding masters, and his breadth of outlook, added to his great natural gifts, make him one of the most remarkable men of his time. His life, which may be studied in the rare volumes by Crowe and Cavalcaselle and the well-known work of Vasari, provides very interesting reading. He enjoyed an easy, careless time outside working hours, made a rather romantic marriage in haste, and, if Vasari, who was his contemporary, may be believed, had ample occasion to repent at leisure. Pictures from his brush were eagerly sought for by the greatest men in Europe; the painter could even afford to trick his royal patron Francis I., and to deceive Duke Frederick II. of Mantua at the request of Ottaviano de Medici. It is a familiar story this last, but may bear retelling. In the Gallery of the Pitti Palace in Florence the visitor may see to-day a remarkable group of figures by Raphael, the dominant figure being the Pope Leo X. Raphael painted it for Ottaviano de Medici, and Frederick of Mantua wanted it very badly. Not wishing to refuse so powerful a friend, but being unwilling to part with a picture which he appreciated to the full extent of its merits, Ottaviano de Medici engaged Andrea del Sarto to copy the picture, and the work was so faithfully executed that years passed before the fraud was discovered. The copy is now in Naples, and may be compared with the original by any traveller who is passing from one end of Italy to the other. The European galleries, and not a few private houses, testify to Andrea del

Sarto's active life and ceaseless work; it is hard to realise that his light went out when he was but forty-three. One of the plagues that ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages claimed him among its many thousands of nameless victims. To what heights he might have attained had he lived to the age of a Titian, for example, it is very difficult to imagine, for his reputation was known in the civilised parts of Europe twenty years before his death, and he progressed steadily, his latest works being the best. Perhaps after all it was better for him to die in the plenitude of his powers than to outlive the greatest season of his life as Titian did. Looking at his pictures in a saloon surrounded by other works, and comparing it with that of the Spanish masters, one is struck by the absence of the deep religious emotion that charms us in Juanes, the emotion that may reconcile a number of spectators to the work of men like Ribera and Zurbaran. Andrea del Sarto's gifts appear to owe nothing at all to the Church, though so many of his subjects were religious. He lacks the devotion, for example, that moved Murillo to paint his famous Christ and St. Francis.

Jusepe Ribera, "Lo Spagnoletto," the strange melancholy painter who flourished in the seventeenth century, has been already referred to in these pages, *apropos* of his picture of St. Anthony of Padua in the San Fernando Collection in Madrid, and it is not necessary to dwell again upon the vigorous, warped life that seemed to delight in so much that was ugly and bizarre around it. Another example of his work is given here; the subject is Jacob's dream, and one is able to see by its handling how very little the beautiful side of the story appealed to the painter. Yet one must be grateful for small mercies, and this picture is at least a pleasant one—more pleasing to the eye than the endless sufferings of monks and martyrs, and yet not the less remarkable for the purely artistic qualities which are inevitably

minimised in reproduction. Ribera was the servant of the Jesuits, and they at least could not see or deliberately ignore the pleasant side of all sacred history; to them Art was properly the servant of the Church and could have no higher aim. In "Lo Spagnoletto" they had a servant after their own heart, one whose service to them was bounded only by his life. Yet even Ribera has his

ments worked part of their will with it; the fine shades of handling, the remarkable strength and vigour of the brushwork cannot now be reproduced by the camera, and in the second reproduction by process, necessary to transfer the impression to the printed page, much that was revealed in the photograph must pass. Yet when all is said, we get an impression of a work whose dig-



ADORATION OF THE KINGS.

By G. Bosch.

moments when the inspiration of a subject moves him to a work that is dignified in treatment without being morbid in its conception, and of this work I have a remarkable specimen for reproduction here. It is his "Saint Bartholomew." Time has dealt rather hardly with the canvas; there was a brief period in its life when the ele-

nity and purely artistic quality render it worthy of a countryman of Velasquez. When it was painted the colour scheme must have been far more attractive than in most of the painter's work, and in every way the picture of St. Bartholomew does a great deal for its painter's reputation. I have not seen a picture by Ribera that gives a

more pleasing impression to the spectator.

The curious "Adoration" reproduced here from the Prado Collection is one whose origin is a little obscure. It is apparently a work of the Flemish school, and is attributed to one "G. Bosch." I

born at the end of the seventeenth century, who became a master in the Guild of St. Luke very early in his life and worked in Paris, but he was a painter of interiors and was born a couple of centuries too late for this delightful triptich. The earliest Spanish art was

imitative of Italy and Flanders; the great Jan van Eyck visited Spain, and the work of Pedro Berruguete shows the influence of Flemish and Italian masters. So the "Adoration" must be referred directly or indirectly to the Flemish painters and a very early period in the life of Spanish painting. It is quite an attractive work and reminds the visitor of similar panel work in the National Gallery at home.

Tiepolo's "Conception" is a very attractive and highly-finished piece of work purely Italian in treatment. The Virgin is standing upon the serpent that corrupted Eve; little winged cherubim bearing lilies surround her on all sides, stars make a halo round her head, and above the stars there is a dove representing the Holy Spirit. The handling of the drapery, the pose of the figure, the dignity of the expression, and the beauty of the face combine to make the picture a remarkable one. It recalls Rossetti's exquisite poem beginning—



THE CONCEPTION.

By Tiepolo.

cannot trace the painter. There have been engravers of the name of Bosch, and there was a very clever painter of Antwerp, Balthasar van den Bossche,

The Blessed Damozel looked out,
From the Golden Bar of Heaven.

Here again the lapse of time and difficulties of reproduction must be



PORTRAIT OF ALBERT DÜRER.

Painted by himself.

responsible for the loss of much of the charm that belonged to the picture in the earlier years. The Prado Collection has had a great deal to endure, not the least of its troubles being the energy of the restorer. A great many pictures have been "restored," and the restoration has been completely successful in ridding them of their original beauty. Whether Time's mellowing touch will ever blend the work of the misguided enthusiast who meddles with fine pictures with the original master's work remains to be seen. Down to the present it must be confessed that the outlook is not a hopeful one.

I should have been glad to include in these pages some reproductions of the work by Antonio Moro and Alonso Coello, but at present I am unable to do so. To these two artists we are indebted for a remarkable series of

portraits of high historical interest and for the preservation of the national costume of their day in its most minute details. The work of Morales with its curious reminiscences of his studies among Florentine painters is also of high interest, and until the work of these men, together with that of Alonso Cano and the Herraras is seen, the full value of Spanish art cannot be appreciated.

For the present I must be content to draw attention to one more picture, Albert Dürer's study of himself—one of the many masterpieces of the Prado Collection. Its presence there is additional testimony to the catholicity of taste that enabled Charles V. and Philip IV. to bring together the great works from all parts of Europe and to make the art of the painter rank higher than it had ever ranked before.



A TALISMAN

By J. M. JACOBS

IT must be quite fifteen years since I learnt of its existence, not less than thirteen since I saw it with my own eyes. The first time, indeed, it was only hinted at in an obscure way, and I passed it by as a joke, or resolved it into a mere metaphor. But the word somehow stuck in my mind, and even now drags into recollection my own haphazard remark, which prompted Ned's first veiled allusion to the secret that had so transformed his life. And a moment's reflection serves to fix the exact date. It was that unforgettable Black Tuesday, when the fall of one of the City's mightiest pillars had shaken the House of Credit to its foundations.

Edward Landon could not but be hard hit, yet I found no sign of it in his cheery welcome, in his unruffled countenance. And this calm self-confidence relieved in great measure my own nervous apprehension. I felt ashamed of my barely concealed excitement—what, after all, was my stake to his? Yet I did not escape a touch of something akin to envy at this reversal of our youthful rôles.

"How you have changed, Ned," said I, almost petulantly, "from the old Teddy Landon that used to look forward to every petty exam. in fear and trembling, as though it were the Day of Judgment! And now, when it's hailing bad debts, and every man you meet talks of ordering sackcloth and ashes, you take things as coolly as if you possessed an advance copy of the Book of Fate."

Ned stroked his silky brown beard—which he had grown at Mary's special

request, he explained, so that she could pull it when he vexed her—and smiled.

"I suppose I must have been a horrid fidget in the old days," he said reflectively, with a far-away look in his eyes, "but, thank Heaven, I've long outgrown that stage! I've learnt the lesson that worry is the root of all evil, and shun it as I would the Deadly Nightshade."

"It's easy enough to talk," said I, with a shrug of the shoulders, "but the thing's infectious; it's in the very air we breathe."

"True, John," he replied, in a curious tone, "but I've been lucky enough to light upon an antidote. I keep my own private talisman on the premises."

"Wish you'd lend it to me for a few days!" said I wistfully, as my mind reverted to the dismal outlook of affairs.

"Not transferable!" He shook his head with a strange smile. "Of no value except to owner"—and, had I but known, this was my first glimpse into the mystery of his life.

Many months passed without his making the least allusion to the matter again, although I was a constant visitor at the house. The soreness which had somewhat beclouded our friendship at the time of his engagement to Mary, had long since vanished, and I could look upon his tranquil happiness and his joyous home without the faintest tinge of jealousy, if not always without a pang of regret. Not, I hasten to add, that the marriage ever caused any real estrangement between us. And if Mary was not to be mine, whom in all the world could I have preferred to be her husband beyond my dearest friend? No! I think

I may say without vanity, few of the wedding presents could have been more costly or more cordial than my own. All the years I was in Canada Ned had acted as my London agent; and now, I am sure, Mary could not have made me more welcome at the house had she been my own sister. And to the youngster I was always "Uncle John."

I have a vivid recollection of the evening when he unbosomed himself of his secret for the first time—and well indeed was it for Mary's peace of mind that this sole confidence had been withheld even from her. She was away at Cromer that week, and I had come in to keep Ned company and enjoy a quiet smoke in his cosy study.

Suddenly my roving eye rested upon the portrait of my little namesake.

"And what does Master Johnny write?" I asked.

"The dear little chap!" said his father tenderly. "He doesn't worry about anything except the fear of friction between his canary and the cat."

"He won't want any talisman," said I, with a smile, the word suddenly coming into my head, I don't know how.

Ned started, and, in the very act of raising his half-smoked cigar to his lips, dropped his hand quickly to his knee.

"What ever do you mean?" he asked, in strange concern.

Laughingly I reminded him of his words of a couple of years before; never, oddly enough, had they recurred to me until that moment. But my gaiety soon died away before the grave and serious look, that clearly showed my fortuitous reminiscence bore a far deeper meaning to him than it did to me.

"I hope he won't; but he *may*," said he at length, in the tone of one who has made up his mind to no light matter. "and for that reason I am going to tell you something that is known to no other living soul—not even to Mary."

I looked at him to see if he was quizzing me, but Ned Landon was the last man in the world to "get at" any one.

"You know, John," he went on earnestly, "you are to be one of my executors——"

"Pshaw, man!" I cried. "You'll be mine first——"

"We shall see," said Edward, smiling, "or at least one of us will. But, if anything happens to me before Johnny is old enough to decide for himself, I want you to do so for him. You won't mind, old fellow?" and he came over and placed his hand coaxingly on my arm.

I felt not a little moved, but also a good deal puzzled.

"By no means," said I, trying to shake off with a jest the uneasy feeling that was slowly creeping over me, "provided that there's nothing of the Black Art in it!"

"Oh, no!" he replied, without the ghost of a smile. "It's a good fairy. And, best of all, it has worked its miracles so far by doing absolutely nothing."

This was getting too paradoxical for me to try to follow, and all my vague conjectures melted away into nothingness.

"Pray, where do you keep this precious creature?" I asked, banteringly. "At the Zoo?"

"No," he replied quietly, "in this very room—in here," and moving over to the small iron safe that stood by the side of his desk, he beat a tattoo with his fingers upon the top.

I had often rallied him upon this ugly safe, and he had given a hundred jesting explanations of its presence. Yet he never condescended to explain its true *raison d'être*, nor, in all my visits, had I once seen it opened.

Now he took from his pocket a small ring that held two keys, and inserted one of these in the keyhole. Then, all at once, as if struck by a sudden fear of intruders, he strode quickly to the door of the room and locked it—a strange precaution, thought I, seeing that besides ourselves there was but one solitary servant in the house. And this filled me with a vague uneasiness and in-

quietude. Yet, at the same time, my curiosity grew all the keener ; what on earth, I wondered, was he going to show me? Without another word he flung

strained expectation I burst into a peal of laughter.

“So your good fairy is invisible to mortal eyes?” I cried.



I had come in to keep Ned company and enjoy a quiet smoke in his cosy study.

open the door of the safe. Eagerly I pressed forward and peered inside. It was empty ! There was absolutely nothing to be seen but the bare blue walls ! And in the reaction from my

Ned did not reply ; only looked at me reproachfully. Then, with the other key, he proceeded to unlock a drawer at the bottom of the safe. Easily he pulled this out, and placed it on the table.

With curiosity reawakened, I took note of its contents. All I could see was a large blue envelope. I drew back, disappointed. Ned saw the movement, and shook his head.

"This is my talisman," said he quietly, yet not without a deep undercurrent of excitement, as he placed the packet in my hand. With intense surprise I marked how his own hand trembled as he held it. Indeed, his whole manner betrayed something of the reverence with which one guards a priceless vase; nay, was there not, too, something of the dread with which one clutches a venomous snake? Strangely his eye followed the movements of my fingers as I turned the packet over and over, examining it minutely. Yet I was but little wiser at the end than at the beginning.

It was about ten inches by five, and less than half an inch thick; it showed marks of frequent handling; apparently it contained some document or documents. But, whatever these might be, I could not well determine, for the envelope was securely sealed with red wax. "Securely," indeed, is hardly an adequate term, for not only was there the clear-cut impression of the family crest, but the wax—save for one small gap—ran so as completely to cover the joints of the flap. And the Landon's motto, "*Noli me tangere*," read now with a peculiar appositeness, for the original owner of the packet had evidently determined to make it difficult enough for any one to touch the contents. But who was he? That was the only piece of information I could discover, for in ink that had long lost its freshness was written, "To my son, Edward Landon."

I looked up at Ned, who had made not the least sound during the progress of my investigation. His lips wore an enigmatical smile, from which the only thing I could deduce was that I was wasting my time. So I put the packet down again upon the table, and shook my head with a sigh of mock despair.

"Give it up!" said I. "Can't say I've

learnt much about your magic spells. What's inside?"

"*I don't know!*" replied Ned, with a low, nervous laugh, yet looking me unflinchingly in the face.

For the moment I was staggered; then I felt distinctly annoyed.

"Oh, come!" said I pettishly, nettled at this unexpected damping of the curiosity he had so successfully aroused. "Don't be absurd! If you've changed your mind, say so, and be done with it. I'm sure I don't wish to pry into your secrets."

"Don't be huffy, old fellow," said Ned, in that simple, earnest tone which still went as straight to my heart as it did on the day when we vowed a life-long friendship. "I know no more than you what the packet contains. Can't you see the seal's unbroken?"

I felt ashamed of my pique and said so; but I understood none the more.

"Then how can this be of such service to you?" asked I, now quite at a loss. "Why, to all intents and purposes it might as well be at the bottom of the sea."

"It *is* extraordinary, I admit," said Ned frankly, "yet, none the less, this unopened packet has had the greatest influence upon my life. But listen while I tell you all I myself know of it."

When we had settled down again, he went on thoughtfully—

"You will probably remember how my father was suddenly stricken down, for we were on our holidays together when I was summoned to his death-bed. I found him awaiting my arrival with feverish impatience. He was fully conscious still, and aware of his approaching end. With scant ceremony he cut short my protestations of grief."

"'There is no time for vain regrets,' said he, mustering up all his remaining strength with an effort distressing to witness. 'Something I have to tell you before I go. In my private desk you will find a blue packet addressed to you. I meant to tell you of it before, but, thank God, there is yet time. That

packet, Ned, contains what will save you in case of need—of urgent need— and he sank back, breathless, exhausted.

“‘Yes, father,’ I said, wonderingly. | Could this be delirium? ‘But let us hope—’

“‘Only in case of imminent ruin—of threatening dishonour—of direst peril,’ he burst forth excitedly. ‘Only when you can see no earthly escape from destruction. Swear to me you will never open it otherwise!’

“‘Calm yourself,’ said I, soothingly, ‘and all will yet be well.’

“For all answer he looked at me with a glance that flashed a world of pained reproach. Then, as if too exhausted to speak further, he closed his eyes with a groan and a gesture of despair that filled me with remorse.

“‘I will do all you wish,’ said I hastily; ‘I will not open the packet except in gravest need—I swear it!’

“Oh, the immense relief his pallid face expressed! And for an instant the blood seemed to return to it once more.

“‘Thank God,’ he murmured with a joyful sigh, ‘now I can die content! But remember,’ he went on faintly, with a final flicker of energy, ‘it will snatch you from the jaws of ruin—but not for nothing. It is a resource more powerful than you dream of—but it will have to be paid for . . . and the price will be high—you may curse the day you first knew it—I have ever shrunk from paying it—I am glad—’

“In vain I had tried to stay these broken words, which taxed so terribly his ebbing life. But now, alas! there was no need for my endeavours; he could speak no more—he never spoke again.

“The scene will haunt me to my dying day. Yet, at first, I strove to dismiss it from my mind, as the outcome of a delirious imagination. So that you may well conceive the shock, when on going through my poor father’s papers, I came across the packet in the very place he had mentioned. And here it is—just as it was then. I have kept my

oath—I have never opened it. And, please God, I shall hand it on, with seal unbroken, to my son.”

Here Ned ended his narrative, and remained for some time lost in thought. And then he looked inquiringly, half-imploringly at me.

“This is indeed a remarkable legacy,” said I, hardly knowing what to think. “But have you no idea of what the packet may contain?”

“Not the least in the world,” said Ned decisively.

“Might it not be,” I suggested cautiously, “that although your father was under no delusion as to the packet’s existence, he was as to its importance?”

“No!” replied Ned emphatically, with the air of one defending the cherished prepossession of a lifetime. “No! I could stake my soul upon it! If you had heard my poor father—no, I am as certain as I am of anything in this world that in this envelope lies speedy relief from any material trouble. And, John,” he went on earnestly, “you remember how you used to hammer away at me in the old days for my lack of self-confidence? Now, you say you wonder at the change. Well, this packet has worked the miracle. At first it was the mainstay of my increased assurance, but now I think I am strong enough to stand alone. You cannot imagine how infinitely my courage has been strengthened by the knowledge that in case of need I had something to use as a last resort—that I had but, literally, to lift my finger and aid would come.”

“But has the finger never itched to break the seal and call up the mysterious Slave of the Blue Packet?” I queried, with growing interest. “Have you never thought of opening it?”

“Have I not?” said Ned, with a curious laugh. “How often have I sat in this very chair, and wondered whether the time had come. You may laugh if you will, but I felt torn between hope and dread like the fisherman with the Genie in the Bottle. Twice, indeed, I

have been within an ace of breaking the seal, but even then, something held me back—and I'm glad of it to-day.”

Again I took up the packet, and idly toyed with it awhile. How many scores of such envelopes had I seen, containing nothing more striking than “This indenture witnesseth.” I looked up at Ned. He was gazing at me with a singular expression on his face.

“There is a pecu-

“I!” I started. “How could that be?”



“That night she promised to be my wife.”

liar fitness in my telling you of all people,” said he, “for, strangely enough on each occasion, it was you who were *unwittingly the cause.*”

“You will see,” he went on quietly. “The first time was just before I became engaged to Mary. Those days were the most anxious of my life. I needn’t say

how fond I was of her ; but yet I dared not ask her to be my wife. Everything seemed to be going wrong ; what prospect had I of giving her a decent home ? And—how shall I tell you ?—it was you I feared more than all. As a climax came news of your Canadian windfall—I felt sure you would ask her before you sailed——”

“You were right, Ned,” I interposed, with a feeble attempt at a smile ; although the bitterness of it all had long since vanished.

He came over to me and pressed my hand ; then paced up and down the room, as he continued, half to himself—

“The very thought of losing her maddened me. What should I do ? I struggled hard, but in all my mental turmoil it was only the temptation that stood out clear. At last I took the packet in my hand. ‘This must cut the knot,’ said I. ‘This shall end my doubts,’ and I put my finger on the seal. See, here is where I had already broken off a piece of the wax. But in the very act, I bethought myself of my father’s dying injunction—and my oath. Had I really arrived at the last extremity—the very last ? Why not boldly challenge the future, and venture to ask Mary ? After all, the packet would remain—could I not always have recourse to it later ? With a desperate resolve I thrust the tempter from my sight—I drove straight to Mary’s house ; that night she promised to be my wife.

“As if by magic, from that very day my prospects brightened ; and six months later, we were married. I hope—I believe—she has regretted the step as little as I. So you see, John,” he ended, with a smile, “how greatly this unopened packet has helped me. Without it to fall back upon, I should never have dared.”

“And the other time ?” I asked, after a moment’s pause.

“The second time,” he replied gravely, “occurred only four years ago, when the sight of your American securities proved the last straw on my cashier’s honesty,

and he coolly walked off with every farthing’s-worth he could lay his hand on. You may imagine my feelings. I could not possibly make good the amount of the theft. Once more, in my distress, I took up the packet. Ruin stared me in the face—again I hesitated—I swore a solemn oath I would wait until it put its hand upon my shoulder. It never did. The man was arrested, and nearly all the valuables recovered. So I could breathe once more, and still hold up my head. And my good genius—or my evil genius—lies still shut up and unknown.”

“So be it !” said I, musingly. “But what part have I to play in the matter ?”

“I want you, old fellow,” said Ned, “in case the end comes suddenly, to act for my boy in this as in other matters. Will you do me that service ?” he asked appealingly.

“Willingly,” I replied, not without emotion ; “and here is my hand upon it. But I hope we shall neither of us see this uncanny thing again.”

“Amen !” cried Ned ; but the wish was not destined to be realised.

Not long after this, I returned to Toronto, where I remained for quite a number of years. I heard from Ned from time to time, and rejoiced to learn that all was going well with him. Affairs were prospering ; Mary kept ever young ; their son was growing up to a bright manhood ; what more could man desire ? Yet I never opened one of his welcome letters without giving a thought to what might well be, yet never was, mentioned therein—the sealed packet.

Glad as I was to learn there was nothing to call for its opening, I could not help my fancy running riot whenever it played upon those mysterious contents. I will not set down here all the wild conjectures that served to while away many an idle or sleepless hour. Might not, urged one of the soberest, here be concealed the title-deeds of some great estate won by dishonourable means ? Perhaps remorse had feared a curse upon the ill-gotten gains that greed still could not bring itself to relinquish.

Yet had not old John Landon been universally esteemed as the soul of probity and honour?

And sometimes I would laugh at my own fantastic theories. Why should there be anything out of the common in the packet; nay, going to the other extreme, why should there be anything at all? Perhaps the whole thing was a hoax—a beneficent hoax, it is true, for I could not doubt the good influence it had exercised upon my dear friend's life. Yet, looking back upon that deathbed scene that had left on Ned so ineffaceable an impression, this hypothesis seemed even more chimerical and far-fetched than the others.

One morning I heard from Ned that he had just marked little Johnny's twenty-first birthday by taking him into partnership. Good Heaven, how the years flew! All day long the thought of Ned and Mary was continually running through my brain, and that evening, as I sat and dozed in my solitary room, Memory peeped through Fancy's kaleidoscope upon strange combinations of the shifting past, that left me unutterably sad. And then it seemed to me I was once more in Ned's study, and Ruin was loudly knocking at the door, and the sealed packet lay before us. But still Ned would not break the seal, and it was I that in the end feverishly tore off the cover. And lo! inside was but another packet, and then another and another, like a Chinese puzzle, until the last, which contained a white powder. "This is the talisman," cried Ned. Eagerly he snatched it from my hand, and exultantly swallowed the powder. Then he fell a corpse at my feet—and I woke in a fit of nervous trembling, glad to find at last that all was but an unpleasant dream.

Two months after this I finally wound up my affairs in the colony and sailed for England. Urgent business calling me up North, I had just time to shake Ned's hand at his City office, on my way to King's Cross. He was looking wonderfully hale and well, which he laughingly

excused by his having just returned from the longest holiday he and Mary had ever spent together. And it was not to be the last; had he not taken to himself a new partner?

This one knew me at once, though I completely failed to recognise my little Johnny in the stalwart youth that overtopped us both by a head. How delighted I was to be with my old friends once more, and, on their part, they seemed overjoyed to see me! Indeed, I was only allowed to proceed to the station upon giving a solemn promise, that on my return I would drive straight from it to the house.

As it chanced, my business proved difficult to settle, and it was a month before I came back to town. I could scarce believe my own eyes! What a change had come over the appearance of my old friend! Was it possible that a few weeks could have aged a man by twenty years? I started back in pained surprise as he came forward to welcome me in the old study, with a constrained smile upon his haggard countenance. And, for the first time since I knew him, he shunned my eye. I was filled with a vague alarm—whatever could have happened in the interval?

"Good Heavens, man, you're ill!" I cried anxiously, as I retained his hot and trembling hand.

He smiled bitterly.

"So would you be, John," he replied, wearily, "if you had had my share of sleep for the past fortnight, and the prospect that awaits me to-morrow."

"What has happened?" I asked in deep concern.

"John," he cried, with a groan, convulsively pressing my hand, "I am a ruined man! And even that is not the worst!"

Then he told me the story of the disaster that had suddenly overwhelmed him. During his prolonged holiday, his son had plunged into a vast speculation of a dazzling speciousness. On Edward's return, it was too late to withdraw, save at a vast sacrifice. But how

he wished that he had made it, whatever the cost! For now the loss had reached an enormous amount, and to-morrow he would be called upon for a sum he could never hope to pay. And, worst of all, it was by no means certain whether Johnny's recklessness would not expose him to a criminal charge. The poor lad was overwhelmed with remorse—but what could be done?

"It will kill Mary," ended Ned, in a broken voice, covering his eyes with his hand; and I thought how little less would be the effect upon him. I felt keenly for my old friend; his sorrow cut me to the heart.

"Ned," said I gently, "we are brothers, are we not? Come, let us put our heads together. I have not done amiss—I will see you through!"

Needless to say, I did not expect from Ned any effusive demonstration of gratitude; yet I was hardly prepared for his amazing reception of my well-meant offer. He stared at me strangely, and then burst into a peal of bitter mocking laughter that made my blood run cold. I felt more grieved than hurt, and looked at him sorrowfully. Then I saw him flush to his very eyebrows, and he turned his head aside to hide his tears.

"Forgive me, John," he cried in deep emotion, "I will not insult you with my thanks. But do you know how much is in question?" and he named a sum which staggered me. My whole fortune

would have been but as a drop in the ocean.

Poor Ned! My heart went out to him in pity. To come to such a pass after



A handful of charred ashes was all that remained of the mysterious packet.

so many years of honourable toil! And then, an idea that had been hovering on the border of my brain ever since I entered the room, suddenly flashed into clear consciousness. His eye caught

mine in a dull gleam of intelligence, and I could see he shared my thought.

"Yes, old friend," said he sadly, "do you think that remedy is for one moment absent from my mind? Night and day have I brooded over it—yet, as I have grown older, I have ever shrunk more and more from this unknown source of aid. But I shall wait no longer," he ended, in growing excitement,—“no other earthly help can save me now!”

In deep agitation he strode up and down the room; then, with an air of resolution, marched straight to the old safe and opened it. In a minute he held in his hand the well-remembered blue packet. I felt my heart beat faster, as though I were a boy again. Now, at length, was the mystery of so many years to be solved. With all my heart I hoped it would not disappoint us—with all my soul I prayed that it would have no evil consequences. I saw Ned's lips move too, as he tore open the packet. From the inside he slowly drew out—another envelope. This also was carefully sealed. I held my breath as I looked at the superscription. It seemed to have been written many, many years ago, and the faded ink traced the address: "To my son, John Landon. Not to be opened, save in the last extreme."

Ned sank trembling into a chair.

"It is my grandfather's handwriting!" said he hoarsely. "I know it well!"

He remained for some time lost in thought, clutching the precious packet in his hand. I looked at him anxiously. Was he not going to open it after all?

"So my father had it from *his* father," he murmured, in almost inaudible tones, "and never opened it, in spite of all the troubles he passed through! And I—am *I* to have less courage than he? Am I to be the one to desecrate this sacred trust?"

I dared not advise one way or the

other. I felt it was a matter for himself alone.

"No!" he almost shouted, rising suddenly, with an air of final desperate resolution. "I shall not open it—even now. Let the worst come to the worst!"

He looked at me. I had nothing to say.

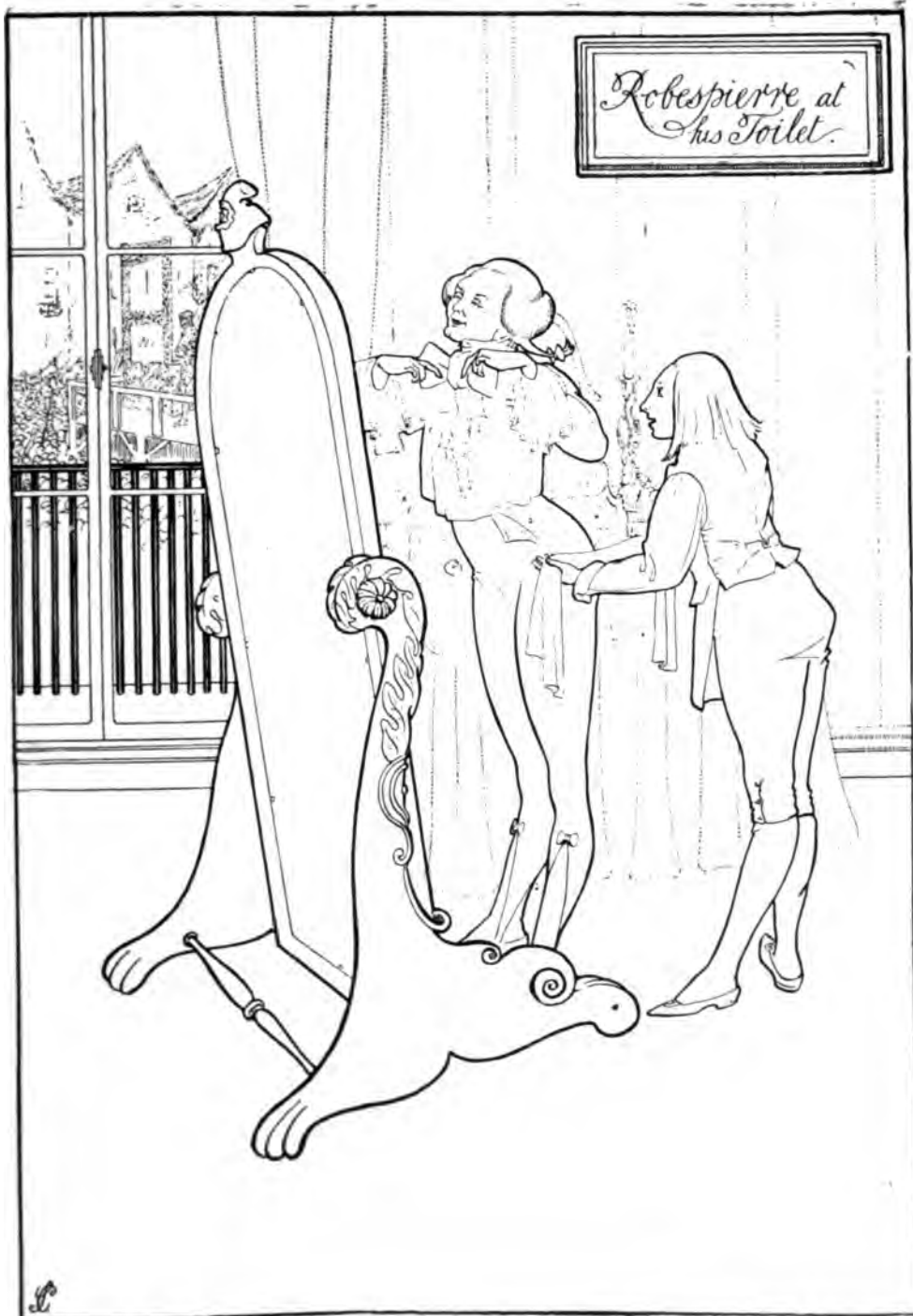
"John," he continued more quietly, but no less decisively, in spite of his half-apologetic manner, "I may seem to you weak and foolish—superstitious perhaps—but I cannot open it, even yet. To-morrow I shall stand face to face with disgrace—and I shall face it out. Let the blow fall. Mine is the blame—as I have sown, so shall I reap. And then, for Johnny's sake I will invoke the packet's aid, and pay myself whatever price it asks. To-morrow, at this hour, I shall break the seal."

But the packet was destined never to be opened. Chief among the few places where miracles still happen occasionally in this twentieth century is the Stock Market. And one occurred there the next morning; swift and unforeseen as lightning in the summer sky, the delirium of hope replaced the panic of fear—"slump" was succeeded by "boom"—and before the sun set that day, Ned had gained, not lost, a fortune.

Two weeks later, an electric wire became heated to redness, Ned's house caught fire, and the back part of it was completely gutted. As soon as we could safely venture, I went with him to view the ruins. The first thing we came across was the battered wreck of the old safe, which had crashed through the burning floor. And a handful of charred ashes, that crumbled away into nothingness at our touch, was all that remained of the mysterious packet.

I looked at Ned, wondering how he would take it.

"Thank God!" he cried fervently.



FROM MY JAPANESE NOTE-BOOK

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED

IF Yamaguchi had not represented us, without due accuracy, as "Legation Ladies," we should not have got into the railway station. For a great military prince was travelling. We arrived late, and found cords stretched so that rickshaws might not enter. Soldiers stood in line. Vermilion suns floated aloft, and many paper lanterns. The band struck up. Our case seemed hopeless. Suddenly, Yamaguchi spied a friend inside—a gentleman in a blue kimono and brown billycock, who foraged for the stationmaster. Yamaguchi issued

proudly from the colloquy that ensued, and the barriers were lowered.

"Japanese people for English Legation people very polite," said Yamaguchi. "Please much thank."

There was no time to "much thank." An official with a gilt chrysanthemum in his cap rushed us through. We just saw the Prince getting into his compartment, followed by a string of small, brisk officers wearing stars and medals.

Yamaguchi's friend put us into a saloon carriage. Yamaguchi, in advance with the luggage, rushed back for a



FARMHOUSE IN JAPAN.



TWENTY-SEVEN MILE AVENUE TO NIKKO.

frantic word. "That Governor of Province," he whispered, indicating a fat Japanese gentleman sitting on his heels in a corner of the long-cushioned seat. Yamaguchi was always terribly afraid that we should commit solecisms. Perhaps he had had experience of tourist manners. The Governor of Province signed for a pot of tea and a Japanese newspaper, both of which were handed in to him, and the train steamed out. The Governor produced a porcelain cup out of a bag of lovely brocade. Then he found a flat, brown box, filled with balls of rice, and a pair of chopsticks, and settled to his repast.

At the next station, a dainty creature entered — exquisitely Japanese — in a kimono of dove-coloured crape, a brocade *obi* of pale blue and gold and spotless *tabis*. She put down a little square of pink crape to sit upon, and laid on her knees another of pale blue. There was an artistic touch of blue in her neck-fold and also in her hair, which was like shining black satin shot

with brown, and was arranged in a big loop, her wee ears peeping below the side waves. Her skin was worked up with paint and powder to the bloom of a rose petal. She had little brown hands showing from out of her wide sleeves. Every now and then she would moisten her forefinger at her rosy lip, and smooth her eyebrows. The turn of her head was bewitching. The old gentleman handed her a book, smiling benignly. She accepted it with shy dignity, and read, beginning apparently at the end—but that seems the way to read books in Japan.

We were on our way to Nikko.

The train ran through irregular squares of ripe corn and hemp, and along swampy tracts, green with up-springing rice. Here and there, was a lotus lake, or a poppy garden. Men and women, in straw mushroom hats, stood knee-deep in the muck of the paddy fields, and there sounded continuously the murmur of streams and of trickling runlets, as the sluices lay open for the flooding of

the rice patches. Now, spread a plantation of young cryptomerias, their red-brown stems like granite pillars supporting the green arches above; now, a farmhouse among cherry-trees where peasants were threshing corn with clumsy wooden flails; and by and by, after Utsonomiya, came the fantastic shapes of the Nikko mountains, hazy with mist, and dimly outlined against a grey sky. A shower swept down from them over the garden plain. Darkness crept up stealthily, and through it one could see parallel with the train the wall-like side of the twenty-seven mile

red bridge and of a background of solemn pines. Then darkness; a jolting over stones; a plunge up a steep hill—the coolies bowed in their shafts—and at last the Nikko Hotel.

Nikko sets one pondering upon the intimate relation between soul and architecture, and upon the immeasurable debt which art owes to the religious instinct, whether it be shown in the ruins of Egypt, the shrines of India, the desolate columns of Pœstum, at St. Peter's in Rome, or here, at the temple of Shogun Ieyasu. One might spend hours among these gorgeous pine-shadowed monuments in thinkings which have been thought and uttered thousands of times since the beginning of all thinkings. Artistically speaking, as the home of a cult, Nikko is perfect. The very air, in its serene hush, seems laden with the pious aspirations of centuries. The great pine avenues, shutting out the sky, are the aisles of a vast temple of Nature's designing, in which the brilliant lacquer, painted carvings and gold copings seem



THE SACRED RED BRIDGE, NIKKO.

avenue of cryptomerias which stretched along like a great shadow with fantastically torn edges. Now the train stopped; there was a shouting of coolies, a rushing forward of uncouth forms, the confused bobbing to and fro of a multitude of yellow lanterns like a mad assault of enormous glow-worms; and then, a whirl of jinrickshas through a long, steep street, giving flashing glimpses of matted interiors, shop-fronts showing curious wooden wares, blurred globes of light, and narrow-shouldered forms squatting over teapots and fire-boxes. The roar of a milky torrent sounded; *one had a dulled vision of the sacred*

comparatively unimportant details. The whole place forms an immense cathedral, of which the mountains are the walls; the mossy boles of the cryptomerias, gigantic pillars; their green branches, Gothic arches; and the dim, shadow-flecked roads, pavements along which the tread of pilgrims' feet echoes still.

Many courts and many flights of granite steps lead up to the great temple of Ieyasu. The courts are bordered with old, grey stone balustrades which have leprous scales of lichen and patches of vivid green moss. At every stair-flight stands a porticoed doorway.

Painted dragons, grotesquely carved, and guardian gods keep watch in their niches. Along the pavements stand rows of old bronze and stone lanterns; they, too, are lepro-spotted and splashed with moss and fungus, and they have an almost human expression of age and responsibility. Among the lanterns, rise the red-brown trunks of pine overshadowing the quaint bell-towers given by the

and of unknown rites. Wherever one looks, there are glints of gold, gleams of red, and a bewildering confusion of allegoric ornamentation.

At Nikko all is peace and dignity. Here are no mendicant friars, no deformed beggars, no sellers of cheap wares, no vulgar, hustling crowd. Of sounds, there come but the occasional clank of pilgrims' clogs, the roaring of



RED LACQUER PAGODA, NIKKO.

Dutch and the Koreans, and the washing fountain hollowed from one huge block of stone. Beyond the pines, nothing can be seen but streaks of blue sky and the broken outline of the mountains. The beautiful red pagoda near the entrance, with its gold and green eaves, shines like a mass of jewels. The bronze torii—great pillared gateways with curved architraves, which invariably mark the approach to a Shinto temple—give a suggestion of mystery

the torrent below, the cawing of rooks or the beat of a temple drum. Now, as the drum stops, a procession of priests moves down the stairway from the main shrine. They wear full upper vestments of yellow, pink, and violet gauze, with pale blue skirts beneath. Stately, benignant persons they look as they walk slowly by, their hands folded before them, their eyes downcast, till they disappear between the bronze pillars of the lower torii.

The temple bell strikes the hour, its rich, deep tone lingering in the air, and making long, melodious reverberations. It is time to go.

At the Ieymutzu, sitting under the great red-lacquered portico, one looks through cryptomeria aisles, along a descending vista of ornate gateways and flights of granite steps. The gods of Wind and Thunder keep guard in their decorated niches. He of Wind is a merry green deity with a bag of breezes like a long, fat sausage wound round his ample form, while the god of Thunder, vermilion in hue, is more awesome in his grotesqueness, and wears a ring of thunderbolts from shoulder to shoulder. Soft rain is falling; the hills are misty; the pine branches drip melancholy. Some pilgrims clatter up the steps, their yellow oil-paper umbrellas, queerly inscribed, making a halo behind their brown faces and meagre shoulders. The cabalistic figures are only signs of their tea-houses, but seem in keeping somehow with the solemn picturesqueness of the whole scene.

They must have been magnificent personages, these bygone Shoguns. As one looks at Ieyasu's properties in the cloisters of the temple—his inlaid kago, his gorgeously embroidered robes of brocade, his swords, his gold-lacquered writing-boxes and dressing-cases, and his great gold-lacquered travelling trunks with the silken cords by which the coolies carried them,—for apparently these nobles never condescended below gold lacquer—one can conjure up a splendid old-time pageant, when Shogun and Daimios and their suites and possessions were borne in state along the great pine avenue, the Shogun of the day going to pay his homage at the tomb of Shogun Ieyasu of the past.

The deep mysterious boom of another temple bell close by, called us on through the solemn aisles of cryptomeria. Gorgeous monsters in barbaric colouring guarded a massive lacquered gateway, and along the paved walk were lichen-

grown stone lanterns — votive offerings.

Said Yamaguchi: "It is all Daimio's gift here. Men give their labour for the temples."

Priests and pilgrims came and went, subdued and gentle. Within the shrine, behind a veil of fine matting, three statues sat on gilt lotuses—Ananda, the beloved of Buddha, in the centre, and on either side Kwannon, our Lady of Pity, of the 'Thousand Arms. Candles burned in the dim richness of the sanctuary; there was a scent of incense, and of fresh flowers laid before the altar.

That quaint young pair of New England widows who had the table next ours at Yaami's at Kyoto are next us again at the restaurant here. They eat porridge for breakfast, and divide a bottle of Osaka ale for luncheon and one of ginger-beer at dinner. An open window led to a tentative interchange of courtesies. Then, when Yamaguchi told us that they were setting up house at Nikko, what more natural than that we should go and look at the outside of their domicile. The coolies drew us through an avenue of firs, up a gentle slope to a canopied gate and into an enclosure, where was the priest's house that the Americans had taken. One of the little ladies, in a kimono and Japanese sandals, stepped from the open fro it.

"I guess we aren't just fixed up yet," she said, "but we'd be glad for you to see our house."

So we took off our boots and inspected the queer little doll's dwelling—the kitchen, the bath-room—a nook with a wooden tub, a bamboo spout, and a rice-paper window—"which we shall turn into a developing closet," they explained—and all the tiny, matted compartments with their rice-paper screens, and the hole for a charcoal fire in the middle of the floor; lastly, the dining-room—only it wouldn't hold us four at once.

"This was a magnificent chapel with about twenty Buddhas sitting round,"

said our eldest hostess. "We did pray to have those Buddhas, but our landlord wouldn't leave them. Now see our garden—you *must* take a turn in our garden," which was big enough for a small party of respectable-sized dolls to promenade in, and had its wee lake and river with miniature precipice, its pigmy waterfall, dwarf pines, and Lilliputian mountains, in Japanese style, all complete.

"Look at our Japanese candlestick!" The ladies pulled forward a little red-lacquered tripod with a spike sticking up, on which they placed a big, hollow, wax candle, the only big thing of its kind I have ever seen in Japan. "And our lanterns!" dangling a bundle of rice-paper globes. "We shall have them painted in the village and hang them about. We've no furniture, you see, and we shall sit on the floor, and sleep on *futons*, and be strictly Japanese in everything except the food. We can't manage Japanese food. Say—have you had a Japanese dinner?"

I explained that we were to dine Japanese fashion, with geishas and maikos to sing and dance for us, that evening.

"Well, I am sorry for you. You'll want a good supper afterwards, and you'll get cramp in your knees, and disgrace yourself over the chop-sticks." All of which prophecies came horribly true! I envied these two American ladies who had started to go round the world, they told us, but weren't able to get any further than Nikko. "We thought the world would seem sort of common and vulgar after Japan," they

said, "and that, anyhow, it would keep."

So they are going to settle down in their little priest's house in the temple court, to write and read and dream away existence till snow comes, and then they will go quietly back to New England, letting the world keep.



THE GOD OF THUNDER, IEYUMUTZA TEMPLE, NIKKO.

I wished that I too could let the world keep!

"Hei! Hei!" shout the coolies. There are three of them to each jinricksha, two in front and one to push behind, for it is a stiff five hours' pull up the hills by Lake Chiusenji to the sulphur springs at Yumoto. Up the long, straggling street of Nikko we go.



IN A KAGO.

Past the European quarter, of houses, with white venetians and grey-green roofs, built for summer letting to the foreigners in Tokio and Yokohama—how much better to follow the two widows' example! By the little brown Japanese dwellings and tea houses where all the big yellow umbrellas, wet in yesterday's rain, are set out to dry. Now along a road by the side of a foaming stream into which willows dip; then into a valley bordered by peaked, forest-grown hills. The world looks as though it had been well washed. All the tiny cascades in the gardens are rushing; the aqueduct has overflowed and the pine trees stand out sharp against the sky.

Strings of peasants pass, some leading fodder-laden horses and carrying baskets slung at the ends of bamboo poles. Here, a pedlar with his pack wrapped in blue cotton, and there, labourers and tea-pickers, with round hats and baskets on their backs. They all nod and call out, "*O hayo,*" as the way

is in Japan, and little children playing under the trees knock their foreheads on the ground in salutation, and call out "*O hayo*" too.

A mountain stream flows noisily over stones. The sun flickers through maple and beech on the hillside. There are withes of wistaria, wild syringa shrubs, hydrangeas, azaleas, and dog-roses in profusion. A bird pipes an unfamiliar note. . . . This, while I scribble and the coolies rest. . . . A picturesque tea-house stands framed in forest half-way to Chiussenji. Banners of red and blue cotton hang from its eaves. Quaint figures squat in the open interior and on the edge of the platform with *hibachis*—the Japanese fires—beside them and cups of pale tea.

A number of *kagos* with red canopies and red cushions were set down in front of the tea-house. It was funny to see the Japanese ladies and gentlemen slip in and coil themselves up under their gay rugs while they were borne aloft by their bearers. Our coolies squatted at the

edge of the tea-house, frugally regaling themselves ; and we drank pale yellow tea and ate dear little brown cakes inscribed in sugar with Japanese letters. Then we mounted—by the jinricksha road which was made for the Czarewitch, as he then was—and the kagos passed out of sight along a foot-track winding up through the greenery by a short cut to Yumoto.

The road zigzagged through mountain gorges—abysses of forest foliage with huge overhanging boulders, torrents that roared down, milk-white with foam, and waterfalls that didn't seem a bit more real than their floss-silk counterparts which we had seen in Nishimura's workroom in Kioto. Nothing looks quite real in Japan. The scenery seems too decorative, and somehow, one is always expecting the curtain to fall and rise again on a new set.

The bit of road by which we wound between the forest and Chiusenji lake was like a fairy-tale path. On one side, through a tracery of creepers and pale

green branches, the blue lake showed with dark wooded hills opposite coming down sheer into the water ; and every here and there, against the blue, spread enormous sprays of red and pink azalea. There were whole trees of azalea in full bloom in the forest, and quantities too of a kind of wild raspberry, of which the coolies plucked branches for us to eat from.

They were wonderful—the azaleas of this enchanted wilderness, out in the open, turning the country into a garden. We gathered shrubs of them, and flung them into the stream above one of the waterfalls to see which would be hurled over soonest, while the coolies joined like children in our sport. Waterfalls and roaring rapids became for a time monotonous ; but by and by, on the top of a hill, closed in all round by green and rocky heights, stretched a most weird-looking frost-bitten plain, with white skeletons of pines, that reminded me of dead Australian gums, circling an expanse of blackened fern and withered grass.



THE TEA-HOUSE, YUMOTO.

Nantaisan, the sacred mount—there are so many sacred mounts in Japan that they too become monotonous—a bleak, scarred hump, rose sheer a mile or so distant.

“Hei! Hei!” shouted the coolies again, and a brown snake wriggled off

was a smell of moist earth and wood rot, and along its banks, a tangle of dead and living pines stretched out gnarled roots and splintered arms hung with grey moss and tatters of foliage, while bleached skeleton trunks lay half in and half out of the black water.



TWO JAPANESE GIRLS ASLEEP.

the path, then another, and presently another, but nobody seemed to mind them.

“Only white snake dangerous in Japan,” explained Yamaguchi in his halting English. “That snake’s poison go all round body—make very sick, sometimes die.

Now the roar of yet another waterfall—another huge slanting floss-silk ribbon with overspreading maple branches embroidered, as it were, upon the milkiness. Then came a dark volcanic lake strangely dreary, unutterably lonely. *Dull green mountains girdled it. There*

Yumoto lies at the end of the lake—a desolate grey hamlet, with a stench of sulphur and clouds of steam coming from the boiling spring of an open bath-house where naked brown people stewed themselves waist deep in a sort of soap-suddy tank, and now poked forward to look at us without the least abashment. The landlord of the tea-house; the landlady, the family, and all the Nesans were waiting bent double in the humility of their obeisance. They brought us heel-less, fur slippers to put on so that the spotless matting might not be dirtied, and we drank pale tea out of doll’s cups, and ate

queer little sweetmeats while the coolies refreshed themselves. There is nothing to see in Yumoto but the lake, the mountains, the sulphur springs, and the brown persons being boiled in their tanks. So we put to again, and the coolies trotted

At the point of the curve, a red and grey pagoda and the outline of bronze torii show among some ancient pines. It is the temple from which is made the ascent of Nantaisan, and these rows of grey sheds by the beach are the cooking-



A JAPANESE GIRL READING.

back to Chiusenji as cheerily as though it were their first instead of their seventh hour's tramp.

The three tea-houses of Chiusenji stand in a little curve, their balconies and lower storeys built out over the lake with long planks running from them into the water.

No. 232. January, 1903.

sheds and sleeping shelter of thousands of pilgrims who flock in August to make their pilgrimage to the summit.

As we sit in the balcony, the lake lies still as an immense sheet of badly blown glass, its tiny ripples drawing wavering lines up on the reflection of the mountains

AA

opposite. Some boats have put out. Two Japanese girls in one, rowed by a man at the stern, are laughing merrily. They stand up in the boat, their forms fantastically broadened by the outspread sleeves of their kimonos as they wave their arms to and fro with the motion of the oar. Night is creeping on. A ghost-white pall crawls slowly down the mountains. There is only a dark line of forest between it and the water.

The Nesan trip in. There sounds a rumbling and a sliding, and lo! a whole house-wall comes along like a scene at a theatre. Lake and mist are shut out. The balcony has been turned into a brown dining-room. The Nesan lights a lamp—an English kerosene lamp—and brings bowls of smoking soup. Chicken and savoury rice follow, and then a soufflé.

"*Yuroshi!*" is a safe word and easily mastered. It means excellent, and at sound of it the Nesan answers "*Arrigato,*" which is "Thank you," and knocks her head upon the table in grateful obeisance.

The Nesan has piled *fulons* on the matted floor of an inside room closed in by paper panels. There is no furniture in this exquisite box of polished wood and rice-paper, but are we not in fairyland? Over my bed waves a tall branch of rhododendron in a green pot. The Nesan patters in bearing a quilted kimono. "Japan clothes," she lisps—a dressing-gown supplied gratis.

But it is very cold. The Nesan smiles sympathetic comprehension of shivering gestures. She trots out and presently comes back with an *hubachi*. She sets it down on the floor on one side of the bed and the lamp on the other. So I tumble in between my *fulons*, with light and fire on a level with my nose. You needn't trouble about tables in Japan. A cautious hand draws the paper partition an inch apart. It is Yamaguchi. Through the aperture one sees that he has exchanged his courier's suit of serge for a wadded kimono: no doubt he has been enjoying *himself* downstairs in Japanese fashion.

"You got everything? Blankets—coverings?"

"Everything. But is it quite safe, Yamaguchi, to sleep with a charcoal fire beside my head?"

"That red hot—no harm," said Yamaguchi. "If earthquake, I call lady." Yamaguchi jokes about earthquakes because I have reproached him on two occasions when the ground trembled and the walls bowed to each other, and Yamaguchi slept through it all. Yamaguchi draws the rice-screens to, and now I may get me to sleep under my rhododendron and dream as they do in Doll-land.

Domestic operations begin betimes along the planks which stretch out from a tea-house into the lake. At the end of one plank two Nesans in grey kimonos and red obis are scouring buckets. A little lower, two more rinse teacloths and hold converse with a coolie washing rice and another cleansing fish. Along the planks, the inhabitants of the three tea-houses perform their toilettes and prepare their breakfasts.

Our own coolies, lightly clad, march down the gangway, scrub their faces, brush their teeth, and finally wash the blue cotton handkerchiefs with which they cover their heads. Yamaguchi—an Englishman once more in his blue serge suit with courier's bag and all complete—comes to say that the rickshaws are waiting. Yamaguchi is about four feet two. He has wiry black hair, beady eyes and yellow brown tusks which project. But Yamaguchi is a *preux chevalier*, and moreover, he has a sense of humour. I commend him to forlorn womanhood touring in Japan—except in the matter of small earthquakes.

Stocking-footed, we go down the steep polished stairs. Below, our boots are restored to us. The population of Chiusenji has congregated in front of the house to witness the strange, foreign ceremony of inducting us into our foot-gear. Presently we are whirled away amid an echoing chorus of "*Sayonara!*" — "*Au revoir!*"

THE JOHANNA PARK

By DOROTHY M. HUNTER

JOHANNA sat beneath the drooping laburnum tree and wept bitterly. The laburnum tree, Gold-Regen they called it there, wept too ; it rained not only gold, but also great drops of crystal clearness which trembled and fell, drip, drip, drip, on to the wet grass, and on to the mossy seat and on to the weeping Johanna. For a great storm had passed over the garden, and over Johanna, and had left both weeping.

The storm that had passed over the garden had appeared scarce two hours since on the far horizon, a mountainous pile of radiant cloud. It had come on the wings of the wind, sweeping unhindered over the plain, driving great columns of dust before it. Then the heavens were darkened, and lightning flashed forth from a blue-black canopy of cloud, and thunder crashed, and rumbled, and roared, and at last huge drops of rain fell, first only here and there, and then thick and fast, till even the broad dense horse-chesnut foliage could not withstand the torrent, and the whole earth steamed. And now the storm was already far away, and the unclouded sky smiled down on the blossoming garden. And soon the slanting rays of the evening sun lit up the myriad drops that danced on every leaf and petal and grass-blade, and the tears were transformed into hosts of glistening diamonds. But Johanna wept on. Her storm, too, had been swift to come, and sharp and short and terrible when it broke over her head ; but the clouds it had left behind would be chased away

by no winds, dispersed by no summer sunshine. Her dearest hopes lay blighted in the bud by the fury of that storm.

"And it is so unjust, ach ! so unjust, my father !" she cried, wringing her little hands. "He is no spendthrift and ne'er-do-well and shameless adventurer, as thou hast called him ; he does not seek me for my money. He is a brave and honest man, my Otto, and loves me truly ; and oh—I love him so, I love him so, and I shall never love another !"

From which it will be seen, that though Johanna's fair and blue-eyed beauty was of the most innocent and docile type, suggestive of needlework, and maiden's tea parties, and a quiet, beautifully-ordered house, she was yet capable of romantically giving her whole heart to a poor (and, as a son-in-law, wholly undesirable) young officer, simply because his own blue eyes had looked into hers, and read her heart there. And now she was going to break that romancing little heart, because her father had curtly refused to entertain any thought of her adored and adoring Otto. As though he, Oberrathsherr von Thielmann, one of the wealthiest, most influential men in Leipzig, who, though not himself an officer, had married the daughter of an illustrious Prussian General—as though he would give his only child, with the millions of marks that would be hers, to the first penniless young adventurer that happened to pass her way ! The idea was simply preposterous ; and that she should for a moment expect him to listen to such folly, fully justified an outburst of paternal rage. He hoped he had driven

all such nonsense from her mind. But his anger had only struck her as cruelly unjust, and added to her reasons for adoring Otto that very powerful one, that he had been brutally slandered and cut off from her life.

The idea of defying her father's will could, under no circumstance, enter into Johanna's mind. She never questioned its inexorable force, or the necessity of bending to it. But she never wavered, either, in her trust in Otto's love, or in her own passionate young love for him. So her fond romancing was not swept away by the storm, but only turned into a tearful elegy, whose end could not be foretold.

The hour of sunset still found a sorrowful little figure alone under the shower of gold, out of sight of the spacious Rococo villa and its stuccoed and frescoed terraces; and Frau von Thielmann sent a servant to Fraulein Johanna's room to ask why she did not come to supper.

The twilight, that in central Germany deepens so swiftly into night, was falling, when a familiar song, whistled in clear sweet tones, came, wafted across the dewy meadow. It was that beautiful tenor solo out of the "Zauberflöte" that begins "Dies Bildniss ist so wunderschön!" ("This image is so wondrous fair!") Johanna remembered well the last time she went to the Zauberflöte. It was the evening after Otto had first called, and he had been there, in the balcony opposite their box, and he had stared at her so much that she found it very difficult afterwards to remember anything about the opera. But this one air he had by no means allowed her to forget; and he would often stroll out from the barracks in the evening and wander past Herr von Thielmann's park into the woods beyond, whistling as he went. Johanna started to her feet. It must be Otto! it must be Otto! He had come to say goodbye!

Swiftly and silently she sped over the dewy grass, a white wraith in the gathering dusk. She dared not follow the path

between the lilacs and thorn-trees at the garden's edge, that was too near the house; round the far end of the park she skirted, beyond the pond, in the shade of the limes and sycamores, running across the open places between the trees, and at last reaching the scraggy hedge that was the eastern boundary of Herr von Thielmann's domain. Outside the hedge, where lies now the Karl Tauchnitz Strasse, with its handsome villas and gardens, and the whole so-called Concert-Quarter, the most fashionable residential quarter of Leipzig, there lay in Johanna's day, some fifty years ago, nothing but swamp and water-meadows bordering on woodland, and divided from the town by a dirty sluggish stream, the Pleisse.

A faint path followed the hedge on its outer side, a short-cut, worn chiefly by Herr von Thielmann's labourers on their way from some far-lying meadows to the town. The river (Leipzigers call the Pleisse a river) was crossed by a little footbridge just opposite the Pleissenburg, in the place where the wide Karl Tauchnitz bridge has since been built. There was a little gate in the hedge, not far from the river, chiefly used as a rendezvous after sunset by young soldiers and the von Thielmanns' maid-servants, and objected to by Herr von Thielmann for this reason. But Johanna liked the gate, and it made a convenient short-cut for callers on Sunday evenings, so it had not been abolished, and through it Johanna now slipped. Once outside she hesitated and looked about her. She could see no one in the gathering darkness, as the whistling had ceased.

Half-frightened, yet possessed with a mad desire to see Otto somehow, once more, she sped on to the little bridge and stood half-way across it, the night mist clinging around her thinly clad limbs, her muslin dress fluttering in the breeze. She gazed across the broad cobbled street and the strip of garden, that was once the city moat, to the rambling pile of the Pleissenburg with

its queer ugly round tower, like a great lighthouse, that loomed black against the dull red sky.

A tall man, who looked like an officer, was turning into the barrack-gate. It must be Otto; Johanna knew he was one of the few officers who had quarters there. A little desperate cry escaped her, and she ran on to the road. The man turned a moment to stare, and then disappeared through the gateway. He was gone! Johanna shivered and sobbed. She scarcely knew where she stood. Hot tears trickled down her face, her knees trembled, the cold mist chilled her; she felt suddenly, horribly alone, and turned hurriedly to flee back to the garden.

A hideous noise of shouting suddenly struck her ears. It was bearing down upon her. In another moment she saw a roystering gang of students between her and the bridge; and oh, horrible! they had caught sight of her; they had cut off her retreat. "Heh, beautiful lily!" one shouted, "hast forsaken thy comrades in the garden to come and gladden the street?" "Nay, 'tis a water nymph out of the old ditch!" laughed another. "Or maybe only a 'dirne,' come out to meet the watchman!" roared a third. "Come, my beauty, we too are thirsty for a taste of those rosy lips." And he caught her slender little figure around the waist and stooped to kiss her, while the others shouted with coarse mirth. For a gang of German students, of the more cellar-loving type, coming home after a day's bummeling, was neither more refined nor more chivalrous fifty years ago than it is to-day. But Johanna knew nothing of the

street scenes of Leipzig after dusk, and with one piercing scream she swooned away into the first pair of strong arms ready to hold her.

The pair of strong arms that did hold



Swiftly and silently she sped over the grass.

her, and that also carried her back to her father's house, besides dealing some heavy blows on the shoulders of the gang with an iron-weighted stick, were the arms of a big, stout, grey-headed and highly-respected citizen known as Oberrathsherr von Thielmann; and when

Johanna came to herself, lying on the drawing-room sofa with her mother kneeling and crying by her side, that square-jawed and eagle-eyed gentleman was looking down at her with a look of thunder and lightning to which the storm of the afternoon was as nothing.

"So!" he said, when Johanna, pale and trembling, had sat up, propped by cushions, and had sipped sal-volatile, and murmured acquiescence to her mother's exclamation, that she must be starving for want of her supper, "So!" he snorted again, "I hope you are pleased with your agreeable little experience! you, my daughter, running about the streets like a disreputable beggarwoman or ballet girl. I need not say more. You will have learned your lesson. But I may add, that if you went out to meet Lieutenant von Heldreich, to meet him abroad at night, like homeless gipsies, that young man has already left Leipzig these three hours, and is now well on his way to the other end of Saxony, where the regiment he has exchanged into is quartered.

"And I have one thing more to say—"

"Ach, Karl, wait! The child is still poorly," interposed her mother, pleadingly.

"Nonsense, my dear," snapped von Thielmann. "I have one thing more to say," he went on, raising his voice, always rather big and harsh. "In this house I am master, I, do you hear? You seem to have forgotten it. And while you are in my house you obey my will, and when I forbid a thing my word is final, *und damit punkt um*; and you do not go running out into the streets at night after a man I have forbidden you to see or speak to. So, dost understand?" And, turning on his heel, he strode to the door. Then he added, with an unpleasant laugh, his hand on the handle, "But since you are so grateful as to wish to run away from us the first time a man comes making eyes at you, I daresay we can easily accommodate you with a respectable husband,

and in the performance of your wifely duties you will soon forget this wonderful Otto!" Then he slammed the door after him, and, flinging an order and a curse at his manservant in the hall, went to drown his fury in beer and tobacco in his own study.

II

"My dear Karl, our Johanna fills me with anxiety," said Frau von Thielmann to her husband one December evening, as he sat over his cigar, and she over her knitting, in the warm library. Von Thielmann growled, knocked the ashes off his cigar, stared gloomily for a minute at his wife, and then continued smoking in silence. "I am sure the child is rapidly falling into a decline, and, unless something is done to restore her to health and happiness, I dread to think what may happen. Karl, do you not hear?" and she laid down her work and touched his arm to arouse him.

"My dear wife," said von Thielmann, "what have we left undone?" and he replaced his cigar.

"The only thing which would make her happy, I fear," responded his wife.

And in truth this was the case. Ever since that stormy spring day, now more than three years ago, Johanna had been waning. And yet she had everything that wealthy and devoted parents could give her, all but the one thing for which her heart yearned. She had received offers of marriage from the sons of all the biggest merchants and publishers in Leipzig, and even from one or two landed gentlemen of noble line, whose estates lay within a radius of ten miles. Moreover, her mother, when all the Leipzig suitors had been gently, but persistently refused, had taken her to enjoy a gay season in Dresden, where her pretty, sad face and graceful manners, together with her money, had secured her a warm welcome everywhere. She had even attracted attention at Court, and had on one occasion enjoyed the gracious flattery of the



king's brother. And after the season Frau von Thielmann had taken her daughter to East Prussia, to visit her own relations, who were all of very ancient and noble family, and very poor, living on large estates many miles apart, where Johanna felt much more content than in the Dresden ball-rooms. And then the von Thielmanns had spent the summer in Saxon Switzerland, only returning home when the leaves began to turn golden and the afternoons to draw in. And still Johanna grew paler and slighter, till she looked as though a gust of wind could carry her away as easily as it did the falling leaves. And still

mouth and deep-set, keen grey eyes, and her father had been a leader of men.

"The young man comes of a good Saxon family," she continued; "and as to his poverty, what of it?—provided he is not improvident. I was poor."

"That was different," he said shortly.

"Not so very different, my husband. You did not win me without a struggle, you remember, in spite of all your wealth. If I had not loved you dearly, and prevailed at last upon my father to give his consent, I might have been Princess Friedrich von Lindenburg, with a husband who loved cards and horses



Johanna, wrapped in costly furs, and sitting between her father and mother

she refused to accept any man's hand, simply saying she was happier at home; and the talk got about that there must be something behind, and no doubt the Oberrathsherr's daughter was consumptive.

"Karl!" said Frau von Thielmann, rising and laying her hand on his shoulder, "let us face the truth. She is breaking her heart for that young von Heldreich, and, if she is to live and be happy, she must have him."

Von Thielmann started, flung away his cigar end, rose abruptly and faced her. She was a comely woman, proud and upright in bearing, dark-haired and strong featured, with a big amiable

better than his wife, instead of being Frau von Thielmann and a happy woman. Love is the only essential, my dear!" And she looked up at him.

He took her hand, and raised it to his lips. Then he walked over to his writing-table, mumbling something about the unbecomingness of obstinacy in any woman, and particularly in a young girl, and adding aloud that he had some important business letters to write. His wife, bidding him not to be too late, went quietly up to bed. She had made a careful study of her husband's character, as well as of his appetite, and knew just how much advice to give in order to have it taken.

A few days later von Thielmann went over to Grimma, where an infantry regiment had lately been stationed, and on his return in the evening he sat up unusually late talking to his wife.

Christmas Eve, that winter, was ushered in by a north-east wind that cut through one like a knife. The ground was covered with a dark, unholy mixture of mud and ice, and the air was filled with a stinging, driving mixture of snow and water. Nevertheless, when the hour for evening service drew near, the Thomas Kirche was packed with people, and by the time the fine simple harmonies of the opening hymn were pouring forth from a thousand throats, a late-comer could not have found so much as standing room within the doors.

Johanna, wrapped in costly furs, and sitting between her father and mother, listened fondly to the beautiful old carols, sung by one of the most perfect choirs in Europe. She was happy with that reposeful, impersonal happiness which is the echo of a universal joy. Her eyes rested on the two tall glittering firs in the chancel, and her thoughts were of all the happy families that would gather that evening round their own laden trees. She had herself helped to prepare the trees for her father's servants and employés, and she smiled to think of the heavy burdens and light hearts the good people would carry home with them on the morrow. She had not been allowed to enter the drawing-room, where the private family tree, to be lighted to-night, stood, and she had been told that a great and wonderful surprise awaited her, which would rejoice her beyond measure. She had felt a little sorry that her parents should spend time and trouble in preparing surprises for her instead of for poor people or children, who would enjoy them so much more. But she determined to be very delighted with it, and spent no time in conjecturing what it might be. More than once

during the service the thought of Otto crossed her mind, and the yearning that was wearing her away laid hold on her, but she tried bravely to drown it in the peace and gladness of the Christmas spirit.

"Come, dearest child, let us peep in at our Christmas-tree before we go to supper. I am all impatience to see you receive your present," said Frau von Thielmann, when they had regained the warm shelter of home and laid aside their furs. "Besides," she added laughingly to her husband, "the present itself must be getting hungry and impatient." At which last remark Johanna wondered greatly. It must be a dog or a pony, she thought, as they went together into the drawing-room.

It was a large room, and the further end had been curtained off. There was no light in front of the curtains, but a blaze of radiance from behind them shed a dull half-light over the first part of the room, enabling Johanna and her parents to pick their way among the crowded furniture.

"Nanu, my little Johanna, wait there a moment while I and thy mother pull the curtains!" And von Thielmann and his wife stepped forward and drew back the heavy veil.

A low stage, approached by a few broad steps, had been erected for the tree, and steps and walls and floor were draped in resplendent crimson baize, flecked all over with large snowflakes, strewn and garlanded with wreaths of evergreens, and festooned with strings of many-tinted Chinese lanterns. In the background a gilded cardboard sun of immense proportions rose out of a bank of silver-fringed black cloth, symbolical of storm-clouds. High in mid-air, suspended from the ceiling, hovered an angel of peace, extending in one hand an olive branch, in the other a sprig of orange blossom, with which, as he swung to and fro in the heated atmosphere, he constantly threatened to knock off the resplendent silver star that shone on the highest branch of the tree. The

tree, ablaze with countless flickering candles, was so big, that it had been necessary to cut off its top. It, too, was covered with snowflakes, while frosted balls dangled from every branch; and over the whole was slung a glittering tangle of the long gold and silver threads called "angels' hair." And in the midst of it all, half concealed by the lower branches, out of which he seemed to be stepping, stood Otto von Heldreich, in his dark blue infantry uniform touched with red, so becoming to a blonde, blue-eyed Saxon. He, too, was flecked with snowflakes, and his cap and hands had got desperately entangled in the "angels' hair," and his long moustaches narrowly escaped singeing in the nearest candle; but the light of an immortal fire was in his eyes, bidding fair to eclipse all the surrounding illuminations.

Johanna stood, blinded by the sudden flare of light, with blinking eyes, waiting to see. Otto stood, paralyzed with emotion and blinded, too, with the vision of that face which, to him, was brighter than sunshine. And von Thielmann stood, gazing with infinite satisfaction at this most dramatic situation in this most gorgeous setting, and murmured within himself, after the happy manner of his nature, "Mine is the credit of it all."

Have you ever felt that pause that precedes a flash of lightning—that silent, momentary, utter ceasing of the pulse of nature? And then—oh! the flash, the forked dart, that has struck earth somewhere!

"Otto! Otto!" The piercing, yet half-strangled cry rang through the room. Then she staggered, stretched out both arms towards him, lurched a step, and, as he sprang to her, sank unconscious into his arms. He laid her on the sofa, kissing the blue lips, rubbing the little cold hands, pouring passionate appeals into the unheeding ears, a horrible, nameless fear freezing his own blood. Brandy was quickly fetched, and hot bottles and shawls, and, before long, a doctor; and then Otto carried her up to her own room, and soon after came

down and sat on a chest in the hall, where he remained for hours, heedless of everything.

"My good young friend, you had better come and take a glass of wine with me," said the burly doctor, coming downstairs, and clapping von Heldreich heavily on the shoulder. The girl's father followed him at a distance. It was one o'clock. There was no light downstairs save a single lamp in the hall. A tired servant had fallen asleep, waiting, in the dining-room, and the lamp there had gone out. Otto looked up with an ashy countenance.

"What is it? What is wrong with her?" he queried, in a strange, hoarse whisper.

"A little heart attack. Courage! Herr Lieutenant, she will be quite herself in a day or two. Ah! I must congratulate you, by the way." And he shook the young man warmly by the hand.

But on Christmas Day, when the von Thielmanns' friends and relatives came to offer their congratulations, and to inquire solicitously after "die Brant," they found the blinds drawn and the house wrapped in awful stillness, through which they could hear the low, heart-rending sobs of a woman somewhere upstairs, and the monotonous regular sound of footsteps pacing to and fro, to and fro, in a room below.

III

ON the outskirts of Leipzig, shut off from the world by high walls, lies a plot of land called, and called truly, Friedhof, the Court of Peace. It is a vast, luxuriant garden, gay, blossoming, beautiful; but between the rose-trees the earth is heaped in trim, verdure-covered mounds, and there are grey stone tablets, here and there, among the flowers.

It was the year 1870, the great year that called modern Germany into being. Already the clang of arms was echoing from the Rhine, and men's thoughts were not of peace. But the roses and

the birds nesting among them in the Friedhof knew nothing of strife and bloodshed; and they shook the morning dew from their petals and their feathers, and thanked God in their several ways for those two priceless gifts, life and the light of day. It was scarce five o'clock, but the shade cast by the avenues of horse-chesnuts was already very welcome, for it was Midsummer Day. It is the great day of the year in Leipzig for decorating the graves, and many wreaths had already been brought the previous evening. A small, middle-aged man was kneeling by a grassy mound, tenderly arranging little bunches of blue corn-cockles in rows around it. Not far off against an ivy-covered wall stood a tall, grey-haired officer. Before him lay three graves, close together. There were handsome wreaths on them all, but the one in the middle was almost hidden by a coverlet of roses—rich red roses with a wonderful scent, and large, loose, pure white roses; and there were four rose-trees, trained to form arches at the head and foot of the grave, arches of mingled crimson and white, with tall, stately lilies blooming beneath them.

It was very beautiful. The man with the corn-cockles wished he too could afford roses and lilies; but he was only a poor artisan. He placed the last little blue bunch, and got up and went towards the gate. He was on his way to his work.

The officer looked up, roused by the sound of footsteps. He, too, must go to his work. His regiment was under marching orders, and would leave Leipzig on the morrow. He plucked a rose from the highest arch, and raised it to his lips. It dropped a shower of white petals, leaving the bare flower-head in his hand. "Ah! frail mortal blossoms, falling as I gather you, how fit a tomb for the frail, mortal body!" he cried, turning slowly away, adding, sorrowfully, "They will all wither and die, and I shall no longer be here to renew them. Oh! Johanna! Johanna, my angel bride, how can I build thee an unfading monu-

ment worthy of the imperishable beauty of thy soul, a memorial of thee to all posterity! That would I do, before I go, perhaps to fall asleep in a strange country."

Outside the Friedhof the sun beat down with cruel fierceness on the dusty streets. Colonel von Heldreich walked wearily to his barracks, and after a long and tiring day's work strolled back in the evening to his lonely home. Von Thielmann, at his death, now some years past, had left the house and grounds, with a handsome fortune, to his accepted son-in-law. Leipzig was spreading out in this direction at last, and a restless atmosphere of building was gradually surrounding the property. Otto turned into the park quickly by the little gate out of which Johanna had passed to meet him so many years ago. Then he paused under a pink-flowered chesnut, and allowed the peaceful beauty of the scene to steal over him.

Over there stood the lilac bushes under which he had first seen her, and there was her favourite laburnum, and the group of cherry-trees, and the beds of monthly roses, and the placid, dewy meadow, stretching away to the still pond, with the old limes beyond. Across the pale primrose of the evening sky hung a faint veil of rosy mist shading upwards through lilac and violet into dusky blue; high overhead, serene and clear, rode the silver crescent of the moon, and the air was filled with subtle summer fragrance, more powerful than anything to awake sweet memories. This was her home. Here she had laughed and played, and loved and sorrowed. Dear haunts of her pure spirit! The hammer of the mason, the dust and mortar of the bricklayer, they must never intrude here. No, these peaceful lawns and meadows should remain for ever as Johanna had known them, a joy to those amongst whom she had lived, and to their children and children's children. They should be a quiet haven into which tired men and women would turn for a brief rest from



He laid her on the sofa.

the bustle of city life, and where children should love to play. So resting, and so playing, thousands would bless the memory of Johanna.

This is, in all its main features, a true story of how a great private tragedy became the source of a great public blessing. The Johanna Park is one of the prettiest little parks in Germany ; and as that country grows more and more commercial and industrial, and its

big towns spread out more and more into their surrounding fields and woods, the cry for room to live, for space to breathe, for green spots to relieve the wilderness of brick and mortar, makes itself heard there, as here. And so the thousands and tens of thousands of Leipzig have more and more cause, every year, to value their precious gift, and with tenderness and gratitude to tell the story of Johanna and her unhappy love.



“AT THE SIGN OF THE DEATH’S HEAD”

By GEORGE KING

A GAINST the famous old prison in the Old Bailey, with its matchless store of gruesome memories, a decree of demolition has gone forth. The massive walls which have confined so many human beings condemned to death have themselves received their doom. The old Sessions House, which stands by the side of the prison, is to be replaced by a more commodious court, but of Newgate itself not a trace will be left. A new Central Criminal

Court will rear its stately head where for seven centuries the penalties of crime have been suffered.

Upon the main door of the prison some grim humorist has nailed a number of old horse shoes. When these symbols of good fortune were placed in this incongruous position is unknown; but it is difficult to believe that they possessed their popular significance at any period of the history of Newgate. The present building, which was designed by George Dance, the architect of the Mansion House, is not more than 130 years old; but its pedigree goes back to the middle of the

twelfth century. It derives its name from one of the principal gates in the old city wall, which was called New Gate, for the simple reason that it was, in the language of the veracious Stow, “built later than the rest.”

This gate, which was used as a prison soon after its erection in 1150, was enlarged by Sir Richard Whittington whose memory may thus be associated with two very different species of cats. Seven stone figures were added



NEWGATE PRISON.

to the penitentiary gate when it was rebuilt after the great fire of 1666, the form of Liberty being accompanied by a cat, in honour of the famous lord mayor. These figures were preserved when the gate was pulled down in 1767, and four of them are still to be seen in the recesses of the southern wall of the prison.

Outbreaks of gaol fever were so common in the early history of Newgate that they were usually treated with indifference, but one occasioned by the overcrowded state of the prison in 1750 was fierce enough to fill the whole of London with alarm. It spread to the

Sessions House, where, notwithstanding the fragrant herbs with which the court and corridors were strewn, no fewer

depravity in these nurseries of crime, but none has ever succeeded in exaggerating them. Several of the old wards and dormitories—the walls of one of the dormitories still bear traces of the hammocks that caused it to be known as "The Cabin"—are now used as lumber rooms. It may devoutly be hoped that these walls have not been endowed with tongues as well as ears, for, if their demolition were to provoke them into repeating the shrieking oaths and awful obscenities once uttered within them, they would corrupt even the roughest labourer engaged in the task. Since 1877, when the prison was transferred from the City to the Crown, Newgate has ceased to serve the ordinary purposes of a gaol. It has been occupied only by prisoners awaiting their trial at the Old Bailey, and by criminals upon whom the death sentence has been passed.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PRISON.

than sixty persons fell victims to it, among them the Lord Mayor and two High Court judges. Not even the official mind was capable of resisting for ever the logic of a disaster of this magnitude, and some twenty years later the foundation of the present prison was laid. Before the building was completed it received a baptism of fire. It was stormed by the Gordon rioters, who, after stealing the prison keys and letting some three hundred prisoners free, made a vain attempt to burn it to the ground.

Until the prison was reconstructed on the cellular system—an improvement which was introduced about forty years ago—the prisoners were huddled together in oblong wards. Many a novelist has described the scenes of

No building in London proclaims its purpose more clearly than does Newgate. Its deeply lined walls seem to frown upon the very spirit of crime; the narrow doorways set three feet deep in solid masses of masonry, the iron spikes and heavy bolts about the gates and windows, and the rusty shackles above the main entrance, tell plainly what the structure is. "How dreadful its rough heavy walls and low massive doors appeared to us—the latter looking as if they were made for the express purpose of letting people in and never letting them out again." The whole prison system has undergone a vast improvement since Dickens wrote these words, but it is still impossible to walk along the low winding corridors of Newgate without some sense of dread. Near the bare entrance hall is a large cupboard with the most ghastly collection

in the country. It was once the practice to take plaster casts of the features of all criminals who had suffered the last penalty of the law within the precincts of the prison, and ranged upon the shelves of this cupboard are the repulsive faces of such murderers as Greenacre, Courvoisier, and Müller. Another cupboard, less gruesome in its interest, is crowded with shackles and handcuffs used in Newgate at various stages of its history. Among them are the leg-irons which Jack Sheppard loosened when he escaped from the prison, and the much heavier pair put upon him when he was recaptured.

Jack Sheppard is not the only criminal to whom belongs the distinction of breaking out of Newgate. A burglar, whose enterprise was not destroyed by his conviction, scaled one of the inner walls in 1836, and escaped over the roof of an adjoining house. As late as 1880 a most remarkable effort was made to prevent an execution. Shortly before the hour appointed for the appearance of Shurety on the gallows, a letter was handed to the governor of the prison purporting to come from the Home Office, and countermanding the order for execution. A close examination of the envelope and seal convinced the governor that the letter was a forgery, and the sentence of death was carried out without delay.

The modern part of Newgate—that which was built in 1862, when the cellular system was introduced—is in the usual style of prisons. It consists of three galleries, with the cells all leading from them. Each of the cells is furnished with a hammock, a roll of blankets, drinking and eating utensils, a Bible and Prayer-book. The "condemned cell," which belongs to the old

part of the prison, is more commodious; it is furnished with a wooden bedstead, and its walls are decorated with illuminated texts. In the lower part of the prison are six dark cells, where not a single ray of light has ever pierced its way. These cimmerian cells, which were once occupied by prisoners guilty of serious breaches of prison discipline, ceased to be used ten years ago—a fact which speaks eloquently of the more humane methods introduced into English prisons in recent years.

There is no more curiously designed place of worship in England than the prison chapel. The male prisoners occupy two large iron cages on the floor of the chapel, while the female prisoners sit in the gallery behind a grille so constructed that their view is



OUTSIDE THIS DOOR THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONS WERE HELD.

confined to the pulpit. Upon the wall above the pulpit is inscribed this text: "Now, then, we are ambassadors of

Christ, as though God beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." And this lettering is almost the only attempt at decoration. Here, in this sacred place, the most gruesome acts of cruelty have been perpetrated with the object of deterring crime. It was once the custom to

funeral sermon. This was Dr. William Dodd, who was executed for forging Lord Chesterfield's signature to a bill for £4,200, and whose unhappy end excited the ardent sympathy of persons in all classes of society, from burly old Dr. Johnson, who wrote the elegant speech which the reverend gentleman



THE MODERN INTERIOR.

place every condemned prisoner in a conspicuous part of the chapel on the Sunday before his execution, with the coffin he was to occupy at his feet. He it was who formed the real text of the preacher's discourse, the prisoners whose lives had not been forfeited being urged to take warning of his awful end. One prisoner was permitted to enjoy the grim paradox of preaching his own

delivered before he was sentenced to death, to numbers of sentimental women, who carried his portrait in their bosoms as an amulet.

The prison cemetery is a narrow court paved with stone, the little strip of sky that shows between the dark and rugged walls being intersected by iron bars. One of the walls constitutes an index to the Newgate Calendar; upon its surface

are inscribed the initials of all the wretches who have been executed within the precincts of the prison during the past eighty-two years. The first criminals to be buried in this cage-like cemetery were the Cato Street conspirators, who plotted to murder all the members of the Cabinet in 1820, and who derived their name from the street off the Edgware Road in which they were caught. After the traitors were hanged, their heads were severed from their bodies and held up by the execu-

A felon who declined in olden days to plead was ordered to suffer the *peine forte et dure*. His conviction meant the forfeiture of his estate as well as the loss of his life; by standing mute—by refusing to say whether he was guilty or not—he "saved his goods unto his wife and children;" and many a prisoner who regarded his conviction as a foregone conclusion was brave enough to undergo the terrible ordeal for the sake of his family. He was stretched on the ground, a board with heavy weights was placed



THE PRISON CHAPEL.

tioner to the gaze of the multitude. Their initials, "T," "B," "I," "D," and "T," which figure at the beginning of the wall, are somewhat worn; those that follow grow gradually more vivid, until letters recalling the very latest horrors are reached. This is a graveyard where only the most morbid persons would care to linger. The more sensitive visitor is glad to find himself in the more spacious enclosure known as the "Press Yard," where the associations, though not less horrible, are more remote.

upon his breast, and under the pressure, made heaviest above his heart, he slowly died. The place in which this barbarous punishment was inflicted was known as the "Press Yard," and, though one hundred and seventy-five years have passed since any prisoner was put to such torment, it continues to bear the name.

No part of Newgate has a larger store of historic interest than the iron door to the left of the main entrance in the Old Bailey. Through this door the condemned prisoners passed to the gallows

before public executions were abolished a little more than thirty years ago. Until captured in sight of the gallows — a fact which indicates how slight may be



THE PRISON CEMETERY.

1783 every prisoner upon whom the sentence of death was passed at the Old Bailey was executed at Tyburn. He was carried from Newgate in a cart, around his neck the rope by which he was to hang, and at his side the coffin in which he was to lie; while a crowd of dissolute men and women pursued him with coarse and blasphemous jests. It was expected that this brutal disorderliness would cease when the place of execution was changed to the Old Bailey, but the scenes outside the walls of Newgate were from the beginning every whit as repulsive as those that had attended the processions to Tyburn. Whenever a notorious criminal was to suffer the last penalty of the law all the most rowdy elements of London life gathered into one disorderly whole. They commenced to assemble the night before, and spent the interval in singing ribald songs, in bandying about obscene and gruesome jokes, in fighting and stealing. It was a common thing for twenty or thirty old thieves to be

the deterrent effect of punishment upon habitual offenders. The windows commanding a view of the scaffold were filled with more reputable persons, able to pay considerable sums for the gratification of their morbid tastes. When Müller was executed in 1864 for murdering Mr. Briggs on the North London Railway, the windows on the first floor of a neighbouring shop were let for £12—a price which, having regard to the frequency of disasters in the crowd, was not, perhaps, unduly high. At the execution of Haggarty and Holloway, owing to the collapse of a waggon, as many as twenty-eight persons lost their lives.

Thackeray, who witnessed the execution of Courvoisier in 1840, and whose essay in *Fraser's Magazine* on "Going to See a Man Hanged" was largely instrumental in awakening the public conscience to the revolting character of these gruesome scenes, has drawn a vivid picture of the crowd. "The windows of the shops opposite are

now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with moustaches and cigars ; some quiet, fat family parties of simple, honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W—, who is flinging various articles among the crowd ; one of his companions, a tall, burly man, with large moustaches, has provided himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy and water.”

These brutal gatherings were common enough, of course, when hanging was the penalty for almost every crime. At the present time there are only four offences

over 200. As late as 1832—the year of the great Reform Act—a postman was executed at Newgate for stealing a letter. Gradually more humane notions impressed themselves upon the criminal law, and eventually public opinion, guided by Dickens as well as Thackeray, came to recognise that the depraved and rowdy scenes within the shadow of St. Sepulchre's Church—from whose belfry the service for the dead was tolled at every execution—were a deep disgrace to a Christian people. Up to 1865 the executions took place on Monday morning, the gallows being erected on Saturday and exposed to public view on Sunday. It was discovered, after some eighty years' experience, that this exhi-



THE PRESS YARD.

which are punishable by death ; at the beginning of last century there were

bition of the awful instrument of death led to the desecration of the Sabbath,

and the day of execution was changed to Wednesday. But this modest change did but strengthen the growing feeling that public executions were an outrage upon civilisation; and three years later—in 1868—an act was passed abolishing them. For thirty-four years, at Newgate and every other English prison, the most solemn decree of the law has been carried out in the seclusion that befits its nature.

It was once the custom of the Lord Mayor, on the opening day of Bartholomew Fair, to call on the Governor of Newgate "to partake of a tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar." This custom,

after being observed for centuries, was discontinued in 1817—it may be because the Lord Mayor realised that a visit to "The Signe of the Death's Head in the Old Bailie"—as Newgate is described in a historical document of Cromwellian times—was scarcely an agreeable way of beginning a day of pleasure. It is the fate of prisons, no matter how historic; to be too gloomy in their architecture and associations to inspire a plea for their preservation. Who will regret the disappearance of Newgate? Perhaps the pigeons that build their nests in the dark recesses of its frowning walls.



LEG IRONS WORN BY JACK SHEPPARD BEFORE HIS ESCAPE.

LEG IRONS WORN BY JACK SHEPPARD AFTER RE-CAPTURE.

HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH

By YSTRIDD

"E schasté bielo tak vozmojino
Tak blisko . . ."—POUCSHKINE
(*Eugene Donéguine*).

"And happiness was so possible,
So near! . . ."

CHAPTER III

DMITRI stopped, not to listen but to look at the slender, girlish form framed in the immense, star-studded arch of the sky. And as he gazed the torment of passion passed and was succeeded by a sensation as new yet infinitely broader in its strong serenity. It was as if for the first time he realised his own youth and the beauty of life. Gone was the torturing desire to clasp her close. It was enough to feel himself alive and young with her in the quivering, scintillating night air. Distant river and mountains, shimmering stretches of verdure, the clear immensity above spangled with countless worlds, and on the crest of the vine-clad slope two isolated forms, the only visible human creatures in all the calm grandeur of the silvered, throbbing expanse. Isolated? It seemed to Dmitri that they were a part of Nature, as unconscious, as free, yet as fated as any other atom. The problem of life resolved itself, or rather it ceased to be. "Rejoice, oh young man in thy youth!" It is so simple.

Alice advanced between the vines. "Some of the grapes are ripe already," she said.

He followed her and, stooping, broke off a heavily hanging cluster and held it up in the moonlight.

"They are good," he said, and breaking off one held it out to her. She was examining a low-hanging bunch, and, without rising, turned her head over her shoulder and parting her lips in a laugh closed them over the fruit he

pressed between. They walked along the narrow way, seeking the few ripe grapes among the many still unfit to eat, glad and eager as children. When the vines met in an interlaced arch they bent their heads to pass below, and he felt her soft hair against his cheek. She had removed her broad straw hat and a shining tress had slipped to her neck, while little curls like the vine tendrils waved over her forehead and ears.

"We have missed the path," she said, with a laugh that rang out clear through the warm air. "Poor babes in the wood—no, in the vines! Oh, you don't know that story, Dmitri Dmitrievich. You never were an English baby. They rolled you up in a long pillow and talked Russian to you—poor fellow! or was it Moldavian? Oh, look! Why *can't* we fly?"

She made a gesture comprising the whole silvered landscape. They had emerged from the vines and stood on the hilltop dominating the town. The sombre towers of the prison, the cross-crowned dome of the Cathedral, the steeple of the Lutheran church, and the formless mass of houses and gardens looked visionary as a *Fata Morgana*.

Alice turned her face away from the town and lifted her great grey eyes to the sky. "How far away it seems! It is nearer to earth in England. I am not scientific enough to know why. Dmitri Dmitrievich, are there words in your language capable of expressing the magic of such a night?"

"What do we want with words? We live and feel that we live. It is enough."

She held out her hand to him. "After all, I can't fly though I felt just now that it would be so easy to reach the moon. But let us run down-hill."

The next moment they were racing hand in hand down the slope.

"It was almost as good as flying," declared Dmitri, leaning against the fence, while Alice twisted the fallen masses of her hair into a great knot.

"How do you know? Have you tried flying?" she demanded, laughing.

He laughed in chorus. "No. Have you?"

"I've lost my hair-pins—that's what I've done," she exclaimed in mock despair, fastening the heavy, shining coil with a solitary pin.

They ascended the upward path slowly. "Why did you take me for a peasant the first time you saw me?" asked Dmitri abruptly. "I often wanted to ask you before, but somehow it was not easy."

"Why not? And why so now?"

"For me, as for you, nothing seems impossible to-night. But tell me why!"

"You had bare feet," she reminded him, in a voice trembling with laughter.

"So had you, and I did not think you were a peasant girl. I never thought I looked like a plough-boy."

Oh, petty pride of the noble! How strange on the lips of the Socialist!

"A Russian Burns!" laughed Alice—"minus the genius. How can you be cross about such a little thing, Dmitri Dmitrievich? You are so much nicer when you are in a good temper—and when you smile you are much better-looking. Race me to the hedge!"

The hedge, as she called it, a frail barrier of meadow-sweet and boys'-love drooping over a low bank, was the entrance to the Datcha Goraieff by the fields. The tall, fragrant wild flowers were trampled down in one place by many passings to and fro.

"Home!" she cried, springing up the bank. "Good-night, Dmitri Dmitrievich."

Bending down she gave him her hand

across the flower-barrier. The coil of her hair slipped over her shoulder and fell almost to her feet. All the charm of the night seemed centred in the supple, slender form leaning towards him from among the bending flowers.

"How lovely you are!" he said involuntarily.

"Everything seems beautiful to-night, Dmitri Dmitrievich! Goodbye!"

He watched her ascending the path towards the veranda where a red lamp swung, a vivid spot in the silver air; then walked swiftly homewards, still in the same splendid mood of serene strength. He smiled to himself as he mounted the hill they had raced down. Childish? A fuller, freer life coursed through his veins that night than ever he had felt during his monotonous, lesson-filled childhood; yet hand in hand with the woman who had wakened the passion of his southern nature—till then controlled but not conquered—he had experienced joy as pure, as unreasoning as a child's, though deeper.

CHAPTER IV

THE following Wednesday Madame Goraieva and her daughter summoned up sufficient energy to drive into town, and Alice profited by the occasion to arrive early at the Datcha Sergayieff in order to give Soynia a lesson before the arrival of the weekly guests.

"Why didn't you come on Saturday?" asked Soynia. "I waited for you the whole evening."

"I had a headache," said Alice laconically, sitting down in front of the pretty rosewood desk and beginning to correct a translation of a short story of Tourganieff's. She held Ollendorf and his tribe in horror. One of her pupils had once enthusiastically praised Robertson's method, which consists of learning a paragraph by heart and afterwards extracting conversation from it. A glance at the first lesson had disenchanted Alice.

"We are told that the Sultan

Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled the dominions of his forefathers with ruin and desolation, and had unpeopled the Persian empire."

As the student was supposed to know no English word except those contained

desolation? The dominions of his forefathers.—With what did Mahmoud fill the dominions of his forefathers? With ruin and desolation." Alice banished the desolating Sultan.

"Neither the weekly paper nor the monthly magazine has arrived," grum-



She gave him her hand across the flower borer.

in this tragic sketch, the conversation was ingeniously arranged.

"What (asterisk and note) are we told? We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, &c., &c.—What was Mahmoud? Sultan.—Who (another asterisk) was the Sultan? Mahmoud.—What did (asterisk) Mahmoud fill with ruin and

bled Soynia, "they are both days late. I should like to kill the Censor."

"A commission for Alexander Ivanovich," suggested Alice. "I have brought you a new Tauchnitz, a novel by Mrs. Goomphré Vaard, as Vera says."

They let the time slip by, reading aloud by turns, and only remembered

the hour when the barefooted servant-girl put her head in at the door with the remark, "A guest has come—a civil one."

She did not mean to suggest that the visitors usually lacked good manners, but merely that the gentleman was not in uniform.

"Bozha!" cried Soynia, with a glance at her pretty pink wrapper, "and I'm not dressed, and mamma does not like to be disturbed for my visitors till tea-time. Alisishka—my soul—go and receive him! It must be Dmitri Dmitrievich—he is our only 'civil one.'"

Alice rose languidly. The last week's terrible heat and constant fierce thunderstorms had tried her severely. Her pallor was intensified by the purple shadows round her eyes, which made them appear even larger, while the lips, sometimes parting almost childishly, were set as if in pain. She did not seem to be the same girl who had run through the vines at midnight with Dmitri Skuratov.

"I thought you would come across the fields," he said, advancing to meet her as she appeared upon the terrace. "I lounged about for ever so long and then went to tennis."

"I drove."

He looked at her in perplexity. They had not met since that midnight walk, now a week ago, and it might have been years since their parting to judge by the change in her. She even looked taller. The length of her clinging, muslin dress accounted for the illusion, but he did not think of that. Was it possible that he had pressed the ripe grapes between those proudly set lips, that he had lifted her across the bridge and raced downhill with her while her hair fell over her shoulders on to their clasped hands? Why was she so changed?

The years of struggle that had followed her arrival in Russia had been brought vividly before her since they had parted. A striking, chance resemblance had recalled to her memory the man whom

she had once been perilously near loving. Ignorant of life as only a girl fresh from an English country boarding-school can be, she had left the place for which she had quitted England, finding it simply insupportable, and had given lessons in Odessa, hoping to live in that noble freedom which is the ideal of so many girls of to-day. Such an ideal is difficult to realise in a cosmopolitan town like Odessa when the girl is young and pretty. Alice found it so. Her very ignorance had thrust her into perils from which her instinct had barely saved her.

Teaching for her daily bread—which was hard enough to win—she did not refuse to give lessons to the men who answered her advertisements. Other lessons were more difficult to find. To those, whose object was more amusement than study, Alice was a pretty girl in an independent position, whose acquaintance could be made—and improved upon—by means of conversational lessons in English. She put a stop to all acquaintance—professional or otherwise—as soon as she discovered the illusion which possessed several of her masculine pupils. But the discovery was not made easily—she was too pure-minded to understand at first. Comprehension awoke in her a womanly pride, a veiled manner of dreamy reserve which was infinitely better to face the world with than the childish ignorance of earlier days.

Happily some of the young men who took lessons from her had the good sense to understand the kind of girl with whom they had to deal and a real desire to learn English. Among those who possessed at least the latter quality was André Bogatski. A brilliant linguist, witty, versatile, graceful and courteous as only a Pole can be, so wonderful a musician that Alice's cracked, hired piano beneath his touch became a sea of sound, agitated now with soft ripples of sentiment, now with billows of wild passion, now lapping a dreamy accompaniment to the syren's melody, sweetly

shrill. He changed the aspect of Alice's life, opening to her new fields of literature and art. Chopin and Sienkiewitch became her familiar friends; for the first time she became really acquainted with Byron, the despairing beauty of Lermontoff's "Demon" in the grandiose roll of Russian verse thrilled her like

obtained for a few kopecks; in the spring their free evenings were passed in wanderings by the Black Sea shore.

André was poor—poor with the picturesque poverty of the despoiled Poie. His father's estate had been confiscated after the rebellion of 1860. He was only in the second year of his

University Course. Marriage for him would have been madness. But the pure perfection of his relations with Alice did not content him long. He asked her, with the graceful pleading of a partner in a dance begging for a flower, for "*un souvenir inoubliable de jeunesse et d'amour.*" His easy egoism revolted her, and he left her with these words, flung at her as a reproach, "You—you are like the rest of the English—cold, calculating, incapable of understanding the glory of passion! You aspire to the *banalité* of marriage. And I thought you were above all other women! You have given me the bitterest of my disillusion!"

"If we are too slow to love, it is because we have, I think, a higher



His lips touched her hair, her forehead, the white, drooped lids, then trembled over hers and clung there to them.

a sonata of Beethoven's. They read Russian and Italian together—her French was already quite passable—and she wondered, fascinated, at the liquid flame of D'Annunzio's poetry and prose. During the winter they went together to the Opera with "students' tickets"

ideal," she had answered. Certainly the love she had dimly dreamt of was stronger, profounder, and more divine than the madness born only of desire. She had almost loved him—a sudden comprehension of his complete egoism had checked the impulse. But the

experience, and the lonely struggle of the months that followed, had taught her many things which she had been gladly forgetting this summer among Bessarabian vines. The appearance at the Datcha Goraieff of a visitor strangely resembling André had recalled those difficult days—days when she had tasted even the despair and weariness which drive to suicide.

She seemed purposely to avoid Dmitri the whole evening, and when they left the house together he was afraid to ask her whether she would walk or drive for fear she would choose the latter, and strode on beside her silently.

Once again they crossed the fields together, but the night and their mood was otherwise. A warm, moon-shimmered mist, which seemed to be the element of this inscrutable girl, enveloped the sleeping world.

"To-night you seem like the spirit of your misty island—that Britain which, of all European countries, I have never seen. It is as if you had withdrawn yourself from me—*vous entourant d'une brume dorée*. Why?"

"I am only in a silent mood, and rather tired."

"How thoughtless of me not to take a *droschkie*!" exclaimed Dmitri hypocritically.

Again they reached the bridge; this time Alice did not refuse her companion's help, but put her hand in his, outstretched to lead her across. He did not release her as they reached the path; the touch of that small, soft hand thrilled him with an ecstasy which made him forget the past and disregard the future. He bent over her, searching her face in the dim moonlight. "Alice!" he said. The note that had been lacking in André Bogatski's musical phrases of passion thrilled in that one word.

She lifted her eyes to his and smiled strangely; a sad rapture shone in her face; it was as if she felt that the wonderful moment was but a dazzling glimpse of unattainable possibilities.

He drew her hands to his breast. Words came slowly from his lips as if drawn with difficulty from the conflict of his feelings.

"It is true, then, this love which I thought was a dream which could never be seized. But I love you—I love you! Speak to me, prove to me that I am not dreaming! It is for this, then, that we live. Alice! God—how splendid life is!"

His lips touched her hair, her forehead, the white, drooped lids, then trembled over hers and clung there to them.

"We are slow to love because we have a higher ideal." Proud words and empty! She had not loved till now because till now she had not met Dmitri.

All the loneliness of their orphaned childhood, all the bitterness born of a gaze into the depths of life—gaze most terrible when the eyes are yet soft with the dreams of adolescence—all the languor, the pain, the restlessness of youth, which aspiring high finds life's levels intolerable—all revolt, all yearning and all reality were forgotten in that one trembling kiss.

"Good-night, dear," he said, as they clasped hands across the meadow-sweet. "Good-night!" He held her hands to his lips. "Come to-morrow to tennis, or—or—*je te ferai une scène!*"

He turned away with a low laugh. The caress of the tone and the *tutoiment* made her heart leap. She began to realise that this wonder—this dream was true.

Dmitri also began to look at realities as he walked home, and one dark fact loomed across the pictured brightness of the future. He made a gesture as if chasing its importunacy. Surely he could surmount that obstacle. He was more fit to judge than he had been a year ago, and surely free to do so and to draw back.

"No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

The words came to his mind in spite of himself.

He shook off the impression and continued his train of thought. Surely it could not be so difficult to free himself! He was evidently forgotten. Sokolovski had not even answered his last letter. Not that letters—written as they were to meet the inspection of the Secret Police—counted for much; yet such silence was strange, perhaps they had seen that he was “not fit for the kingdom,” lacking that concentration which makes heroes and fanatics.

Thinking so he crossed the park and approached the veranda. “At last!” said a voice from the shadow and a young man advanced to the head of the steps.

Dmitri stood below, motionless and silent.

“I have been waiting here nearly an hour,” continued the fresh, young voice. “I came by the 10.30 train. Didn’t you get my letter?”

“No,” said Dmitri.

“Well, it is all the same now.” declared Victor Sokolovski calmly.

(To be continued.)



“At last!” said a voice from the shadow, and a young man advanced to the head of the steps.

CARDIGAN AND THE VALLEY OF THE TEIFI

By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN

ENGLISHMEN nowadays travel so far afield that they are liable to overlook the many beautiful and historic places in their own islands that still remain comparatively unexplored. Among such neglected spots may be named the Valley of the Teifi, one of the most isolated and forgotten corners of Great Britain, which, though greatly appreciated by artists and writers in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, is to-day less familiar to the bulk of modern English travellers than the Engadine or the Val d'Aosta. Yet this valley in Western Wales is well worth visiting by reason of its varied scenery, of its historical associations, and last, but not least, of its unchanged Welsh charm and character; indeed, the curiously un-English atmosphere of "Tivyside," as this district is termed locally, will perhaps prove to many its chief attraction.

If the advice of the writer be followed, the traveller will alight at Llandyssul, which has a station on the Great Western Railway, and thence proceed either by carriage or on a bicycle along the twenty miles or so of good high-road that lie between Llandyssul and Cardigan. Llandyssul itself, a large village with an ancient church, is of no particular interest but for its situation on the river Teifi, and for its wooded surroundings.

Proceeding westward, the scenery through which the visitor passes is singularly lovely with its bright green meadows, its hanging woods of oak and larch, and its clear, rapid river, now broad and shining amidst rich pasture-

land, now foaming and contracted between narrow ridges of grey rock. This, the chief stream of Western Wales, which has its source, in common with the Severn and the Wye, in the wild district of Plynlimmon, in Mid-Wales, has long been famous both in history and in song :

Sith I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet
before
The Muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian
shore,
She of thy source will sing in all the Cam-
brian coast ;
Which of thy Castors once, but now canst
only boast
The Salmons, of all floods most plentiful in
Thee.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON : *Poly-Otbiou.*]

Alas, the "castors" of Drayton have long disappeared, though by a very old tradition the Teifi is believed to have been the last river in Great Britain to shelter the beaver. This animal, in ancient times esteemed as much for the supposed medical properties of its flesh as for its valuable fur, is certainly alluded to in the Laws of Hywel Dda (Howell the Good), king of all Wales in the tenth century, as the *llost-llydan*, or broad-tailed beast; and the very high penalty of 120 pence was the fine for killing it. The old chronicler, Giraldus Cambrensis, Archdeacon of Brecon, tells us, in his amusing "Itinerary of Wales" at the time of the Third Crusade, that the beaver was still flourishing in the Teifi in his day; but it is possible that the animal described by the native Welsh to the somewhat credulous archdeacon was in reality the common otter, still plentiful

in most Welsh rivers. Nevertheless, it is highly probable that beavers continued to exist in this secluded valley long after they had been exterminated elsewhere, especially when protected by such a penalty as that imposed by the old Welsh code of Hywel Dda. As to the salmon, though no longer so plentiful as in Drayton's days, owing to the whole-

novice might imagine. At the end of the day's fishing the owner walks away with his coracle strapped to his back, in which attitude he resembles at a little distance a gigantic two-legged black-beetle, and sometimes at dusk proves rather an alarming apparition to the stranger. From the view of antiquity the coracle forms an unique link with



ST. DOGMALLES, SEEN FROM CARDIGAN.

sale netting of the fish at the river's mouth and to continual poaching in the upper pools, their quality and size are still remarkable.

One object, very curious and strange to English eyes, the coracle, is frequently to be seen on the Teifi. The small, light, heart-shaped boat of wicker-work is covered with canvas and plentifully smeared with tar; supplied with one seat only, it is both steered and propelled by a single paddle, progress in a coracle not being so easy to accomplish as the

the life of Wales to-day and with its most remote past, seeing that this very type of boat was in existence among the Britons at the time of Julius Caesar's invasion of our island, where it had in all probability been in use centuries before that date. It is interesting to learn from his own writings that the great Caesar actually introduced the humble coracle into Roman warfare during his subsequent campaign against Pompey in Spain; wishing to transport his troops over the river Segre, "Caesar

ordered his men to make boats similar to those whose value he had learned in former years in Britain." ["Bellum Civile," Book I.]

From Llandyssul to Newcastle-Emlyn



OLD BRIDGE, FROM CARDIGAN.

both the road and the railway follow the course of the river. Henllan, midway between the two little towns, is a charming spot with a bridge and an old church set amidst thick woods sloping to the water's edge, that in springtime are filled with blue masses of the wild hyacinth. Some four miles beyond Henllan, Newcastle-Emlyn comes into view with its ruined castle standing on rising ground in the middle of the broad fertile valley. The town (which is the terminus of the line from Carmarthen) is a dull, deserted place, possessing nothing of interest except the fragment of Sir Rhys ap Thomas's "new castle," from which the place partly takes its name. From the scanty ruins, well placed on a grassy knoll to the east of the town, there are fine views up and down the valley with its river winding through rich meadows in which many herds of the long-horned, black coated Castlemartin kine, descen-

dants of the old Welsh wild cattle, may be seen grazing. Sir Rhys ap Thomas, the builder of this castle, or rather fortified mansion, is one of the best-remembered names in later Celtic history, for it was through this all-powerful Welshman's influence that Henry of Richmond was first enabled to collect in Wales the army which overthrew Richard III. at Bosworth Field. Suspicion and ingratitude were Sir Rhys's rewards for his signal service, and it

was only after much persuasion that Henry could be induced to bestow upon his Welsh benefactor the Order of the Garter, a belated honour that a wit of the day pronounced quite insufficient, saying that King Henry might well spare a Garter for the knight who had bestowed on him the Crown.

On quitting Newcastle-Emlyn, in less than three miles the village of Cenarth is reached, at which point the three counties of Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan meet. Of all the picturesque spots in which this valley is so rich, Cenarth is the most striking with its falls and rocks, its triple-arched bridge, and its quaint white-washed houses standing among gay gardens. The falls, or rather salmon-leap, of Cenarth have long figured in local history and legend, Giraldus Cambrensis mentioning their existence in his own time (1188), and explaining how the salmon leaped them

"by catching their tails in their mouths and then suddenly letting go." Though of no great height or volume these cascades, as seen from the bridge, make a most delightful picture with their background of hills covered with young oak woods.

On leaving Cenarth the road proceeds along the north or Cardiganshire bank of the river, through a luxuriant district with wooded hillsides and with many country-houses of Welsh squires, to Llechrhyd, about four miles distant. Llechrhyd, a great haunt of salmon-fishers, is an old-world village with a wonderfully picturesque bridge of seven arches; on the opposite bank lies the well-timbered park of Castle Maelgwyn, so called from a long-vanished fortress once inhabited by the turbulent but popular Maelgwyn, son of Prince Rhys. Here the road, leaving the riverside, turns sharply uphill, and in less than two miles Cardigan appears in sight, surrounded by enfolding hills, beyond which, to the south, is seen the long, undulating outline of the Precelley Mountains, and to the west a glimpse of the sea and the estuary of the Teifi.

The old county-town of Cardigan, still called Aber-teifi by the Welsh, owes its existence to the castle built here in 1091 by Roger de Montgomery, Lord of Powys, to guard the mouth of the river. During the Norman and early Plantagenet reigns Cardigan, though

originally an English fortress, was frequently in the hands of the Welsh, forming at one time the chief residence of Rhys ap Griffith, Prince of South Wales, a vassal-monarch powerful enough to be sought in honourable alliance by the great Henry II. At the close of the Welsh wars, Cardigan was incorporated by Edward I., being subsequently created a borough under Henry VIII., a privilege of which the town was deprived by the last Redistribution Act. Although a place of the first importance in mediæval times and the scene of many great events both in peace and war, Cardigan to-day is a quiet but thriving little town of some five thousand inhabitants, still retaining a certain old-world appearance and charm in its steep, narrow streets, though its picturesqueness is fast disappearing under the stress of modern changes.

The two chief points of interest in Cardigan are its Priory Church of St. Mary and its Castle. The former,



ON THE WAY FROM CASTLE MAELGWYN TO CILGERRAN.

which is approached by an avenue of tall elms, consists of massive square tower, nave and chancel, the last-named being a good specimen of elaborate Decorated work. The beautiful tracery

of the great east window still contains some fragments of its original stained glass; otherwise, with the exception of a fine piscina, there is nothing of interest in the hopelessly modernised interior of the church. Of the small Benedictine priory, which stood to the east of the chancel and which still gives its name to an old-fashioned house built on its site, hardly a trace remains. After the Dissolution the old monastic buildings were for some time occupied by the local grammar-school, but eventually

ably among the finest of their kind extant, are richly ornamented with the royal arms of Charles I. and with the emblems of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland.

Of Cardigan Castle only two towers and the south walls by the riverside are now visible, though at the back of the modern house called Castle Green are remains of a third tower and side walls. The existing portions of the building probably date from the twelfth century, when the castle was rebuilt, partly by

the Welsh under Cadwgan and partly by Gilbert de Clare. Though so little of the fabric is left to-day, yet in olden times Cardigan Castle ranked as one of the most important fortresses in South Wales whilst it has seen innumerable sieges and



CATTLE IN THE TEIFI.

they came into the possession of James Philipps, an ardent Welsh Royalist, whose wife, Catherine Philipps, was the authoress of the once celebrated "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus," which gained her the name of "the Matchless Orinda" from the wits and poets of the Restoration. Here the talented Mrs. Philipps died of small-pox in 1664, her death being made the subject of an elegy by Abraham Cowley. Of her husband Cardigan still preserves a most valuable memorial in the two silver maces, mounted on ebony staves, which he presented to the Corporation in 1647. These civic treasures, which are prob-

festivities. It was here at Christmas-tide in 1177 that the great Prince Rhys ap Griffith gave an historic entertainment that continued several days:—

"The Lord Rhys held a grand festival at the Castle of Aberteifi, wherein he appointed two sorts of contention, one between the bards and poets, and the other between the harpers, fiddlers, pipers, and various performers of instrumental music; and he assigned two chairs for the victors in the contentions; and these he enriched with vast gifts. . . . And that festival was proclaimed a year before it was held throughout Wales and England and Prydyn

[Scotland] and Ireland and many other countries." ["Chronicle of the Princes."]

In this famous *eisteddfod* we learn that of the two chairs of honour, one fell to the bards and poets of North Wales, whilst the other was gained by the musicians of Prince Rhys's court.

With the annexation of Wales by King Edward, the subsequent history of Cardigan is chiefly one of peace, but during the Great Rebellion Cardigan

Castle, garrisoned and held for King Charles, was attacked and stormed by land and water in the spring of 1645 by the Parliamentarian Army of South Wales under General Laugharne. After a three days' siege, "the Leopard's culverin of brass" effected a breach in the walls,

and the soldiers of the Parliament poured into the castle, killing several and taking over one hundred prisoners, at the same time leaving the grand old fortress a useless ruin.

Cardigan appears to the best advantage when seen from the railway station, which stands in the suburb of Bridgend on the south bank of the Teifi, from which point the old town, with its bridge spanning the broad tidal river, with its grey church and castle half-hidden in tall trees, and with its gardens and houses descending to the water's edge, presents a most delightful study for the

artist. From the station, too, is visible the curious rounded hill known as Crûg Mawr (the big tumulus), so conspicuous an object in all views of Cardigan, from which it is distant about two miles to the north-east. Crûg Mawr was in 1136 the scene of a stubborn and bloody engagement between Welsh and English, the former at length expelling the English under Stephen, Constable of Cardigan Castle, Robert Fitz-Walter,



OLD BRIDGE AT LLECHRYD.

and others from their entrenched position on this great mound and driving them in headlong flight towards the river, where, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, "beside 3,000 that were slain, a great number were drowned and others taken and carried away captive." No wonder that this rounded hill, with its memories of a great Welsh victory, should figure largely in local tradition; amongst various legends of Crûg Mawr, it used to be commonly believed amongst the peasantry that to walk thrice round the summit of the mound constituted a cure for any

malady, an idea that probably took its rise from the pure, exhilarating air and fine, all-embracing view to be obtained by its ascent.

Of the numerous places of interest that lie within easy reach of Cardigan, space will only permit of short descriptions of the two nearest and most important, St. Dogmell's Abbey and Cilgerran Castle. As to the former, the village of St. Dogmells (or Llandudoch, as it is called by the Welsh), inhabited by a race of mariners and fisher-folk, is distant less than a mile from Cardigan on the southern or Pembrokeshire bank of the river. Its neat grey or white cottages are scattered over the steep green hillside, whilst its ruined Cistercian Abbey lies close to the river's edge. In spite of many centuries of prosperity and importance, which made it one of the chief religious houses in South Wales, the revenues of St.

Dogmell's were returned at the Reformation as being less than £200 a year, so that this house was dissolved with the smaller monasteries, its buildings and adjacent lands being purchased by an English family of the name of Bradshaw, now long extinct. The remains of the Abbey, founded by Martin de Tours, lord of Kemeys, one of the companions of the Conqueror, are to-day in a pitiable, if picturesque, state of neglect and decay. They lie between the modern parish church and the vicarage, occupying a considerable space of ground and still showing some traces of former splendour. Conspicuous in the long grass is the altar-stone marked with its five crosses, whilst many sculptured fragments are to be seen heaped together in the adjoining vicarage garden. In the remnant of the old refectory portions of its ceiling of Tudor fan-tracery are



CFNARTH FALLS, WITH SALMON FISHERS AND CORACLES.

still discernible, though half-hidden by encroaching ivy; while opposite the church door is a graceful pointed arch decorated with the bell-flower ornament, a design said to have been first introduced into England by the followers of Eleanor of Castile. Of special interest to antiquarians will be the ancient stone, inscribed in Ogham characters, which for many years served as a footbridge over the brook that here runs into the Teifi. Similar Ogham stones, commemorative of early Welsh history, whose inscriptions are believed to date

as far back as the Roman period, are also to be found in the neighbouring churchyards of Cenarth and Cilgerran.

Having exhausted the all-too-few memorials of St. Dogmell's Abbey, this little expedition should be prolonged by water to the mouth of the river, where there is a glorious view of the two wild headlands of Pen Gwbert (Gilbert's Hill) and Kemeys Head, with the blue waters of Cardigan Bay beyond them. To the north of Pen Gwbert rise the tall cliffs of Cardigan Island, that has by some been compared to a miniature Capri. This rocky islet is uninhabited save by a few hardy Welsh mountain sheep—"Island mutton" is a great local delicacy—and by thousands of sea-fowl. At low tide the fishermen of St. Dogmells may frequently be seen hauling in their nets, and the sight of a fine catch of Teifi salmon, leaping and splashing in

the shallow water close to shore, is a fair reward for a long tramp over heavy sand and mud on a hot summer's afternoon.



CILGERRAN CASTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

It is less than three miles by road or rail to Cilgerran, once an important corporate town, though to day merely a large featureless village; but, weather and tide permitting, the visitor should by no means miss the opportunity of reaching Cilgerran Castle by water in order to see some of the boldest river-scenery to be found in the whole of Wales. From Rosehill (which is a mile above Cardigan) to Cilgerran

steep cliffs, clothed to their summits with oak woods, descend abruptly to the edge of the river, which here consists of a series of hurrying rapids and deep glassy pools that reflect the trees and sky.

The first view of the twin-towers of Cilgerran Castle standing above the woods is so impressive, that the artist will cease to wonder at the great Turner having chosen this subject in bygone years for one of his works. "I have never seen ruins more happily combined with rocks, woods, and water, a more pleasing composition and a more captivating landscape," wrote Sir Richard Hoare, the antiquary and historian, a century ago; and the general appearance of the scene, which Sir Richard himself sketched, remains to-day practically unchanged. The castle itself, whose remains are unhappily nothing but a crumbling shell, was originally built by

Gilbert de Clare, in the twelfth century, on the steep mound known to the Welsh as Din Geraint (Geraint's Fort). Taken and retaken many times by Welsh and English, Cilgerran was finally captured by William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, in 1222, in whose heirs was long vested the office of Castellán. The castle formerly possessed no fewer than five gates or sally-ports, on the landward side, a fact of its ancient importance which is still commemorated by the name of Pump-porth (Five gates) to the space between the keep and the present village. As in the case of Cardigan, Cilgerran met its fate at the hands of

General Laugharne in 1645, being utterly destroyed by the Parliamentary cannon during its defence for the King.

With this slight sketch of Cilgerran Castle and its surroundings the present article must close, though the writer is fully aware that he has touched upon a few only of the many points of beauty and historical interest to be found in this little-known district of Western Wales; it is for the "Sassnaeg" visitor to come and discover for himself in this distant valley, so full of old-world memories and unspoiled Welsh charm, what has been inadequately described and also what has been omitted.



ANACREONTIC SONG

FROM THE GREEK

By H. D. BANNING

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἀριστε

COME pray, of all possible painters the smartest,
 True child of Apelles, most exquisite artist,
 A portrait I crave of my vanished Corinna.
 I'll give you the details, sit down and begin her.
 And first of all paint her black, wantoning tresses
 Blown hither and thither by Zephyr's caresses,
 And try, if there is any possible way,
 A sense of their fragrant perfume to convey.
 And under her hair set an ivory brow
 Far smoother than marble, far whiter than snow.
 And then the black lashes that Nature so wise
 Made to shield us poor men from the light of her eyes.
 Then paint me a glance full of eloquent fire
 So clear in its wisdom, so moist with desire.
 In trying to render her cheeks and her chin
 Take a groundwork of cream with a pink rose dipt in,
 And fashion her lips in a red Cupid's bow
 Bent in challenge to kiss her. No, that's not it. So!
 From her chin to the neck that makes marble look grey
 Yet dimpled young Graces flit dancing at play.
 And dress my Corinna in garments of blue
 With a hint of her figure divine showing through.
 'Tis perfect! Herself, not a picture 'twould be,
 Could those lips only utter Love's message to me.

LOVE LETTERS OF AN ENGLISH PEERESS TO AN INDIAN PRINCE

FIVE DAYS LATER

S—.

MOST DEAR,—It is so long since I heard from you, and the other rumours are so disquieting.

What am I to believe or think?

The light of the great joy that shone upon me so short a while back but heralded the sorrow that now fills my heart. I am desperately unhappy and filled with doubts. Ah! why did you leave me? What are all the causes in the world beside the magic of a great love?

Oh! spendthrift, to throw away the hours, when they might be filled so entirely otherwise! Dear heart, I beseech you come back. I love you—I love you—your presence fills my life with glad sunshine. Is not that enough? Am I not more to you than the real or fancied wrongs of your own or any other countrymen?

Your life is mine: I claim it by the greatness of my affection. Let another take your place, some one to whom life is not all that it has now become to us, some one whom no woman holds by her heart-strings.

Most dear, when I think of the days that we have spent together, days that stand out like jewelled clasps upon a chain of gold, and contrast them with the present, I feel almost crazy with the loneliness and the pain of what appears to me a most unnecessary trial; but I had best conclude, otherwise it is possible that the paper might ignite, only I would pray you to remember that your continued absence strips the world—at least to me—of aught worth the having.

Goodbye; it is just dawn, and the crows are beginning to chatter sleepily close at hand. I hate to think of the long miles these words must travel ere they meet you, but they will be with you in the end, and they are in this so far happier and more fortunate than she who writes them.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

CALCUTTA.

Many thanks, dearest and best, for your three letters.

I do not follow your reasoning, nor see the urgent necessity for your absence away there in the hills, but I am resigned, since you tell me that I must be.

I can wait years, even till eternity, dear, if only in the end I see you.

The air is filled with ugly rumours, and His Excellency seems anxious, and though we have heard nothing definite, yet the general impression is not a pleasant one. The echo of that dread word "mutiny" has got somehow noised abroad, but it surely cannot be true!

I dread war, especially guerilla war. I shall know no peace if it comes to pass.

I would, my best beloved, that you had been anything but a soldier. I fear those vile guns, though in a way all soldiers have grown dear to me for your sake.

His Excellency spoke of what he called "your splendid loyalty" last evening, and my heart beat high and fast. What will they say when they learn that your loyalty has gone so far as to make you choose an English wife?

There is a certain amount of gaiety going on, but I am tired and take small interest. One grows so self-absorbed when one loves; I think and think, and dream and dream, big as the world is, how small is the game we individuals play on one corner of the board, and nothing matters save the partner with whom we play it.

Best beloved, come to me out of the distance that divides us.

CALCUTTA.

I have written you many letters and torn them all up. I doubt so much if what I say ever reaches you.

I am very tired, best beloved, and life seems very difficult and monotonous. I think every one politely wonders why we don't turn homewards, seeing how little interest I at least take in anything they show me. Dear love, we should have faced the situation from the first—people would have recovered from their surprise by now. You are brave, my own, and yet you are not brave enough to stand the comments, the opposition there would have been to our marriage. Dear, I could never blame you, that you know, and there is nothing that I could not find it in my heart to forgive you, but it would have seemed more courageous to me if you had let the troops go and stayed by me. As it is you have sealed my lips, and I cannot speak till you give me leave, not even to Malvern.

That was hard. You do not know him, he is of another type than our day; he is so generous and so tolerant, though his friends are apt to lose sight of his many great qualities because of certain *little* faults, yet he has much nobility. If you but knew him as I do you would see the two pendulums of his nature—heart and mind—swing together in perfect unison, so it was not from him that you need have feared prejudice or unkindness.

You tell me little of the future, you seem to live entirely in the present, and yet of that either you speak hardly at all.

Things are not brighter here. His Excellency's looks are my barometers, and he continues busy and worried, and for ever writing despatches.

I heard one of the A.D.C.'s say that we were on the eve of a crisis.

Dear, I look to you, and you only. Ah! if you cared only one half as I do, you would be by my side now.

Dear love, I am in despair. Doubts fill my heart as weeds a garden. There is such a note of discontent in your letters, your love seems growing so much less, things and people seem to claim you so far more than I.

Dear, I do not wish to complain or to doubt, and in a great measure I understand and appreciate your dreams, and though the world would say they were fanatical and foolish, I can fully realise that if followed they would hold all the nobility and reality, and even, to a certain extent, realisation of the ideals of your youth, and as you say it is the lost causes that are usually the noblest; but dear, is it worth it? Perhaps I am selfish, but I am a woman and I am in love; and let the world sneer as it will, love is a great and a grand thing, the nearest likeness to Paradise that this sad and sordid life holds—and our love, from its very strangeness and unlikeness to all others, holds such much greater and more far-reaching possibilities than ordinary passions. Is fate to offer us these things in vain?

Come back, dear heart, come back. I exist only for you, for ever for you. Your duty lies close to me, not in those far-off fields over which hang the shadows of death and disease. Good-night, goodbye!

With truest love,
I am now, and always shall be,
Yours.

TWO DAYS LATER

The weather is growing very warm, and I feel feverish and ill; we think of going for a sea-trip and returning later—news of you is slow to come and I grow

heartsick—why did we meet only to part? It was the refinement of cruelty, and one which, looking back down the long, lonely vista of sad years, I feel that I hardly deserve.

Is there to be war or not, I pray you tell me? Your letters are strangely meagre, dear and best beloved. Are you growing tired of me? Or is it only that the uncertain excitation of your present life banishes all other ties and memories; if it is so I understand and I forgive, but dear, I beg you do not forget that one woman loves you unendingly, and only asks from God or man that you may love her likewise in return.

Meanwhile she is now and to the end,
Yours.

A thousand thanks, my dear, for your kind lines. I know—I know how difficult it must be to write with so many and multitudinous demands upon your time and attention.

I do not complain—I am happy, and more than happy, in the reflection that I occupy so great a space in your heart and mind, only life is difficult here, and with your injunction as to silence on my lips I cannot explain the strange link that binds us to India. Every day the situation grows, I can see, more mysteriously irritating to the onlookers, who, unlike most onlookers, seem to have neither seen nor suspected anything of the little drama in which you and I acted the leading parts. Fortunately the conflicting and engrossing accounts that come almost hourly of the feeling amongst the natives keeps every one employed, and I am free to think of, and pray for, your safety and your quick return.

You seem doubtful in your letters of the correctness of our policy. Have we been too harsh? It is a very common fault of the English, and yet from all the rumours the situation undoubtedly demands drastic measures.

There was a small dance last night: the usual people, the usual gossip, every-

thing the same, the only difference being in one's own heart.

Adieu, my dear.

I have read your last letter over again, and yet again.

I doubt not that you are right in much, if not in all, of what you say.

I know, my love, that it is disloyal, even cowardly, on my part to try and shake your determination of remaining at your post, and it is not because I in any way fail to appreciate the fine feelings that alone make it possible for you to give me so much pain; but, my one and only love, I am a woman, and I am selfish. You are so much to me that I do most earnestly believe even the Recording Angel could not find it in his heart to deal harshly with me for what I have, and do now ask at your hands.

I am sorely perplexed and troubled. His Excellency, your devoted friend and admirer, told me last evening that there were vague and probably quite unfounded whispers about the possibility of your leaving us. This is not so, surely—forgive me for even asking you—you care, I know, too much for me to dream of leaving my countrymen in their need?

And yet—and yet, my beloved, if it were ever to seem best and wisest to you to desert us, why I will go with you and never question your decision. Only beckon to me, and there is nothing I will not give up to follow you. Your dear image is always before my eyes—you stand between me and the universe; so if the hour comes when you have no longer faith in the English you will at least have faith in one who in all times—happy or the reverse—is,

Yours.

A few more lines before the messenger goes. Dear heart, I implore you not to refuse me; let no scruples of conscience or fears of the time to come make you hesitate in your answer to me.

You are the one and only passion of my womanhood, made only a thousand

times dearer because not of my race ; and the one desire in my heart is to show you that my affection lies deep down, and is not subjected to any change save that of taking greater and firmer root. If the future be clouded, and even sorrow-filled, I for one shall not grieve, for then I can prove what I now can only protest.

Let come what may, I am prepared. If praise be your portion, I shall be there to rejoice; if otherwise, I shall be there to share it. But I ask for nothing save that the time to come may find us together : remember that some plants, and those not the meanest or least fragrant, flourish more fragrantly in the crevice of a ruin than in the richest loam.

Till now and till the end,

Yours,
M—

TWO WEEKS LATER

MOST DEAR,—Conflicting rumours reach me. I am so bewildered and unhappy.

His Excellency looked grave yesterday when your name was mentioned.

Dear love, let me come to you. You hold all my life and thoughts. I cannot remain apart from you any longer. I am wretched. If you only knew you would not condemn any one to suffer what I do daily, hourly. I am so ready to give up name, and place, and hope, only so that I may dwell beside you. I will die to my present life and find a new one with you.

I am sending these lines by a special messenger, and I beg you, my dear and only loved one, send me an answer by return, telling me that I may come to you at once. I cannot continue to live as I am living, and I will never return to the old life away back West.

Call it destiny or what you will, but my life's skein is now and always woven into yours. What the future gives or takes away, whether it be praise or blame, we will meet it together. Hence-

forth, and to the end your people shall be my people, and your God my God.

Ever my darling,

Yours.

COPY OF HIS ANSWER

MY BEAUTIFUL LADY,—Your dear letter, written with a pinion stolen from a bird of Paradise, has tempted and tried me as only words full of goodness and kindness ever can.

I have been very unhappy, as unhappy as you, for many long weeks past, torn with dreary doubts and fears of which I hardly dared make mention even to you.

I left you, oh ! most enchanting of women, just when you had transformed my life into a wonderflower of beauty, because I thought, wrongfully perhaps, that it was my duty to go, and now and for long past I am filled with strange and painful misgivings as to the wisdom of that which I did.

I have been, as you know, always on the side of your countrymen, and hoped to be so to the end. Their justness, their enlightenment, and their liberality found an echo and an answer in my heart ; but now for the first time I question their conduct, I question their policy. But I will not weary you with details, for you, I know, in your divine goodness, will feel sorry for me and my scruples—however others may blame and fail to understand.

Dear heart, after many long, torturing hours of indecision I clearly see that my future is settled and the issue of it written. This has not come to me suddenly, it has grown slowly, never perhaps reaching its full stature until now—now when the crisis is undoubtedly near at hand.

Life is lightly held by us orientals, as you know ; but although I am willing to gamble with my own, I cannot do so with yours, and so there is nothing left to me in commonest honour save to resign it.

But though I feel this, it is not that I am possessed of ambition. If I had

been it would have been more than gratified by the greatness and the glory of the gift of your love. It is only because the country calls me—the English will dub me a traitor—a fanatic. I cannot help it; I must follow my fate as I see it. That strange thing men call Patriotism stirs within me.

I see what to me seems an injustice from the strong to the weak, and I must fight on the side of the latter, and I believe that although the shadows are now so long they yet point towards the dawn.

There is no help for it. Kindest and noblest of women, I cannot escape my fate, nay, not though it means the loss of you and your love.

I should be false to anything of good that there may be in me, did I disobey now.

This may seem to you some absurd visionary scruple or ideal, but I trust, and am content to hope, that perhaps after long years, when I have passed away, some small seed from my sacrifice now—tended by the hand of time—may perhaps grow into a flower of promise.

Holding these thoughts I am by my own free will divorcing myself from all my old friends—and you, most loved and lovely, will you even in your secret thoughts turn from me? But no! you have that rare strength of character that can follow its own path, though all others go another.

If any one, except myself, could understand the motives that move me and condone the conduct that actuates me, it will be you, kindest and most gracious of women.

Dear lady, I feel that in knowing you I have realised all the best and greatest that love and life can give. What matter all the rest?

You are all the world to me, and yet I doubt my ability to render you back in kind what you have given me, and I do not want to promise what I might fail to fulfil, and in so thinking, though I break my own heart and perhaps yours, I am but faithful to my race and its

traditions. I think, too, that this is a feeling which, if you could wholly understand it, you would not blame or despise; but if my candour wrongs me in your sight, oh! best of all women always, then indeed will my punishment be greater than even I anticipate.

I have told you the truth of my feelings as I see and analyse them. Have I done wrong?

I have loved, and I do love you immeasurably better than anything in this world, or beyond it; and in giving you up I resign all that makes existence even bearable.

You are to me what no other ever has been, what no other ever can; and I am ever lost in wondering gratitude to think that you should have deigned to look at me, so far below you in each and everything.

Before I met you, dearest, my life had been filled with many interests; I was happy as young, careless, soulless things nearly always are. I did not count my losses because I knew them not: and in all the years—swift and full of melody and colour—I never knew one desire or one regret, never till one hour away there in England when my eyes rested on a woman, fair, beautiful, heart-haunting, with a great bunch of violets at her breast. Then all the world seemed changed and glorious with hues not of earth, and though I dared not think of her—that insuperable barrier, race and colour, divided us—still I was happy—happy as a god all those long months through.

Then followed days and nights of an endless darkness and despair, culminating, however, in the glory of a sunrise God-given, and steeped in the dew of the roses of Paradise.

Do you remember the time and place, my beloved? There is no smallest detail of it that does not stay by me, and will do till all earthly things are fading from me.

The world seemed so far in that hour—Heaven so near. In memory I see you as you stood in the purple shadows under the dim tender light of the stars, the

splendour of the night around you. Do you remember that a bird was breaking its heart in a peepul tree, while the flowers sighed and the voices of the falling waters in the gardens beyond reached us in soft echoes? You were seated in a chair shaped like a throne, the golden tissues and fur of your dress gleamed in the moonbeams, the diamonds that were round your throat shone hardly more than your dear eyes, so full of light, yet heavy with great tears, when I, having gathered my courage in both hands, knelt at your feet and spoke the words that for so long had wavered on my lips, I recall it all. My Empress—my Empress. What more can any future give to me?

And now you have crowned all your goodness by offering, in spite of all, to come to me.

My love, my life is not worth one hour of yours, but I will be loyal. Your noble generosity finds me not ungrateful, and possibly not altogether unworthy. I will not, I cannot, ever accept that which you

would give, perhaps you will know why, perhaps not. If the latter, then you will never forgive, at least not till the grave, the all-atoning grave yawns between. Meanwhile, I shall drift away and be lost to men and perhaps in time even to your memory, dear woman of my soul. Why should it not be so?

I have warmed both my hands at life's fire, let me not complain because now it dies down.

Dear, I would that I could tell you in better language what I feel, and how I have struggled; but I cannot. I cannot, any more than I can paint to you my yearning desires, or my unquenchable misery, my dead hopes and the bitterness that burns my soul, now, when of my own free will I am abandoning my most glorious possession to follow my mother's people to a nameless exile.

I can write no more, I cannot even plead extenuation or pardon. I only know that I adore you, that I shall always do so, and so, my love,

Goodbye



VR

LAUGHTER IN COURT

By A. J. HUGHES

ALL who have ever had anything to do with the law in any capacity, must sometimes have found occasion to rise and bless the name of Momus, the patron god of Laughter. The public laugh in court not, I imagine, as Thomas Hobbes would have contended, because they experience a sudden sense of superiority over others; at least not in the majority of cases. When a judge cracks a joke, a servile attorney or two may cackle out of a feeling of deference to a superior person; but the real psychological reason is the quick relief which follows a state of unnatural tension. Much litigation is a weariness to the flesh, and few litigants are so constituted as not to welcome opportunities for mirth.

But, however that may be, forensic wit and humour have always been favourite subjects to write or read about. A tribunal of justice is in reality a miniature world, and the fabric

of which it is composed is shot with comic as well as tragic issues. From reading, from observation, and from conversation with others, I have come across not a few amusing anecdotes of legal life, the perusal of which may haply beguile an idle hour.

In early days the humours of the law were not infrequently of a grim character.

If a Plantagenet king found that juries in the western counties were in league with homicides, and refused to convict, he was likely to make a sudden swoop and hang jury-men by the score. Thereafter might the frightened folk live in the king's peace.

The subject of juries alone might employ my pen for the space allotted me. The great Lord Abinger once confessed to a friend at Lady Holland's that he traced

his success as a common-law advocate to the fact that he never addressed himself to the jury as a whole, but



J. H. S. Dan

After A. Roffe, from the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

would pick out one man and make sure of him. He added that Lord Brougham spotted the trick, but was

it is not always so. The laugh may be raised at his expense. The dull-witted fellow who began his address to the



Eldon

JOHN SCOTT, FIRST EARL OF ELDON.

The Great Lord High Chancellor.

After Hy. Robinson, from the Painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence. P.R.A.

not clever enough to imitate it. I have myself known a keen barrister turn to me as he sat down and say, "I think I have got that fellow with the beard." So tenacious is tradition in the history of the law.

Lawrence Sterne said that when preaching he often wished to throw his wig into the faces of his auditors. Many members of the Bar, I daresay, have felt the same when addressing a jury.

Although a laugh in court is often enough due to the wit of learned counsel,

bench by repeating over and over again, *ad nauseam*, the words—

"My unfortunate client, my lord," met with the genial response—

"Go on, Mr.— go on; so far the court is with you."

Similarly, I was once present when a junior who opened the ball by saying—

"This case, my lord, really lies in a nutshell," received the reply—

"You *crack it*, then."

There have, of course, been times when clever witnesses have got the better of counsel in a skirmish of words. When the farrier was asked where he got his knowledge of the mare's age from, he said—

"From the mare's own mouth, sir."

On another famous occasion, however, the Bar scored off the Bench. It was at the assizes, and the day being sultry, the windows were open. While one of the counsel

was speaking, an ass was heard to bray as though in unison.

"One at a time, Mr. So and So," quoth the judge—"one at a time."

There was a burst of laughter at the learned gentleman's discomfiture. Like a man of the world, he smiled and awaited the time for the judge to sum up the case. When that time arrived, the incorrigible ass repeated his performance. Instantly the injured counsel rose and said—

"What an echo there is in this court, my lord!"

The mention of open windows recalls to my mind another story connected with the work of an assize-town. Out of respect for the legal profession I will give it for what it is worth without vouching for its authenticity. The story is that a prisoner indicted for murder determined to be represented by counsel, and retired with the barrister of his choice into a private room for consultation. There he asked for expert advice.

"I observe," said the barrister, "that the window here is open. My best advice to you is to disappear through it and bolt."

The man fled. The story adds that this expert adviser never afterwards practised, but if so I should say that the Bar lost an ingenious advocate.

Gratitude is not one of the virtues of the masses in England. I once heard from a friend who defended his man on circuit with great ability, and actually got him off, that in the sequel all the thanks he received was—

"I never engaged you at all; I engaged Mr. Smith."

Amongst legal anecdotes, none in fact are so good as circuit chestnuts. There is one which still amuses the mess on the Western. A barrister may not take from a client less than gold. Serjeant Davy being called to account for unprofessional conduct in taking silver for a defence, said—

"I took all the poor devil had, and I

hope you don't call that unprofessional."

Sheridan said of Erskine that in wig and gown he had the wisdom of an angel. One may add without exaggeration that he had the wit of the devil. And of how many other great lawyers might not the same remark be made?—of Curran, of Thesiger, of Baron Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale, of Lord Ellenborough, the handsome Chief Justice; to which list one may add Brougham, Abinger, who, though *Scarlett*,



Ellenborough

EDWARD LAW, FIRST BARON ELLENBOROUGH, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

From an engraving after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

was not *deep-read*, and Eldon, about whom Thackeray notes that he cried over

novels every night he was not at whist.

Lord Eldon was perhaps the greatest of English chancellors. There is a story related of him in the days when he was plain Mr. John Scott which has always taken my fancy. It is typical of a successful lawyer. Once, it seems, he dropped a couple of guinea-pieces on the floor of his chambers; this being at a period when they coined guineas. Both rolled away and were lost. When the clerk of the chambers found one of them and restored it, Scott coolly pocketed the coin with the remark—

“If you find the other you can stick to it.”

Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury, of the famous European Arbitration case, was certainly not the least among those members of the middle classes who have risen to the Woolsack. Yet a country squire once observed of him—so at least Mr. T. A. Nash states—

“What a fine head the man has, and what a pity there’s so little in it!”

Dean Swift remarked that censure was the tax a man paid to the public for being eminent. All successful pleaders are liable to be attacked by failures who envy their abilities. And envy is a passion that can tip men’s tongues with gall. When a certain judge was about to be raised to the House of Lords a critic observed—

“I suppose he will take a title. It ought to be *Lord Concurry*, for he never delivered an independent judgment yet.”

Among the pleasures of legal study some of the keenest are derived from meeting in the experience of life what has been met with already in perusing legal text-books, and *vice-versâ* from finding in text-books and reports a mirror, as it were, of one’s individual impressions. To many Londoners the sign, “John Burgess & Son, Italian Warehousemen,” at No. 107, Strand, must be familiar. But how many know that as far back as the year 1853, Burgess the elder brought an action against Burgess the younger to restrain him

from selling his essence of anchovies as “Burgess’s Essence of Anchovies.” The essence was stated in the son’s advertisement “to stand unrivalled as a fish sauce for salmon, turbot, soles, eels, cod, and for all stewed fish; and to be applicable to all kinds of fish, game, made dishes, steaks, chops, meat-pies, mutton cutlets, &c.” Lord Justice Bruce decided in favour of the son, saying—

“All the Queen’s subjects have a right if they will to sell pickles and sauces, and not the less that their fathers have done so before them. All the Queen’s subjects have a right to sell these articles in their own names, and not the less so that they bear the same name as their fathers.”

But there is hardly any street in London without some legal memory.

The old Chancery Reports contain much that is amusing as well as much that is pathetic. There is an odd case of *Martin v. Nutkin* about the ringing of church bells. The curious will find it fully set out in *Peere Williams*. The plaintiff was a lady near whose house was a church, the bell of which disturbed her rest every morning at five o’clock. She accordingly came to an agreement with the churchwardens to erect a cupola and clock in the church at her own cost, in consideration of the bell not being rung at that hour. The cupola and clock having been duly erected, succeeding churchwardens were restrained from ringing the bell at five o’clock.

Irish lawyers are generally endowed by Dame Nature with quick wits. Among them all perhaps Curran held the palm for lightness and vivacity. When some one told him that no student should be called to the Bar who did not possess a landed estate of his own, he retorted—

“How many acres make a *wiseacre*?”

But it was a Scotsman, appropriately enough Lord Brougham, who, seeing his horses take fright, yelled to the coachman, “Drive into something cheap!”

So far as Abinger is concerned, and the unscrupulous methods he sometimes

used in dealing with juries, it would be fair to say of him what Charles Lamb said of the man who struck a ghost—

“That fellow would *stick at nothing!*”

But there is a better Curran story told. Curran was once addressing a jury in a state trial. The judge was opposed to Curran in politics, and frequently shook his head as if in dissent.

“Gentlemen,” said the great advocate, “I see the motion of his lordship’s head. Common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken—it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days, you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head *there’s nothing in it.*”

Among contemporaries of Curran—I should perhaps say here that I am using Mr. Charles Phillipps’s excellent “Life”—few were so amusing as Sir Boyle Roche. He is the man who said on one occasion—

“I am not a bird. I cannot be in two places at once.”

He is also credited with this profound observation—

“I for one am quite prepared to give up not merely a part but *the whole* of the constitution to *preserve the remainder.*”

He also started the ingenious theory that we should not put ourselves out of the way to benefit posterity, on the ground that posterity has never done anything for us.

No. 232. January, 1902.

Disputes about property, wills, and successions are known to be often very dull affairs. Yet in some complex equity suit how often does one enjoy that dry Chancery wit which is as pleasant to the intellect as Heidsieck’s Monopole to the palate! In a comparatively recent case it was cleverly contended in construing a will that the word “either” might be read to mean “both,” as who should say, “There are shops *on either side* of Chancery Lane.” A distinguished Lord

Justice re-
jected the
argument,
quoting from
“The Beg-
gars’ Opera”:

How happy
could I be
with *either*,
Were t’
other dear
charmer
away;

But while you
both tease
me together
To neither
a word will
I say.

To that ex-
cellent pink
paper, *The
Globe*, I am
indebted for



BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX.
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain
After an engraving by Roffe.

an anecdote of the present occupant of the Woolsack, which may or may not be apocryphal, but is in any case *ben trovato*. When Lord Halsbury was practising at the Bar a judge asked him whether he was a Welshman. The reply was—

“No, my lord, but I have made a good deal out of Welshmen in my time.”

“Ah! I see,” said the judge; “not a Welshman by birth, but a Welshman *by extraction.*”

The dry wit of Chancery lawyers may excite a smile, but for boisterous laughter one must go into the King’s Bench or into a County Court. Many will re-

member odd conjunctions of names in County Court cases, such, I mean, as *Roberts v. Kitchener*, *Pluck v. Canowhiski*. Nor can any one with a sense of humour fail to be amused as he watches the usher prodding drowsy witnesses with his staff. And it is not long since a dispute between rival drapers in North London acquainted the public with the existence of a curious individual called "a barker," whose part it is to stand outside a draper's shop and solicit custom for his master and away from other firms in the same line of business.

Another curious case of recent times is connected with the art or mystery of shaving. Between the barbers and the lawyers there has always been an *entente cordiale*. The great Lord St. Leonards was a barber's son. And on one occasion at least a sort of forensic triumph was secured for barber and lawyer alike. That pious and godly monarch, King Charles the Second, enacted in the Sunday Observance Act that no tradesman, artificer, workman, or labourer should do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day or any part thereof. It came to pass that a Wolverhampton barber was summoned for the offence of Sunday shaving. The magistrate having convicted him under the Act, he appealed to the King's Bench. It was there argued, and with success, that the barber was—

(1) Not a tradesman, because he did not sell retail goods.

(2) Not an artificer, because he did not produce works of art.

(3) Not a workman or labourer, because he was not a common operative.

(4) Not any other person whatsoever, because that must mean any other person of the same class as the above.

And it is historical fact that in Tudor times barbers had as good a social position as surgeons have now.

This odd case brings to my recollection a neat remark by an anonymous

journalist at the time when the L.C.C. decided by one vote not to acquire compulsorily the famous Henry VIII. toilet saloon at Temple Bar. He observed that the house would now be doubly associated with *a close shave*.

Both in practice and in legal literature actions of libel and slander are as likely to amuse the philosopher as any. It has been held that a barrister can sue one who says of him, "He hath as much law as a jackanapes," but not one who says, "He hath no more wit than a jackanapes"; at least not for the mere speaking of the words. A barrister is expected to know a certain quantity of law, but not to be a wit at his peril. The distinction reminds one of the caustic remark made about a certain judge that he was like Necessity in that he knew no law.

A criminal advocate of wide experience or of keen intelligence can often seize on some small circumstance in a case which will completely turn the scale of justice and secure an acquittal instead of a conviction. I recollect myself a criminal indictment for murder—or possibly manslaughter, I forget which—at the Old Bailey, in which this was done. It was elicited in the course of the evidence that the deceased, who had met his death by falling on his head in consequence of a blow, possessed an abnormally thin skull. Upon this fact being established, it was skilfully argued for the defence that the case really was one of death by misadventure. The jury took that view of the matter, and the prisoner was discharged.

I find amongst my notes some more entries relating to criminal cases.

A constable at Clerkenwell Sessions was once within my memory being examined as to the antecedents of a convicted prisoner. For many minutes he remained absolutely mute. At last the Chairman lost patience and exclaimed—

"Come, officer, tell us something about the prisoner, good or bad."

There was another prolonged silence. At last the embarrassed P.C. raised his

eyes to the ceiling and uttered the monosyllable "Bad!" There were roars of laughter.

Many people will no doubt remember the circumstances of the Neill Cream case. Cream was a repulsive brute, who indulged to the full a little hobby of burying his wives under cement. I have been told that when he was asked whether he had any objection to wives *in the abstract*, and replied, "No," one barrister present whispered to another—

"Just so: he preferred them *in the concrete*."

For a third case I am indebted to a well-known London journalist who attended the trial of James Canham Read, the Southend murderer. As the judge was about to pronounce sentence of death one could distinctly hear the gay, irresponsible laughter of children at play in a yard adjacent.

I must not wind up without some reference to that eternal *revata questio*, the length of the Long Vacation. To legal editors this topic is as much a blessing as the sea serpent, the big gooseberry, or the domestic servant problem to other editors in the weeks when London languishes in tropical heat. Just as some one at the right date has always spotted mosquitos in Clapton, or heard the nightingale in his

back-garden, so something is always going to be done about the Long Vacation. The best use that many lawyers could make of it would be to launch into literary work, as the famous Talfourd did when he wrote his entertaining "Vacation Rambles." Meanwhile I remember an Irish bull on the subject. Some one once gravely suggested in print that the Long Vacation should be

curtailed by being made "to begin and end a fortnight earlier." This clever gentleman did not see that his arrangement would leave matters *in statu quo*, or as you were. It reminds one forcibly of the penniless Patrick who tried to lengthen his blanket by cutting a piece off one end and sewing it on to the other.

If there is comedy in the life of courts and litigation there is plenty

of tragedy as well. I recollect one peculiarly revolting case I heard tried at the Old Bailey. It was a case where a woman had been foully done to death in a low public-house. As I walked home through a network of mean streets and wicked alleys, mocking faces seemed to peer and grin from sudden entries and jutting doorways. In traversing the paths trodden by great lawyers of former times the literary traveller does not find amusement always and only. Sunshine alternates with shadow.



CURRAN.

After T. Wright, from an Original Painting.

A SON OF THE BORGHIAS

By ARTHUR MONTAGU

THE firm of Messalandrio & Co. had long shut its books for the night. The brougham of the second partner waited patiently at the end of the street. Within his office he still sat poring anxiously over books, figures, and accounts, that, try as he would, only worked out to an unsatisfactory issue.

At last he arose with a sigh, and collecting papers and notes with feverish haste, thrust them into a bag, from which, as it snapped to, came the sharp metallic clink of money; glanced at the pile of ashes smouldering to a dead black in the half-empty grate and went forth.

"Home!" The coachman whipped up the wearied horses. The be-medalled porter closed the doors of the counting-house finally for the night, as their pale-faced owner leaned back in the brougham and thought. The end of the week, or the day before—perhaps even to-morrow must see them closed for good. "Well, what mattered? The end of everything must come some time. The end—the end"—he thought as the carriage rattled on—"or was it only the halting-place for a change of steeds—or—perchance—to get out—*and walk?*"

"Well, Bruno, back at last!" The speaker—a slightly-built lad whose pale face and delicate aquiline features were framed in dark curls, the senior, and sleeping partner in the firm of Messalandrio—turned with a glad smile, from the couch on which he lay in a luxuriously furnished room, to welcome the new-comer, the man of business.

"Yes, Paolo lad," said the late arrival, all trace of care completely banished from his handsome features. The two brothers—for they clearly were brothers—were strikingly alike, though the face of the elder was more clearly marked by the passion and play of life, yet it served but to accentuate more firmly its beauty. The only strange thing was that the elder and more active of the two should be the junior partner.

"Dinner is served, sir!" The stolid butler opened the doors of the adjoining room through which came a glimpse of dainty silver and white. Everything about the house was sombre, stiff, and cumbersome, even down to the servants, reminiscent of their former owner, the father of the young men, who had made the wealth and stability of the firm. The only evidence of the delicate mind of the present owner was in the sitting-room afore-mentioned (his few books showing a taste for poetry and models of æsthetic binding) and the setting of his dinner table.

"Come, Bruno, old fellow! What's the brown study for? Wheel me in, there's a good chap!"

The elder woke from his reverie with a start, and a smile lit his face. He bent over the laughing-eyed, recumbent figure, with tenderest solicitude and ministered to his wants. The one merrily assuming the lofty airs of an imperious dictator while the laughter flashed in lightning glances of amusement from the soft dark eyes set beneath the delicately curved thin eyebrows. The elder replied to



His hand went out, as if led, to a small green flask.

his playful mood with a mock assumption of humility as humorously incompatible with his real character, as the assumption of the rôle of tyrant was to the other's gentle demeanour. Yet occasionally he flashed a quick repartee to the other's jest, which could not disguise the world of tenderness and solicitude his ceaseless attention betrayed. Were ever brothers so devoted to each other, or so happy?

The meal over, by the mellow candle light the elder played, for the younger's delectation, soft fragments of Chopin, interspersed with fragmentary conversation on poetry and art of the day. Ideals and dreams—while the fragrant smoke of his cigar arose and fell in fairy rings, till it was time for the dreamer to retire and he was alone.

Alone to think! . . . It was six years since he had come into that life. . . . Six years since that delicate orphaned figure, his younger brother, had come to his door—his, the disregarded child of ignomy, compelled to earn a pittance as a clerk—and had held out to him, friendless and alone, of his own goodwill, a brother's portion and a brother's love, saying—

"We are brothers! In blood, in feature, in all save circumstance—sons of the same dead father. All that I have we must share. Let us be brothers in deed and in heart!" . . . Six years since he had left that den of penury. . . . Since then he had lived. Of none of the pleasures that life held out to him had he refrained to taste. The joys of power too were his. For had he not superseded the old grey-haired manager who, since the death of Michele Messalandrio the father—that exiled old Italian aristocrat and the founder of the firm, . . . whom he alternately admired and hated—had steered the family fortunes in safety. All was now in his hands, with his brother merely as a sleeping partner. And the outcome of it all was—they stood on the brink of ruin.

That was what the implicit childish confidence of Paolo, his own reckless

double life, with its whirl of pretty women, gaming and gaiety, together with his speculative methods for the more rapid accumulation of riches had led to. When all was clear, the debts of the firm paid, Paolo would be ruined. True, there would be a few hundreds—those he had in the bag, prepared for a dive abroad—but not enough for two. Yet to leave Paolo—his best loved—behind . . . was hard, impossible. . . . And yet one must live. . . . He would go to bed and think things over.

The morning was well advanced ere he stirred. He awoke and cursed. Nature had played one of her grim jests on him that night. For, as so often happens to the impecunious, he had dreamed of stately palaces, of luxury and wealth that knew no limit, which owned him lord.

He walked in his stately gardens, sat in his splendid halls, he revelled in his Epicurean banquets—(from twelve that night till eleven a.m.)—then woke a miserable wretch, with poverty and the unknown staring him in the face.

He cursed again, dressed himself, and dispiritedly descended the stairs. The door of his brother's sitting-room was ajar. The scent of flowers filled the air, and the sound of voices talking, as he entered. . . . He drew back! An elderly stiff-set man was conversing with his brother. Paolo was strangely flushed and excited as he beckoned him forward. Did he know? . . . Had some one told him all?

"This is my brother," Paolo's lips seemed to be saying. But through the surging murmur rushing in his head no sound was audible, only from the painful outside silence the stranger bowed, with a slight smile. He had evidently heard the story of the strange relationship.

Then with a wild buzz and a whirr, the sense of hearing came back to him, and from Paolo there burst a breathless flood of explanation, to which he listened in dumbfounded amazement.

He, the stiff-set man, was the London representative of an Italian firm of solicitors directed to make search for Paolo's father. He dead, Paolo, through the demise of a branch of their father's family with whom he had quarrelled subsequent to his coming to England, and setting up in business, was heir to—

“Was it a palace or a castle?”

“A castle, a palace, and a villa!” responded the lawyer, smiling.

“Ah yes. A castle, a palace, and a villa, and vineyards. I hope there's a

again murmuring compliments he left them.

“Oh, Bruno, isn't it splendid?” panted the younger in a state of exhaustion and delight.

“Well! Quietly, youngster! Or you'll make yourself ill,” responded the other without emotion, as if rich wind-falls were his daily lot. But the veins on his temples stood out as he bent over his weaker charge, and his heart beat fiercely against its walls, though the outer man betrayed no sign.



“It's only—a -spasm, Bruno, on'y -a- spasm.”

gondola—and money and land, and land and money——”

“Yes! I congratulate you, sir,” said the legal emissary. “It is not only one of the finest old estates of Italy, and boasting, as you are doubtless aware, some of the most celebrated characters in Italian history as its owners, and”—with a bow—“your ancestors; but fortunately the revenues are sufficiently princely to keep it up properly, which is now rarely the case.” And

“Now drink this, and lie back and be still,” he said firmly but gently, “or your castle will merely prove a *château d'Espagne!*”

“Dear old Bruno,” said the invalid, clasping his hands. “How good you are to me! How splendid everything is and how happy I am! We will go over soon, by ourselves, with no fusty London lawyers or anything.”

“But the business?” A shade passed over the elder man's brow.

"Bother the business. We'll chuck it up. Sell it. Do!"

"I'm afraid it will not go for much. I have not cared to bother you, but—things have been going wrong lately."

"What does that matter. Don't trouble. I shall have enough for both of us." The elder heaved a sigh—his face wore a look of relief.

"Do come, Bruno! For I can't do without you and we'll share alike as we have done."

And that good hearted, most amiable of elder brothers, weakly wavering—consented.

Bruno Messalandrio sat in the *loggia* of the Palazzo of his ancestors, the recognised lord and master.

It was a strange world, and his dreams, fantastic of fantasies, had come about; fulfilled at least to the letter if not in actual fact. For within an adjoining room the real heir lay ill while he, the accredited head of the house, held solitary state in the salon without.

All had happened since their arrival. When the steward and family notary had met the carriage, the possibility had not occurred to either of the brothers, used to Bruno's conducting business for the two of them, of two excited and flustered foreigners taking the elder for the heir, but in the desire of everybody to be intelligible at the same time, and of the Italians to be profuse, the preliminaries of introduction were so muddled as to be of little avail.

It is not till some moments had elapsed that Bruno with a blush of embarrassment and Paolo with a twinge of delight, as the two Italians prattled on, perceived the blunder.

"Leave them alone!" Paolo whispered as he saw Bruno, annoyed, about to adjust the mistake. "Don't say anything to spoil it. It is such fun!"

The situation, to his jaded and overwrought feelings, came as a welcome relief. To one accustomed to lie back on cushions and see others settle the problems of action in his life while he

looked on, it was a pleasant relief on this occasion to see Fate place some one else in the breach. In truth, he began to feel afraid now as he fast neared the acquisition of his new dignity whether the strain and responsibilities would not be too much for him. He looked at the tall athletic figure of his adopted brother with a glance of pride. How splendidly he suited the dignity! "The title ought to have been his." And while the other fretted and fumed beneath the obsequious attentions, he whispered pleadingly—

"Lie low, old fellow. Just to please me. You can play the part, you know, and—I can't!"

And so as it pleased Paolo he had given in. They were nearing the palace and there was little of any part to play now, except to loll on the cushions and look dignified, for the chatterings of the other pair had worn themselves out. Besides, it was too late to draw back now if he would. They had passed the large bronze gates at the entrance of the gardens, the notary had addressed the assembled peasantry on his behalf, he had, 'midst the cheers of the village, kissed the blushing contadina, who had come forward with a bouquet, in a way that won the admiration of all good wives, and now he was walking through these wondrous halls, their ancestors, makers of history—and crime (for in those days the two things were as one)—had built. Paolo, smiling on his arm, happy and content.

It was five days ago! He *had* played the part—for five days. He watched the smoke of his cigarette curl in blue spirals up past the tall marble columns, and the velvet hangings to the carved and painted roof.

Paolo was weak, certainly! He had had a relapse, but was getting over the fatigue and excitement consequent to the journey. The fussy little Italian physician did not fear any danger. He would soon be able to take up his rightful position, and as the novelty wore off and he regained strength, expect it. He



"Fratricide!" they seemed to murmur.

would have to sink into the background to his old position of the fortunate dependent, the victim of Paolo's charity.

He had played the part. But that was ended. He arose impatiently and paced the long hall into the gallery. The portraits on either side glared at him and seemed to sneer. "Impostor!" they seemed to cry. And he glared defiantly in return, gazing steadfastly at them that they, as he did himself, might see in him their prototype, feature for feature. Let them sneer! Was not he their lineal descendant, a Borgia of the Borgias, a Sforza of the Sforzas, a Spinola of the Spinolas, with even perhaps a touch of their madness—the eldest son, and if he had his rights acknowledged so?

Fitted for the position in both mind and physique, did not all say so? and, allowing for flattery, he knew it for the truth. Were not Paolo's words the echo of the thought of every one, "You play the part"?

He looked a prince, he acted the prince, was born, but for an accident, to rule, and yet—Ugh! The word had such an ugly taste.

Why should it end? The position was his by every moral right, in sight of Heaven; why should he give it up? Those whose lineaments lined the walls were of a different mould. What their hands once closed over they held—*till death*.

He passed a cabinet of curios, and smiled. Was it the cold eye of the pictured semblance of the cold Lucrezia of infamous memory that from the wall opposite impelled him to the case?

He had unearthed its contents the day or so before. His hand went out, as if led, to a small green flask. He tried the stopper. Yesterday it had taken many hours to discover the secret of the aperture, and still more study to release the stopper.

He was master of the secret now—the secret of centuries divulged again yesterday for the first time. He thought of the poor dog quietly buried in the

garden, the subject experimentally of the first drop. Hark!

Paolo was awake and calling him. Were the cruel lips of the Borgia curved in a smile as he strode from the gallery carrying the green flask with him?

With a turn of a wrist as of iron and the precision of a machine he measured out the draught for which he knew Paolo waited; and into it, with a hand that never trembled nor shook, one drop—of the thin green fluid. Then passed smilingly through the heavy curtains to the bedside. Paolo fell back with a sigh of relief, after the draught, on to pillows freshly beaten and replaced by his devoted brother's hand. He seemed as if he would sleep. It was taking longer than with the dog. Suddenly, a look in his eyes and a cry upon his lips. The alert brother's hand was on the alarm bell in an instant.

"The doctor! Quick!" he shouted to the first comer.

"It's—only—a—spasm, Bruno boy. Only—a—spasm!"

But long before the doctor's arrival he had passed away, peacefully smiling in his brother's arms.

"Ah Sacramento! Accidente! Signor!" bewailed the little Italian medico, shaking his thin locks and gesticulating with his wizened hands, to all alike, but suiting his adjectives, like a wise man, to his company,—to everybody he met who would listen; and who would not? From the padre who went to administer consolation down to the old market women with their baskets of eggs.

"The too deplorable! Scarcely to be expected! So far on the road to recovery! But it the will of God is—and who shall dare say other. And the good signor, so kind, so gentil, so devoted to the young signor! For his grief I weep. Ah, yes. I weep for him!" And all—the tenantry and the servants who followed, all wept for the good signor

who sat desolate and inconsolable, bereaved of all he loved.

So Paolo Messalandrio was laid with his fathers, with the Sforzas, Spinolas, and Borgias. That is, with *some of them*—in the little marble shrined chapel on the hill—for he had done nothing sufficiently criminal to justify interment in a cathedral.

A neat tablet ascribed to him a list of virtues, and—his brother's name. He uttered no protest but slept peacefully as became a gentleman. The other, the new Paolo, went on a yachting cruise down the Mediterranean to assuage his grief.

It was autumn ere he returned. The broad-leaved chestnuts were a blaze of red and gold that thinned and fell in the sighing wind. And though through some distant corridors there swept a sense of deadness, the chief apartments were a glow of warmth and welcome in honour of his home coming.

His servants met him with glad shining faces and proud hearts, and he smiled on them in his old kindly, princely manner.

He looked bronzed as he sat alone at dinner that night. Though his face was no less worn, it flushed with the light of triumph as he tossed down the choicest vintage his cellar boasted. Rumour said ere long the palace would have a mistress — a consummation devoutly wished by the older servitors.

Again and again he pledged himself, long after the household had gone to bed, and drank to his success. Triumphant! Yes! With his heart's desire! How his dream had come true!

He arose. It was long past midnight. A shiver ran through the hall. Was he alone? He laughed, and filled another glass to warm his blood. . . .

The table was long and white . . . and those on the walls sat by him, . . . and many he knew by name and scarce dared to see. . . . Why was Paolo looking down on him with that gentle smile as of yore?

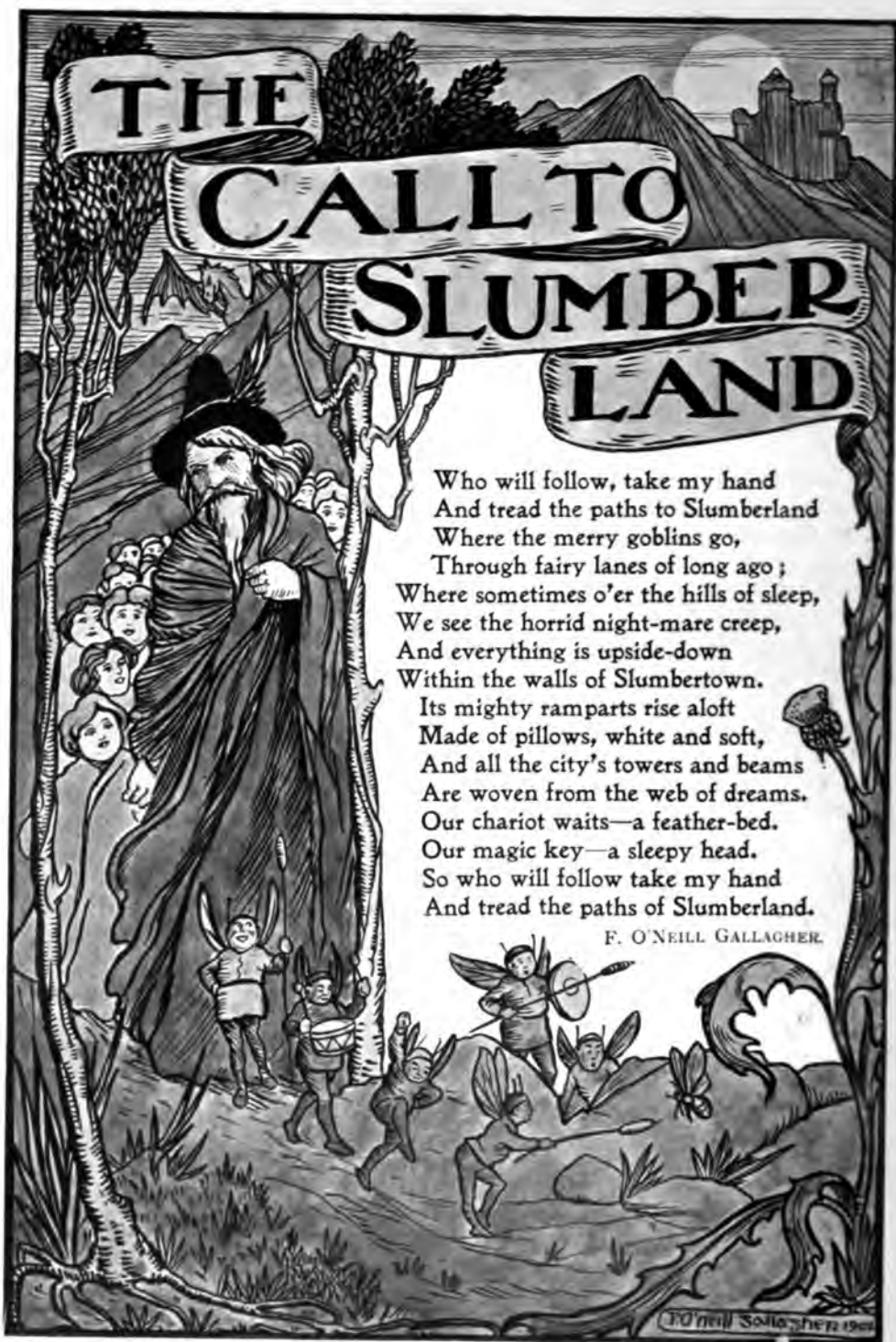
He lifted his glass and drank, and it seemed to him as if the figures from the walls joined with him as he drank to his toast—" *To the scion of the Borgias!*"

Was it the wine that choked him or their skinny hands around his throat? He turned and fled. They followed him. Up the marble steps, through the long salon, the silent gallery, he ran panting, to the little room wherein Paolo died. Here at last was sanctuary! But still they followed. "*Fratricide!*" they seemed to murmur, as they streamed through the heavy doors to revenge the death of their lineal descendant.

" *Fratricide!*" — And they pressed nearer and glared and gibbered in his face.

" *God!*"—*Their thin hands twined tighter and tighter until, with a dying gasp, he fell headlong to the floor!*





THE

CALL TO

SLUMBER

LAND

Who will follow, take my hand
And tread the paths to Slumberland
Where the merry goblins go,
Through fairy lanes of long ago ;
Where sometimes o'er the hills of sleep,
We see the horrid night-mare creep,
And everything is upside-down
Within the walls of Slumbertown.

Its mighty ramparts rise aloft
Made of pillows, white and soft,
And all the city's towers and beams
Are woven from the web of dreams.
Our chariot waits—a feather-bed.
Our magic key—a sleepy head.
So who will follow take my hand
And tread the paths of Slumberland.

F. O'NEILL GALLAGHER.

PICTURES OF DISRAELI

By LEWIS MELVILLE

BENJAMIN DISRAELI is a figure unique in the history of the world. His Life still remains to be written. Rumour has it that, at Disraeli's request, the "official" biographer will be Lord Rowton (the well-known "Monty" Corry, who was his private secretary from 1866 until his death), that the Herculean task is completed, and that the moment is awaited when it will be possible to deliver into the hands of an expectant public the result of his labours. But Disraeli never suggested Lord Rowton should publish a record of his life, and no "official" biography is or has been contemplated. The probable basis upon which the rumour has been founded is that in his will Disraeli bequeathed his papers, as his other properties, to trustees, Lord Rothschild and Sir Philip Rose, and directed that no one should have access to his private papers except by the sanction of Lord Rowton.

Disraeli took up the pose bizarre, the pose fantastic. As a young man everything he did and most of the things he said were done and said to attract attention. Conscious of his great talents, he feared no one's criticism. He looked upon the world as a stage, upon which, as an actor, he, with his ringlets and ruffles and velvet coat, was to play an important rôle.

When he was introduced to Lord Melbourne, the latter, then at the height of his fame, said, "Well, young gentleman, and what do you intend to be?" The quiet answer was so surprising, sounded so preposterous, that the minister, never dreaming the young man

was in deadly earnest, could only regard it as a joke: "Prime Minister, my lord!" For the motto of "Vivian Grey" he took—

"Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

Indeed, he was possessed of that which, had it not been genius, would rightly have been condemned as monstrous conceit. Some one said of him, that he was half pose and the rest affectation. But that was when he was still young. As the years passed the extravagance of dress and of manner and speech fell from him. It was long, however, before people realised he was a man with whom they would have to reckon. It was long before politicians regarded him as a man dangerous to their own pretensions. Then suddenly it seemed to dawn upon those who had sneered that he whom they had been inclined to look upon as a sort of privileged buffoon, was the master of them all.

According to the entry in the register of the Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in Bevis Marks, Benjamin Disraeli was born on December 21, 1804. Twenty-two years later he published "Vivian Grey," which secured an instantaneous success. Before he was seven-and-twenty he had written "Contarini Fleming" (which Milman, reading for John Murray, strongly recommended), and was engaged upon those three short stories which many regard as the best of his literary work,—"Popanilla," "Ixion in Heaven," and "The Infernal Marriage"; he was in society, meeting every one who

was worth meeting : Peel, Herries, Charles Villier, Henry Ellis, the Bonapartes (Lucien and Joseph), Washington

chance. He never regretted the decision. "You have chosen the only career in which a man is never old," he said in

later days to a friend; "a statesman can feel and inspire interest longer than any other man."

At the age of thirty-three, in the first Parliament of Queen Victoria's reign, he entered the House of Commons, there to become and to remain its brightest ornament until the day when, weary and ill, he was translated to "another place."

The House of Commons is always inclined to judge severely the new member who has made a reputation outside its walls. It does not want genius—and it may with truth be said that at first Disraeli succeeded in spite of, rather than because of, his genius.

His maiden speech, as all the world knows, was a failure.

"But the failure," he

wrote to his sister, "was not occasioned by my breaking down, or any incompetency on my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries." It was on this occasion that he uttered the famous prophecy: "The time will come when you will hear me. When I rise in this assembly hereafter a dropped pin shall be heard."

Yet he soon realised his failure was not so complete as, at the moment of sitting down, he had thought. Peel said he was sure he must make his way; and Shiel declared that if ever the spirit of oratory



(Photo by Walker & Co. Kerell.)

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

Irving, Mrs. Norton, Albany Fonblanque, Tom Moore, Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, and Maclise (both of whom painted his portrait), Beckford, O'Connell, and a host of other celebrities; and—he was looking out for a career.

At first, perhaps owing to the fact that his father was a well-known man of letters, he had been inclined to think that literature would be his surest road to fame, and certainly the success of his first book did not lessen his confidence. Little by little, however, he arrived at the conclusion that in political life lay his

was in a man it was in Disraeli, and that nothing could prevent him from being one of the best speakers in the House. "Next to undoubted success the best thing is to make a great noise," Disraeli wrote home at this time, "and the many articles that are daily written to announce my failure only prove that I have not failed." Certainly his first speech did make a great noise.

His *début* was made on December 7, 1837. Ten days later he rose again, and the members listened with great curiosity. But he spoke only a few words, by so doing carrying out Shiel's advice to speak briefly and to speak often. "No man can be kept down by malice," the Irishman said, "and you will soon get the ear of the House." It was not until April, on the occasion of the introduction of Sergeant Talfourd's Bill to Amend the Law of Copyright, that he made a set speech. When he sat down his position as an orator and as a debater was no longer open to dispute.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to dwell upon Disraeli's political career. Within a few years of his entry into Parliament the career of Disraeli is the history of England.

Many enemies he had—some through envy; some, like Carlyle, impelled by conscientious scruples. Who does not remember the terrible attack in "Shooting Niagara—and After"? And who does not remember Disraeli's noble revenge—the offer to the great man of letters, not of a title, because, he says, "I have remembered that, like myself, you are childless, and may not care for hereditary honours," but of the Grand Cross of the Bath

("never yet conferred . . . except for direct services to the State") and a pension? A beautifully worded letter, written by himself, "magnanimous and noble," Carlyle called it. "It reveals to me," he wrote to Lady Derby, "after all the hard things I have said of him, a new and unexpected stratum of genial dignity and manliness of character which I had by no means given him credit for. It is, as my penitent heart admonishes me, a kind of 'heaping coals of fire on my



MR. DISRAELI.

From a Cartoon in "Vanity Fair," by permission of the Proprietor.

head,' and I do truly repent and promise to amend." *Punch* ("Scaramouch" in "Endymion") also was always very

severe with him from the date of the first cartoon (1845) in which he figured prominently—about the time he commenced the attack on Peel—until almost the end of his career. But the journal made amends when, at his death, it published the beautiful, pathetic drawing by

children comparatively destitute. Disraeli was then in power, and the pension, by his desire, was continued to the children. Indeed Disraeli never remembered an insult and never forgot a friend.

He was not a rich man, not even the possessor of a competency. On the

contrary, when he was first returned to Parliament he was deeply in debt. Indeed there is reason to believe that the scene in the "sponging-house" in "Henrietta Temple" was founded upon an unpleasant incident in his own career. Certainly his poverty gave his enemies the opportunity of labelling him "adventurer," and in a certain sense adventurer he was. But not even his bitterest foe ever accused him of having turned to his own account his knowledge of State secrets. It is said that an unscrupulous financier did ask him to do something of this sort—*once*. A good



Benjamin Disraeli

J. Tenniel

(Sir John) Tenniel, "Peace with Honour!" On *Punch* likewise, through his principal assailant, he heaped coals of fire. When John Leech died, in 1864, the Liberal Government of the day placed his widow upon the pension list. Four years later this lady died, and with her died the pension, leaving the

story is told *apropos* of his debts. In June, 1830, he was driving with Sir Philip Rose to Shrewsbury, where, at the General Election, he stood as the Conservative candidate. When near the borough Sir Philip caught sight of a large poster, stopped the postchaise, and pointing it out to his companion, remarked, "It is

something about you." Disraeli read the words printed in large letters: "Judgment Debts of Benjamin Disraeli, Tory Candidate for Shrewsbury." Then followed a list of the debts upon which judgment had been signed. This list he carefully perused. Then he turned to Sir Philip and said calmly, "How accurate they are! Now let us go on."

It is true he was the son of a famous man of letters, and that, through his father, he obtained the *entrée* to society. But even his father's renown and the success of "Vivian Grey" were insufficient to make people regard him as an eligible starter in the race for political honours.

Above all—and this was his greatest disadvantage in the eyes of most of his contemporaries—he was a Jew. He was descended from that branch of the noble Spanish house of Lara (and so entitled to bear its arms) which, on coming to England, assumed the name of Disraeli (Son of Israel)—a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be forever recognised. He was received into the Jewish Church, though, after his father withdrew from the congregation, he was baptized (on July 31, 1817) at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. But the Jews are a nation, and though the faith be abandoned the Jew remains always a Jew. The manners, ideas, customs, of more than five thousand years can no more be thrown off in a generation than can the leopard change its spots. Jew Disraeli

was born, and Jew he was to the end of his life—a true Oriental, with the true Oriental's imagination and poetical extravagance of mind. His pride in the Jewish race never died. "If you had not forgotten what you owe to this



From the drawing by Count D'Orsay.

people—if you were grateful for that literature which for thousands of years has brought you so much instruction and so much consolation to the sons of men, you as Christians would be only too ready to seize the first opportunity of meeting the claims of those who profess

this religion," he said when speaking in Parliament on the Jewish Disabilities Bill; "but you are influenced by the darkest superstitions of the darkest ages that ever existed in this country. It is this feeling which has been kept out of this debate, indeed that has been kept secret in yourselves—enlightened as you are—and that is unknowingly influencing others abroad." Read a sentence from "Coningsby:" "At this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak, not of their laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect." Remember "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," founded on a Hebrew tradition concerning the "Princes of the Captivity."

Yet over all these difficulties he triumphed—*forti nihil difficile!* He was a born fighter. To his credit be it written, he never hit a small man. He fought against the giants. His was the right to contend against the greatest. He enjoyed nothing so much as being in the midst of the fray. And the Englishman, who, above all things—above wealth, above rank, above genius itself—places courage, came gradually to admire and respect him. Enmity—save legitimate parliamentary enmity—ceased, and during the last years of his life "Dizzy" was the idol of the country. On February 24, 1868, Lord Derby resigned the Premiership, and Disraeli was nominated as his successor. "I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole," he said. This is the one example in English politics of a man becoming prime minister, not by influence, nor brought in on the wave of British public feeling on some party cry, but simply because he was the man, head and shoulders above his rivals, in whom the country had confidence. One of the most striking of remarkable facts in our parliamentary history—and, perhaps, one of the most inevitable.

No article, however brief, on Disraeli

can altogether ignore his literary career. Though by the respective editors he has not been deemed worthy to rank among the *English Men of Letters* or the *Great Writers*, yet nevertheless he has made for himself a place in literature that—were his reputation as an author not overshadowed by his reputation as a statesman—would be regarded as considerably higher than at present it is. There are few writers before whom the author of "Coningsby," "Tancred," and "Sybil" need bow the knee. Perhaps the best descriptive scene in all his books is the gambling scene in "The Young Duke." "Coningsby" is a history of the time, when, after his breach with Peel, Disraeli formed the "Young England" party. Lord John Manners, Baillie Cochrane, and George Smythe were the prototypes of "Lord Henry Sydney," "Buckhurst" and "Coningsby." "Sybil," perhaps the best constructed of the novels, is descriptive of factory life—for its author, though an ardent Imperialist, could always find time for his policy of *sanitas, sanitatum, omnia sanitas*. In this book is a beautiful description of the late Queen's first Council; while "Tancred" contains some superb purple passages describing, with all the fervour of an Oriental imagination, the Holy Land. "Lothair" was written when he was sixty-five years of age, after he had been prime minister. "Endymion" was published the year before he died; not a great book, but very interesting owing to the many passages that well may be regarded as autobiographical. The novel was written, probably, for the sake of money; and it is said to have brought to its author ten thousand pounds. It was—anyhow at first—a financial failure, and it is pleasing to be able to state that when he learnt this Disraeli offered to refund whatever part of the purchase-money the publisher thought fair. It is equally pleasant to state that the publisher insisted in standing by his bargain.

Some of Disraeli's characters are immortal. "Taper" and "Tadpole" will live for ever, in company with "Mr.

Ormsby" who "has forty thousand a year, paid quarterly in advance ;" with "Lord Marney," and with "Mr. Pinto,"

Beaconsfield revenged himself when, in "Endymion," he wrote of "Mr. Sainte Barbe," and his novel "Topsy Turvey."



VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD.

who "was not an intellectual Cræsus, but his pockets were full of sixpences." If the "Marquis of Steyne" and his managing man "Wenham" will never be forgotten, neither should "Lord Monmouth" and his managing man "Rigby," for at least both peers are drawn from the Marquis of Hertford, and their factotums from the well-hated and well-abused Croker. Thackeray parodied Disraeli in "Codlingsby" (perhaps the best parody in the language), but the Earl of

Disraeli was a great wit, and had a keen sense of humour. Who does not remember the famous speech at Oxford University, when he declared himself "on the side of the angels" ; or when he declared that Peel (who had just made his great *volle face*) "had caught the Whigs bathing and had walked away with their clothes ;" or his description of Lord Derby as "the Prince Rupert of parliamentary discussion. His charge is resistless ; but when he returns from

pursuit he always finds his camp in possession of the enemy."

It was suggested to lengthen the Whitsuntide holidays and to shorten the Easter Holidays. The motion was negatived, and Disraeli remarked to a colleague: "My dear fellow, what can you expect from a Government that is not in Society?"

"In *The Town* yesterday," he wrote to his sister in 1883, "I am told that some one asked Disraeli, in offering himself for Maidstone, on what he intended to stand. 'On my head,' was the reply."

"When I meet a man whose name I cannot remember," he said, "I always give myself two minutes; then, if it be a hopeless case, I always ask, 'And how is the old complaint?'"

His best aphorism runs: "In these days neither wealth nor a Pedigree avail: for the former, the world is too rich, for the latter, too knowing."

There are many good stories told of him.

When he was Premier, he was sitting next to a lady who was urging that the Government should adopt a strong line of conduct as regards the Eastern Question. "I cannot imagine what you are waiting for," she said. The neighbour, however, was not to be drawn: "At this moment, madam, for the potatoes."

Robert Lowe and Disraeli were bitter political foes and had no personal liking for one another. At a dinner at Lady Waldegrave's the guests had all paired off until only Mrs. Lowe and Disraeli were left. The humour of the situation appealed to him. With a smile he bowed, and offered his arm. "I suppose there is no help for it, Mrs. Lowe!"

He was a man of strong affections. What he thought of his father may be divined from the preface to the memorial edition edited by him of "Works of Isaac Disraeli." For his brothers Ralph and James he had a deep love, and there was nothing in the world he would not have done for his sister Sarah. His letters to her, in which he spoke of his

secret hopes and ambitions, have been published. In 1839 he married the widow of his late colleague, Wyndham Lewis. He had met Mrs. Lewis some seven years earlier at Bulwer's. "A pretty little woman, a flirt, and a rattle; indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequalled, and of which I can convey no idea," he wrote of her to his sister. "She told me she 'liked silent, melancholy men.' I answered 'that I had no doubt of it.'" His wife's fortune gave him the position that was necessary to forward his ambition, and in time enabled him to pay off his debts.

Now and then Mrs. Disraeli made a gauche remark, as when staying at a famous county house, where, among the fine collection of pictures, were many of a severely undraped, though classic, character. "Lady —," she said the first morning after their arrival to her hostess, "I find that this house is full of indecent pictures. There is a most horrible picture in our bedroom. Disraeli says it is Venus and Adonis. I have been awake half the night trying to prevent him looking at it." But of her deep devotion to him there was no doubt, nor of his attachment to her. When Bernal Osborne was impertinent enough to say to him, "I saw you walking in the Park with Mrs. Disraeli. Tell me, what feeling can you have towards that old lady?" Disraeli answered very calmly, "A feeling perfectly unknown to your nature: Gratitude." It is said he declared the happiest day of his life was when himself having refused a peerage, the Queen created his wife in her own right Viscountess Beaconsfield of Beaconsfield. He spoke his opinion of her in the dedication to Sybil. "I would inscribe this work to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with the suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided its pages, the most severe of critics, but a 'perfect wife.'"

LADIES' SUPPLEMENT

By KATHLEEN SEYMOUR

CHRISTMAS past, and another year at hand. My earnest wish for my readers is that they have a "Happy New Year." It is, perhaps, the most stereotyped of all wishes, but there can be no better one. Happiness *is* everything, and includes everything. With the first day of a New Year there always come to me thoughts of spring, although with the weather we are now experiencing this is somewhat premature. Then come dreams of new frocks, hats, and all manner of dainty accessories, dear to the mind feminine; and I forthwith don my furs, and wend my way to the Paradise on Earth of women, to wit, Regent Street and Bond Street.

* * *

I am afraid it is rather late to talk about new furs, but perhaps you have not all purchased yet; so, for those who have not, I have just a few suggestions. The favourite furs this winter are sable, and all kinds of fox and mole. Mole lends itself beautifully to the furrier to make the little coats so dear to our hearts, and it is such a becoming colour; also so very reasonable as to price, which is a great consideration with most people. Sable when it is real has such a prohibitive price attached that it is quite above my purse, and if I cannot have real I would sooner go without; but for those whose purse is long it will always rank first favourite. I saw a coat the other day at a first-class furrier's which would cost its owner £5,000—a goodly sum for one garment, I think. I was told, though, that this is one of the most expensive ever made. It need be, I should say. I also saw, at the same place, an extremely happy combination in fur, seal-skin, and chinchilla—just a little loose

waist sack with a high collar and revers of chinchilla. A large chinchilla muff went with this, and I can imagine a young lady looking extremely well in it. Seal-skin, as a general rule, I think, is only fit for matrons. The long, stole-shaped furs are very pretty indeed to my way of thinking, and they are so much warmer than the ties we have had with us for so many years now. The muffs, too, are a much prettier shape than of old. The heart-shaped ones of our grandmothers' time are especially quaint.

* * *

Evening cloaks are an absolute necessity now, with so many invitations flying about. One must really have quite a warm one for winter. I know there is nothing more miserable than a drive from one house to another on a bitterly cold night with an evening wrap of insufficient warmth on one. I will tell you what I always do. I have one, quite a warm one, which I wear for the journey, and if it is a dance I am journeying to, I take a smart wrap of silk covered with lace and chiffon with me for use during the night. There are so many kinds of wrap required nowadays. One is little better than none. You cannot wear a theatre wrap to go to a ball in, and a ball one is too much for a simple dinner; very trying, I call it. I saw a lovely coat for evening wear whilst out. It was composed of cream cloth lined with quilted "lily of the valley" green satin. It was quite long, reaching almost to the ground with a large stole collar of ermine. The sleeves were very large and had a deep cuff of ermine. The whole of the coat was very finely tucked and stitched with gold thread—truly a beautiful specimen of a

warm coat. For a smart coat with only a minimum of warmth, let me recommend a lace one with a lining of satin and tucked chiffon. Black or Paris lace is best, with a shaped frill commencing at the neck and falling in cascades down the front, continued round the bottom of the coat. Have a tucked frill of chiffon down the fronts and a wide collar of the lace, the sleeves tight to the elbow, and big-shaped pieces interlined satin and tucked chiffon. This makes an adorable theatre or restaurant coat. For the ball-room I would have a little lace sack lined with crêpe de chine or soft silk, gathered from a yoke or hanging in box pleats to just above the waist-line at the back, and rather longer in front. The sleeves may be as voluminous as you please and with as many frills.

* * *

The short tailor skirts I predicted are gaining rapidly in our affections, and are decidedly smart—far smarter than our long ones, albeit not so graceful. One thing bear in mind: Be careful what you wear on your feet. Nothing would look more awful than an untidy pair of feet under a short skirt.

* * *

Is there anywhere anybody who has every wish fulfilled? A useless question, as I know no one has or will have. If I were a fairy, or if there were such things, I would wish myself transported to the Riviera, if only to wear the delicious creations which I see in every showroom I enter. Listen to this, and then envy the owner. The gown was of white zibeline, a particularly hairy kind. The skirt was just above the ground, and was in a deep hip yoke which had square tabs on each side of the front and one at the back; these were edged with a tiny gold cord, and the yoke had a running design of gold cord on it. The skirt was kilted and held in place with black velvet ribbon made into tabs of different lengths. The first one was about six inches below the yoke, and the next four inches below that and

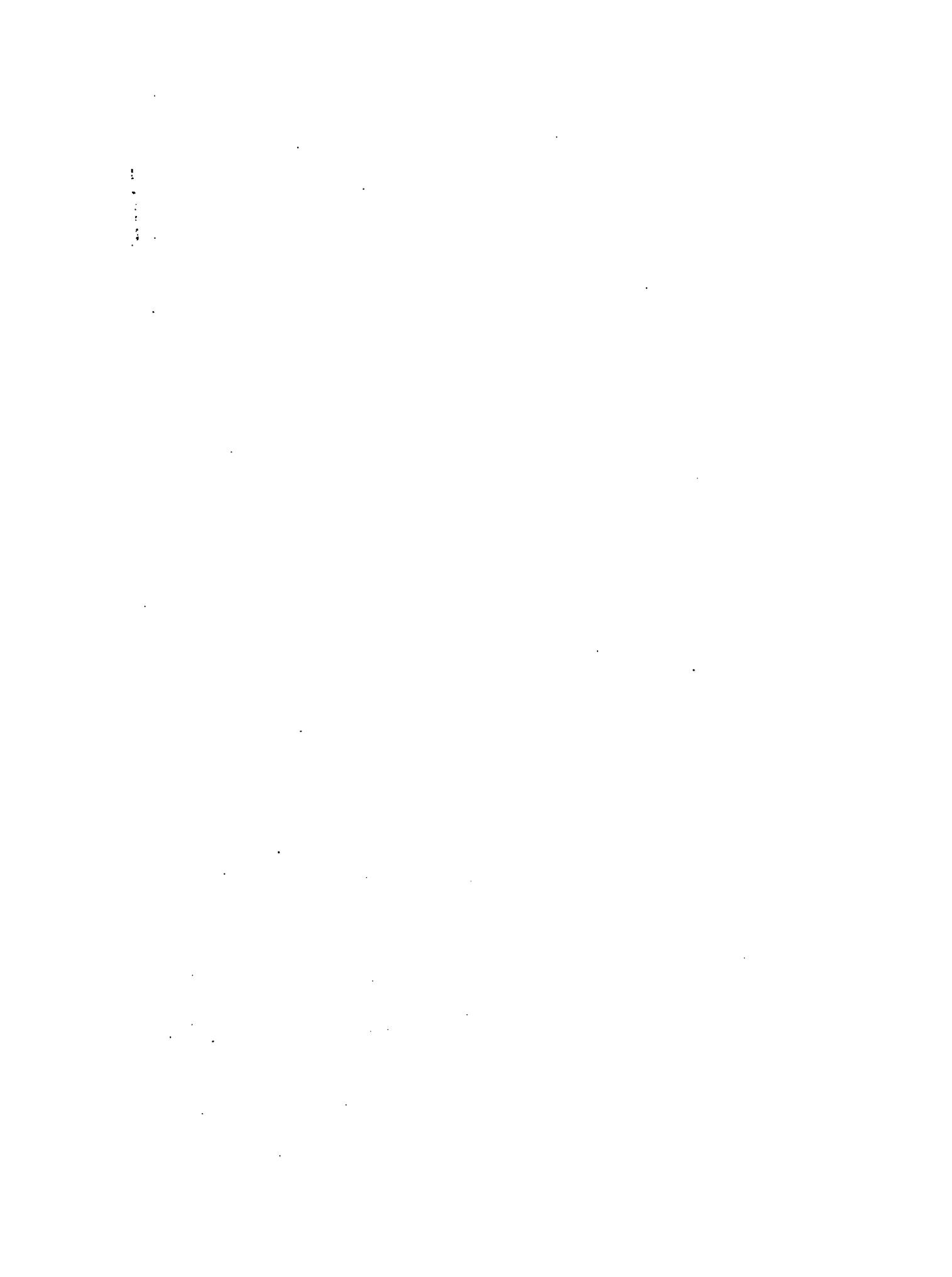
about one and a half inches longer. There were six sets of these round the skirt, each one held to it with dull gold buttons. Are we never to have an end to buttons? The coat was very simple, but no pen can describe its *chic*, which, I suppose, lay in the cut. It was pleated to match the skirt, and had the same kind of tabs to it, but was embroidered all over with the gold cord; quite high in the neck, with a very small turned-over piece on the collar and a black crêpe de chine stock tie with the ends tucked into gold tassels. The hat made for this was cloth to match in the inevitable "Toreador," with one white pom-pom and one black.

* * *

One more gown I must describe, which I presume was intended for Casino wear, of a very pale shade of mauve accordion-pleated crêpe cloth. The skirt was simply put in a band, I should imagine. The pleats were much smaller at the waist than hem—Sun-ray I believe this particular kind of pleating is called. The bodice of this had insertions of lace and a deep lace bertha, a lace yoke, and mittens of lace. The insertions were so placed that when the material was cut from under them it left diamonds of the accordion in. Of course the bodice pouched very much. Then there was a sash of mauve velvet ribbon passed through a wide enamelled buckle at the back and with long ends to the hem of the skirt. The hat was composed of lace quite transparent and wired out to shape, with a band of the same velvet round the edge of the brim, and a long trail of wisteria round it, which also drooped gracefully on the shoulder. A very graceful costume, but of course only fit for a sunny clime at this time of year.

* * *

I think this must do for this month. I wanted to tell you what our little ones must wear to be smart, but will leave this over for next month, when the styles will be more settled. It is too early yet to think of spring clothes for the chicks.





I asked the bird upon the
tree,
What made him sing right merrily
This winter day,
So cold and grey.
He shook the carol from his throat
In many a glad triumphant note:
"Could you be sad
If that you had
A Valentine?"

I asked the shepherd by the brook,
What gave him such a kingly look,
Spite meagre fare,
And cloak thread-bare.
"I am a king without a care;
Possessor of a treasure rare,
A subject loyal,
Companion royal,
A Valentine."

I asked the milkmaid at the farm,
What secret radiance filled with charm
And crowned with grace
A homely face.
With smiling lip and downcast eye,
With accent low she made reply:
"In grace I've grown
Because I own
A Valentine."

REBE MILLS.

A VALENTINE

The English Illustrated Magazine



CULMSTOCK CHURCH AND VILLAGE.

ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE'S EARLY HOME

By F. J. SNELL

Illustrated with pen and ink drawings by Fritz Althaus

IT was the Bishop of Marlborough, I think, who perpetrated the *mot* that it was the late Archbishop's singular misfortune to be born out of his native county. Dr. Temple's grandfather was a Devonshire clergyman and his mother a Cornish lady, so that it was clearly his duty to be born, not at Santa Maura in the Ionian Isles, as he actually was in November, 1821, but in some corner of the Delectable Duchy, or, better still, in Devon. Dr. Temple always regarded himself as being essentially a Devonshire man, and he retained to the last many tender recollections of the scenes amidst which his childhood and youth were passed. He was once asked whether he really believed that the water of the Culm was wetter than that of any other stream.

Dr. Temple was the son of Major Octavius Temple, at one time Lieut.-Governor of Sierra Leone. He owed, it is said, his banishment to that pestiferous region less on account of his administrative capacities than of his advanced

politics, which rendered him an object of aversion to his superiors. It is probable that the late Archbishop inherited his brusque manner, as well as his masterful temper and fine physique, from his father, who was a Waterloo man. Somewhat curiously, when the orphan boy went to Blundell's School he formed a lifelong friendship with a school-fellow (afterwards the Rev. Robert Lawson, Hon. Canon of Worcester) whose father was travelling with a tutor in Belgium at the time of the great battle, and was, in fact, within sound of the guns.

On Major Temple's arrival at Culmstock, a village on the extreme verge of the Blackdown Hills, he found there several other Waterloo veterans, including a man of his own regiment, who, after being in eighteen engagements, had at length settled down to the pacific occupation of shoemaking. The honest cobbler was full of reminiscences and would occasionally knock off work to regale the 'prentice boys with thrilling

accounts of his martial experiences— "hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach," &c. Amongst other things, he informed them that Major Temple was a martinet and the soldiers nicknamed him "Blueskin." This was the cognomen of one of Jack Sheppard's companions, as also of a nag belonging to General Washington, but its particular applicability to Major Temple is by no means self-evident. We can only dimly surmise. But if a "beast," the officer was, like his son, a "just beast." At all events, he took a humane interest in his poorer neighbours at Culmstock; and, in conjunction with Mr. Short, of Prescott, obtained an Act of Parliament which secured to them fifty acres of land for allotments.

Major Temple had been preceded to Culmstock by Dr. Ayshford, a retired army surgeon, and a Captain Williams; the former had been shot in the leg and the latter in the head. According to a Culmstock tradition Ayshford received his wound in the following manner. Just before the battle of Waterloo, when the French were "practising," the surgeon crept under a hedge to observe their manœuvres. Whilst in this position he was struck by a ball which crippled him for life, whence the saying arose, "Ayshford paid for peeping." Ayshford and Williams had been in the army together, and Williams owed his recovery to his friend. It may perhaps be mentioned in this connection that for many years after the memorable engagement a Waterloo Fair was held at the Wellington Monument, which stands on a hill not far from Culmstock and was erected in honour of the Iron Duke, who took his title from the neighbouring town of Wellington.

The late Archbishop thoroughly vindicated his Waterloo ancestry. Even as a boy he gave indications of that dogged determination and strength of character which never failed him through a long and strenuous life. The family lived at Axon, a small estate lying just off the main road between Culmstock

and Wellington, which the Major had purchased. One day young Frederick was sent by his father to the village of Culmstock to fetch a bag of nails. This proved to be so big and heavy that the shopkeeper could only just drag it across the floor and put it down at the boy's feet, saying—

"Carry it, if you can."

Gripping it with both hands and extending his legs so as to get a firm stand Temple found he could lift the bag and swing it slightly forward. In that way he got the bag home—a distance of two miles or more—over a rough road.

The house in which the late primate spent several years of his boyhood still exists. It is an old-fashioned, comfortable-looking homestead built of stone and standing in its own grounds—about fifty acres. It was Major Temple's intention to bring up his son as a farmer, and the boy learnt a good deal about farming operations and crops and land. Referring to this period of his life in later years he remarked, "I believe there is probably at this moment not another man in England who can thresh better than I could. Threshing is gone out of fashion. It is all done by machinery now and there are very few people who learn to thresh. I learned to plough, and I could plough as straight a furrow as any man in the parish."

It does not appear to be generally known, even in the parish itself, that in Culmstock Church there is a beautiful stained-glass window erected, it is believed, in memory of Major Temple. The window is situated at the east end of the nave, and one is bound to see it immediately on entering the church. Yet its history is practically unknown. It was placed there many years ago, but there is no inscription or tablet to indicate by whom or when. As far as the vicar (the Rev. T. S. Rundle) can ascertain, there is no entry in the church records on the subject, and the oldest inhabitants know nothing as to its erection. Hence it remains to the

ordinary visitor or churchgoer merely an ornament, its association with the late head of the English Church being undreamt of. Some years ago the window needed attention, and, in response to the vicar's appeal, the late Archbishop at once forwarded a sufficient sum to cover the cost of repair. He declined, however, to acquiesce in the vicar's desire that a tablet should be placed underneath, nor would he state by whom the window was erected.

Culmstock Church contains a pre-

moral improvement of his flock and held meetings for the promotion of this particular virtue. About that time the Bristol and Exeter section of what is now the Great Western Railway was being constructed, and a good many "navvies" were employed in excavating the White Ball Tunnel. They were a rough lot, and their incursions into the village did not tend to peace and sobriety.

The Culmstock folk themselves were not as a rule teetotalers. Besides a



CULMSTOCK BRIDGE.

Reformation cope in excellent preservation, and its fine stone screen is more famous than many of its kind, figuring as it does in Blackmore's charming romance "Perlycross." The late novelist's father was curate-in-charge of Culmstock 1838-1841, and during that time was doubtless brought much in contact with the Temple family. It is not at all unlikely that the future Archbishop's zeal for temperance was very largely inspired by this model parson, who laboured hard for the

weekly market, with its usual accompaniment of drinking, there were two fairs, one on the 21st of May and the other at Michaelmas. On such occasions the "Three Tuns" and the "Ilminster" were reinforced by five or six "bush" houses. "Good wine needs no bush," says the old proverb, but these amateurs were not of that opinion and sought to get all the custom they could by way of vegetation. A licence was obtained without difficulty, and the fronts of the houses decorated with



OLD MILL ON THE CULM.

branches of oak, one on each side of the door.

Seventy years ago, when Temple was residing in the place, a Culmstock man, Tom Musgrove by name, was hanged for sheep-stealing, being the last man to suffer that fate in the county of Devon. We stand aghast at the barbarity of our forefathers, but if ever such a penalty could be made to fit such a crime, Tom certainly deserved the rope. He was a notorious thief, whose depredations were the common talk of the village, and, to make matters worse, he did it all under the cloak of religion. Once a couple of ducks were missed, and whilst every cottage was being searched in the hope of regaining the stolen property, Tom, secure in his reputation for piety, stood complacently in his doorway, and the party passed on. Just inside were the ducks feeding out of his platter.

One night, at Millmoor, a huckster's shop kept by Betty Collins was feloniously entered and robbed. The next morning Tom, apprised of the event, ran off in his nightcap to condole with the poor woman in her misfortune, and succeeded so well that she invited him to share her matutinal repast. Returning home, Tom rubbed his hands with glee.

"There!" said he, "Her've a-gid the old rogue a good breakfast!"

As a professor of religion, Tom contracted a warm friendship with one Potter, a baker and an ardent Methodist. Neither friendship nor religion, however, prevented him from enriching himself at his neighbour's expense. Profiting by an opportunity when Potter was closely engaged at the chapel, Tom and his one-armed daughter broke into the bakehouse and carried off the bacon there, Miss Musgrove aiding herself with her teeth.

These breaches of morality appear to have been condoned, but at last Tom went a step too far. Down in the water meadows between Culmstock and Uffculme he seized a large ram, which he slew and brought home and buried in his garden. The crime was traced to his door, and professions of piety and protestations of innocence proved unavailing, for having been tried and convicted at the assizes, he was hanged at Exeter Gaol.

It is barely possible, I suppose, to write about Culmstock without referring to a sight which must often have struck Temple as a growing boy—namely, the yew that springs from the south side of

the old grey tower, only three or four feet from the top. According to a guide book published in 1858 none of the old people then living could give any account of it. The yew-tree had been there ever since they were children and that was all they could say about it. It was assumed, therefore, that the tree was at least a hundred years old. On this computation its present age must be nearly a hundred and fifty years. It is said to be going back. Once the branches were strong enough to support a man, and James Jones, now or till lately residing at Ottery St. Mary, actually performed the feat as a lad of sixteen. We must confess, however, that this tower-yew is in no respect unique; several other parishes can claim the same distinction. Culmstock churchyard, on the other hand, is, I venture to believe, in a certain sense peculiar, and even perhaps unique, for it has swallowed up not only successive generations of the inhabitants, but a goodly share of the village itself. This is the more regrettable as the portions absorbed are pre-

cisely those which, as being redolent of former times, one would like to have been preserved intact. The shambles, a covered enclosure for butchers attending the Friday market, has gone the way of all flesh, as has also the stockhouse, which was, rather inconsequently, an open space where the stocks were kept. Another loss is yet more lamentable. Towards the west stood an inn called the "Red Lion," which had a handsome porch. After a time the hostel either fell on evil days, or, having such a handsome porch, was deemed too good for the purpose of a mere inn. Anyhow, a Mr. Kelso arriving, with a wife and three daughters, speedily metamorphosed the place into a school and there the late Archbishop imbibed the first rudiments of learning.

In due course Temple outgrew Mr. Kelso's modest establishment and proceeded to Peter Blundell's far-famed foundation at Tiverton. As may be gleaned from "Lorna Doone," the school was then split up into hostile factions—day-boys *versus* boarders; and the day-



IN CULMSTOCK VILLAGE.

boys represented in no uncertain fashion the under-dog. It is hard to say exactly where Temple came in, as he was a weekly boarder, living with a private family and trudging to and from the paternal, or rather maternal, domicile. He was in that sense neither fish nor fowl, but, whatever he may have been, Temple held his own both physically and mentally in the old West Country school, so that in after years the retrospect was eminently pleasing to him. In those days public schools were veritable cock-pits, and the Culmstock lad did his share of fighting on the historic grass-plot known as the Ironing-box. On one occasion he had as his antagonist a boy who was to be landlord of the "White Horse," an ancient but not very imposing house passed by the Blundellians, militant and triumphant, in their annual processions to St. Peter's Church. Temple never felt the least qualms about these early exhibitions; indeed, he positively revelled in reciting his acts of prowess against older and bigger boys, though he allowed he met with occasional reverses.

When Temple was a boy the smuggling industry was carried on with spirit over the Blackdowns, and queer stories are told of fortunes made by "fair" trading. Of these we shall discreetly repeat not one syllable, but no harm can come from recording an octogenarian's confession that, as a youth, he took part in these illegal adventures which did not receive that measure of social reprobation which they doubtless merited. At a friend's house he slept over kegs of brandy, knowing them to be contraband, nor was he a mere sleeping partner. He remembers being sent with a keg to meet an individual who for appearance'

sake toiled in the local woollen factory, but out of business hours drove a lucrative trade with the farmers in the forbidden things. The horses, laden with foreign brandy, came up from Seaton. They had no halters and were guided, it is said, by the smell.

Talking of the factory, which is no longer an independent concern, there was formerly a "strong trade" at Culmstock in spinning and combing wool. Where thirty hands are now employed at the mill, four hundred were once busy at home. Soap also thrived. It was made on the right shoulder of the hill, and the manufacturer, Mr. Hellings, kept seventeen packhorses to transport it to Exeter. Culmstock soap was in great repute in the cathedral city, where it was a common remark that no one had a chance till Hellings was sold out.

These glories, like the great Archbishop himself, have departed and the Culmstock of to-day, an ancient place in process of renovation, is somewhat bare of interest. Still the old cottages and the old ways have not quite disappeared. Not long ago there might have been seen, tottering, a Culmstock veteran who had been used to ply the flail. The staccato of the "broken stick," however, had given place to the drone of the threshing machine, which was not so pleasant. All at once he paused. What was that? From the interior of a yeoman's barn came a familiar sound—bang! bang! bang-bang! It was the flail. The wrinkled old face beamed with delight, and Hodge exclaimed gleefully, "Blest if Culmstock be dead yet!" Which, by the way, demonstrates the truth of Blackmore's saying, "That there are very few noises which cannot find some ear to which they are congenial."

WHAT I SEE IN LONDON STREETS

By YOSHIO MARKINO

[The Editor believes that these pages and pictures, the record of impressions left upon the mind of a Japanese artist, will not fail to be of considerable interest to readers of this Magazine.]

I HAVE heard that no one has a real right to the name of Briton unless he is a born grumbler. Thus the Englishman, who finds himself compelled to thread the London pavements, day in and day out, feels that he has only done his duty when he decries the perennial dullness of its streets. No doubt there is justification. It does not need so long a journey as that to the "gay city" to find a town whose general air is less squalid, less dull, less generally disagreeable. I do not now speak of fine buildings, or of special selected thoroughfares. London has her share of both. Whatever some may say, Whitehall is, though unfinished, a not unworthy site for the official "hub" of the greatest empire which the world has ever seen; nor even in the heart of the City does it call for a very trained eye to discover plenty of buildings able to bear the burden of responsibility which must rest upon walls, the commercial honour of whose inmates is still the foundation of a world's credit.

I do not wish to seem a trespasser upon the British prerogative aforesaid, although it may be arguable that a Japanese, from the happier skies of his native land, will reasonably grumble at the aspect of London in winter. But I do not wish to do this, any more than I desire to pose as an unauthorised defender of the suitability of London buildings for the purposes which they must serve, or for the climate against which they have to contend. When,

therefore, I remind you that a staple material of Japanese house construction is paper, it is only by way of pointing the contrast which must oppress me in this mighty city, before I pass to the purpose with which my paper has been written. This purpose is to hazard an



A street refuge on a rainy day.

opinion that despite her dirt and her squalor, her fogs and grime; despite the proverbial seriousness of the English temperament; London streets are not

without their element of the picturesque and the humorous. These humours may partake of a certain discomfort, but was it not the first of the race of cynics who



The tricks of the waggish bicyclist.

discovered that the root of all humour is the discomfort of some one, while the single test by which you may know the possessor of the real article is his power of seeing the lighter side of his own little misfortunes. To take a common example, where is the Londoner who has not sought the protection of a street refuge on a wet day, only to find that this asylum is the natural and inevitable focus upon which the filthy splashings of every passing vehicle are concentrated? That one's best coat should be covered with great clots of viscous and ill-smelling mud is vexation enough, but when the deluge has mired hand and face, even the most long-suffering is apt to devote the entire race of drivers and vehicles to the bottom of the Red Sea, if to no more torrid place. But if in place of vain lamentation the

sufferer will observe the faces and behaviour of his companions in enforced adversity, he may, I venture to believe, find cause for at least one small smile. I

am also ungallant enough to suggest that the major fraction of that little smile will be given to any fair lady who may have fallen into the trap of refuge with himself. Upon the final utility of clothes, the views of man and woman are necessarily divergent to a degree. Nevertheless it may appear that the man in the picture—and he was drawn from life—is behaving, all circumstances considered, in a far saner manner than either of the womankind. Before the fatal mud bath he gathers his garment into the least possible compass, so that the brunt of invasion falls upon the skirts of his overcoat. Not so a woman! Whether on the principle of the ostrich, a pleasant bird who believes himself invisible so long as his head is covered, I dare not say, but a woman who is being splashed by a passing carriage will always make a point of exposing the greatest obtainable surface to desecration. She may elevate her chin, or twist her head to one side, but as surely as her name is woman, her skirts will be gathered in a bunch—always towards that quarter from which the splashing proceeds—and only when a fine surface of outer skirt with lining in proportion, with petticoat, stocking, and perchance a second fringe of petticoat, have been willingly offered up, does she seem really content. One were not man if he did not sympathise with the fair sufferer, but is he so hypercritical who asks if it be truly needful to enlarge the damage to such extent?

If it be annoying to find yourself splashed with mud while crossing a street, or invoking the fallacious protection of a refuge, what may one's feelings not be when the trouble is a wilfully inflicted injury and has no longer the excuse of accident? Thus

when a would-be-waggish young black-guard wantonly outrages the sorely tried purity of a pedestrian's attire, dark wrath is surely more than justified. Yet, especially if the injury be not to yourself, there are elements of the comic in this situation also. A properly constituted barbarian may be amused by the scandalous enjoyment with which a rascally bicyclist rides off after the perpetration of such a trick as that which I have drawn! As a suggestion, let him capture the offender, when a study of his face—while you lightly offer him the choice between instant execution and the tender mercies of the nearest constable—will not be without its reward. It has the further advantage of agreeably exciting the circulation upon a cold day. Lest, however, the excitement become too intense, a wise man will first make sure that any difference in stature is all in his own favour!

London life is never so monotonously dull, as in that hour which every man must sacrifice to the claims of his appetite. Even to the comparatively well-off, those who can change their place of refreshment when and as the humour leads them, a daily round of restaurant fares becomes weariness and vexation. But to the poorer majority, to whom the aproned young women of the A.B.C. or B.T.T. depôt affords the only obtainable ministrations, the range within which they may tickle their palates is limited indeed. A Japanese tea-

house . . . !—but every Englishman knows more than I may dare to imagine upon this point! Personally, at the moment I haunt an altogether different sort of place, and here one August day fortune sent me a startling interlude. A very stylish and pretty young woman



That hour which every man must sacrifice.

was engaged in animated conversation with a friend. Suddenly, to the joy of all beholders, she flashed round in her seat, and with face still flushed by the veritable storm of her mirth, she addressed her startled audience, "Pray pardon my merriment, gents!" Having thus satisfied her sense of decorum, the fair American resumed her discourse, but the look upon the faces of her hearers haunts my lighter consciousness still. That she had done anything at all out

of the common never, I am sure, entered her head.

Incidents of so indecorous a kind never occur in a shop of the B.T.T. or its like! Yet these places have their humours "for a' that." They do not need retailing, for they are patent to all who have eyes to see the foibles of their neighbours. There are flashy office boys who devour jam tartlets with the air of a duke, and there are poor workwomen, occupied with the pathetically obvious calculation as to the manner in which an opulent fourpence may yield the greatest possible sense of satiety. Nowhere in the world is the cynical remark, which I have before suggested, better justified than in a London eating-house—"In the pains of thy neighbour shalt thou find laughter!" And if it seems to you that my ideas are without justification, remember that wit is no more than a finer sort of humour, and that humour—as every one knows—is only the smiling side of tears!

But it is, after all, in Greater London,



Half the population striding along like a squad of generals.



The children perform miraculous "pas seculs."

north or south, or away beyond Liverpool Street station, that an observer may find colour in the life of the streets. There, if so much as a scratch drum and fife band do but pass, up starts half the population, boy and loafer, every one of them striding along like a squad of excited generals. But if you turn the scratch band into the routemarch of a popular regiment, the entire population of Mile End or the Harrow Road is out and away as one man. Is it, once more, cynical to wonder whether the following would be thus large were the passage of the troops a prelude to sterner things!

Though the band may hold it no flattery, a transition from brass to the humble hurdy-gurdy is natural. Yet the airs of either are most frequently identical, while if it is amusement of which you are in search, there is no doubt which commands the greater vogue. Down along Commercial Road or Whitechapel High Street the strains

of a barrel organ are a signal for a gathering of all the floating life of the lanes. Hereabouts a man who ordered the musician to "move on" would be apt to fare badly. For among these grimy courts and unwholesome alleys, the organ-grinder is the single spot of light in a weary day. Draggled, tired mothers gather, hand on hip, at the doors of their poor little tenements, the children perform miraculous "*pas seuls*" to the admiration of themselves and the beholder alike, while now and anon a couple of frowsy 'Arriets, hastening back to unlovely work in factory or warehouse, pause for a momentary whirl while they manfully grasp each other's stalwart waists. The idea may not commend itself to a West-ender, pampered with the lights and dreamy music of ball-room or theatre, but for whole-hearted joy commend me to these moments plucked from the drudgery, if no worse, of an East-end working day. And if your heart be in the right place, you, who have watched an interlude such as this, will return home no whit a worse man if only that you were moved to rejoice with them that did rejoice in the midst of an adversity which Heaven send that you never know! That you smiled at the sight detracts naught from the merit, for, yet again, "*l'esprit c'est le rire des larmes!*"

If ever inventive human nature gave



Y.M.



Some enterprising hunter of the copper has set up a coconut shy.

to the cockney his peculiar opportunity for an exhibition of lightheartedness, it is when some enterprising hunter of the spare copper has set up a coconut shy. Then, indeed, he is in his element, boy or girl, man or maid. Not that he will adventure too many pence in vain pursuit of the elusive nut, but advice! Here is his opening, and into this breach he never fails to enter. Fast and furious comes his counsel. He points out with ingenuous candour that one of the frames contains no less than three entire nuts, all to be the reward of a single shot—if only your aim be true. Should you wish

to choose an unerring deputy, he is ready to give an exhibition gratis, always provided that he incur no costs in the endeavour. Finally, why restore superfluous prizes to the capitalist owner of the shy? Are not a dozen children

should be of much use to its fortunate owner in a suspicious world.

I do not believe that any person can learn the extraordinary power of giving advice with which nature has gifted the cockney, unless he happens to have spent

a period in the Metropolitan or City police. After that, no one will be qualified to instruct him on this point, except those officers of the latter force to whose lot it fell to wear white helmets on certain sunless days at the close of this last summer. No sooner does it become apparent, or desirable, that a constable exercise his official powers, than a crowd springs up as if by magic. Every member of that crowd is prepared to give the unhappy "copper" enough advice to last an ordinary stipendiary magistrate for several months. If you know anything at all about the quantity of gratuitous counsel which these fortunate purveyors of the law and order of London are expected to provide daily, you will begin to understand the incredible nature of this statement. It is, however, less untrue than the majority of fiction.

Why it should be so is one of the inexplicable problems of the British character, but the moment that a police officer lays hands upon a malefactor, large or small, even though he have this moment picked your own pocket, it seems to be the duty of every self-respecting citizen to forthwith champion the victim of the law's brutality. "Pore thing!" is the mildest remark permissible, and the greater the crime of the culprit the greater will be the solicitude of the street to make excuse. Happy indeed is he who, being a policeman, is yet allowed to arrest the meanest evil-doer under no hotter



A crowd springs up as if by magic to champion the victim.

waiting at home to whom you may depute the inevitable indigestion? One nut, or a dozen, there is no doubt but that the kids will be equal to the task.

His sincerity is altogether overwhelming; nor will you misdoubt its disinterestedness, until long use has shown you its limits at the exact point where the last chance of personal gain ended. Truly a great gift this, and one which

fire than that of mere verbal comment.

I do not wish to be more platitudinous than need be, but the London policeman is the most wonderful product of civilisation which the world has yet afforded. He is only not humorous because so modest, and this in face of an autocracy of power to which the Mikado himself can oppose no parallel. In the streets he is the foreigner's eternal refuge, and next to him I must find that object of his fostering care—the harmless necessary 'bus. The 'bus may not seem a promising field for one who seeks the humorous. Nevertheless, and provided always that the observer have no bowels for the sufferings of a fellow-passenger, I adjudge the 'bus to be a fair field for contemplation. There is, of course, the clever young man who alters the new Spitting Notices of the Department of Public Health to — "Passengers are earnestly requested not to Sit! The practice is both dangerous and offensive. —Department of Public Wealth"—which is not the worst specimen of this low form of wit. The chief source of amusement lies, however, in the relations of one "fare" to his neighbour.

Witness the notorious occasion shown in my picture, doubtless with a spice of that exaggeration which is the only basis of real caricature. Observe the driver's peaceful enjoyment of the shag, whose virtues his footboard so blatantly lauds; the cigarette and cigar of the two nearer passengers. Then imagine to yourself the feelings of those into whose faces this cloud of mixed smoke is wafted back. Again, I have seen the end of an unquenched match fall upon the ear of an inoffensive old gentleman who chanced to be passing, at peace with all the world. The consequences were tremendous, so much so that had the accident been of malice prepense, which it certainly was not, they would have more than satisfied the wildest expectations of the rascally perpetrator of the "joke." Remember that I presume to offer no sort of excuse for the carelessness which can bring about such a result. None the less one wonders that such accidents do not more often occur, while a speculative mind may picture to itself that the runaway horses of which the daily paper sometimes has gruesome accounts may have been started by some such hidden agency.



The 'bus is a promising field for him who seeks the humorous.

CAPTAIN RINGENBACH

By F. NORREYS CONNELL

Author of "The Follies of Captain Daly," "How Soldiers Fight," "The Fool and His Way," &c.

"Victory is from God alone; and God is mighty and wise."—*Al Koran.*

CAPTAIN RINGENBACH was in a good humour. A cold January wind jostled his beard, but he smoked his pipe contentedly as he reflected on the pleasures of life. He was commander of the extreme picket thrown forward by the German force occupying the village of Bagneux towards the shell-battered fort at Montrouge, most southerly of those Parisian bastions whose mouths of fire had growled incessantly four melancholy months.

The foggy air was noisome with the fumes of sulphur, the snow on the ground moiled by the filth of war; yet Captain Ringenbach was contented with his lot, complaining not at all of discomfort. Why should he? Professional soldier to his heart's core, he was in his element. He had played his part in the tragedy from the very commencement.

The first Frenchman to break cover at Saarbrück had died by his command; he had been the last German to leave the town on the 2nd of August; he was with the troops that returned a few days later; he had swum the Meuse with a skirmishing line while the pontoons were still on the road; he had been borne down by the rush of Marguerite's horsemen at Rezonville, and seen his company blown away by the mitrailleuses at Gravelotte; then he marched south, and changed his shirt for the first time when the French had been driven out of Sceaux and the siege of Paris had commenced. Still grimy with blood and smoke, he had been presented by the Crown Prince with the Iron Cross on the afternoon of the third day's slaughter round Nogent.

And now the flame of war was flicker-

ing out, and the captain looked forward to the hard-earned reward of his services.

Not that he denied war to be its own reward. All his recollections of the campaign were pleasant: whether he thought of the thrill of combat, of the sweet repose after a hardly won struggle, or of these sweeter joys which take a sour air in report. Deeds of glory and of shame were alike to him, agreeable experiences.

But withal he was discreet, yes, very discreet, he flattered himself. And so he expected other reward than that which he had looted.

To-day as he sat by his camp table, watching the distant puffs of smoke, and checking the number of detonations with the aid of a handsome gold chronometer which had never come with him from Crefeld, he saw the sentry posted two hundred yards in front of him bring his rifle to the "present." The words of the challenge were carried him by the wind, but there was no alarm, it was merely a returning patrol.

As the party approached Ringenbach saw that the sergeant and his five men were accompanied by two peasants, a man and a woman. The former, a swarthy Meridional, walked with scowling face; his hands were tied behind him, a necessary precaution Ringenbach judged from his physique; the woman clinging to him, all hair and tears, was evidently his wife.

Ringenbach rested the hand which held his pipe on the table as the squad stopped in front of him.

"What have you there, Feld-webel?" he asked.

"French peasants found in a potato



The sergeant and his men were accompanied by the prisoner.

field, Herr Hauptman." Thus the sergeant.

Ringebach cleared his throat to render his French accent less guttural, then turned to the male prisoner and said—

"Tu es espion, n'est-ce pas?"

The man's answer was a monosyllable—it had been used by a more famous Frenchman on a more important occasion—it is unquotable. It irritated the captain, though he was too discreet to show it in his voice.

"Shoot them," he said to the ser-

geant simply, and chewed his pipe again.

"Both, Herr Hauptman?" asked his subordinate, with a questioning glance.

The words seemed to touch a fresh chord in the captain's inside; he shot his glance at the woman for the first time. She had pushed her hair aside; terror had dammed her tears. Her face was pretty, reflected the captain, and so was her figure. He even concluded so also were her feet.

He puffed at his pipe for a moment, then said—

"Shoot the man; you can let the woman go."

"Good, Herr Hauptman," answered the feld-webel, and was about to march the condemned away when the woman shrieked, and threw herself at the feet of Ringenbach.

"Non, non! Vous allez le tuer. Nous ne sommes point d'espions. Point d'espions, monsieur, point d'espions. Nous n'avons point passés vos lignes. Nous ne venions qu'aux pommes de terre. Pas tuer, monsieur, pas tuer."

Ringenbach felt her touch him. He put down his hand to push her away; it fell upon hers and found it soft. He left it there an instant. Pulling nervously at his pipe, he glanced at the sergeant from the corner of his eye.

"*Tu veux sauter ton mari?*" he murmured at last. "*Tu as quelque chose à me dire?*"

Dazedly the woman inclined her head. But the husband had also heard, and, struggling to free himself from his captors, cried—

"Mais non! jamais! j'aime mieux mourir. Viens mourir avec moi. Ce cochon là se trompe!"

The woman took no notice. "*Mais vile, monsieur,*" was all she said.

Ringenbach had made up his mind. It was indiscreet, but still — Rising from the chair with military stiffness, he said brusquely—

"This woman has information. Remove the man, but do not injure him. Presently you shall have my instructions. Go."

The sergeant, preserving a serious air in the presence of his superior, smiled grimly as he forced away his cursing prisoner.

Ringenbach meditatively beat the ashes from his pipe. Of old he was nervous with women, and the pretty French girl, whose looks had saved her from death, embarrassed as well as pleased him. He wished he spoke French better, and tried to think of a happy phrase.

"*Je l'aime,*" was the most romantic

sentence that occurred to him, so he said it.

It was scarcely apposite, and she pretended not to understand. Even in her terror she took advantage of her sex, and could not be other than coquette.

"*Comment, monsieur?*" she inquired innocently.

For answer he led her back to the house where were his quarters. A bomb had wrecked most of it; but one apartment, formerly the drawing-room, was uninjured, and in it the captain had made himself at home.

He had assembled there what furniture he wanted from the other rooms. A dirty camp blanket adorned the sofa; a handsome mahogany table had on it an empty champagne bottle, a stemless glass, and a Sèvres plate containing the remains of a rabbit. An open piano held on its music-stand the well-thumbed score of the *Elijah*, for Ringenbach, as well as professional warrior, was a musical amateur. Arms and belts and boots and provision tins encumbered the floor; there was a pot of mustard on the mantelshelf; and on the hearth were burning what might have been the remains of a *fric-Dieu*.

"*Voilà un officier prussien chez lui,*" exclaimed the German grandly. Then seizing her roughly in his arms he added, "*Es tu fière?*"

An hour later the guard conducted the Frenchman and his wife to a little distance from the German lines and set them free. They told the man he might go. He made no answer, good or bad; he seemed not to hear them. They saw him standing there still when they returned to camp, but they troubled no further about him, for the rumour was come that an armistice had been signed at Versailles.

Had they watched they would have seen a very hideous sight.

Were the tale of peace true or false, the fort of Montrouge yet bellowed war. In that direction the man took his way, with red face and hands. Before throw-

ing down the stone with which he had ended his married life, he had glanced back at the German lines, but the idea was too hopeless, and he turned sullenly away. He must wait for the next sortie, then he would deal with this Prussian devil.

He strode with long paces towards the outwork. The noise of war bore comfort to him; those shells which hurtled overhead carried his soul with them. The sun sank in dun clouds and

growl, and not Montrouge only. The cannon thunder near and far had lulled, had died away, no longer was.

The man stood petrified. The foul odour of decay was forgotten in the overpowering thought that his revenge had escaped him.

Paris had fallen. The war was over.

Desperately he flung himself upon his knees.

"*Mon Dieu! Je vous demande la revanche,*" he cried fiercely.



"*Mon Dieu! Je vous demande la revanche,*" he cried fiercely.

smoke, and he continued his way, guided by the roar of the cannon.

Passing through a deserted farmyard he drew a breath which sickened him: he smelt the unburied dead.

A week ago a German shell had squelched a French picket on the spot which he occupied.

He was scuttling horror-stricken from the place when he became conscious of an odd sensation in his ear. Certain vibrations to which he had been long accustomed had suddenly come to an end. . . . Then with an oath he realised the fort at Montrouge had ceased to

And he deemed his prayer answered, for his hands touched the festering body of a soldier; across the breast lay a chassepot. His fingers glided back the lock and felt the breach.

It was loaded.

Yes; the war was over. Montrouge had ceased fire because notice of the armistice had reached the commandant. By morning all the world knew it. At dawn Captain Ringenbach was visited by the officer in charge of the neighbouring outpost.

He had come to invite him to early coffee. Ringenbach, wakened from

dreams of snug staff appointments, throwing the blanket on the floor, rose from his couch. He pulled on his ammunition boots, and cracked a fresh bottle of champagne, which he and his friend drank between them, using the stemless glass by turns. Then they came out into the cold morning air.

"It is shorter to cut across the open, instead of following the line of sentries," said the friend. "And there is no danger now the war is over."

"No; there is no danger," agreed

Ringebach, even as a bullet struck him in the heart.

Startled by the report the other looked round. He saw Ringebach lying on his face. He turned him over; a little blood dribbled from his nose down his beard.

"Donnerwetter! but the chassepot is a capital weapon!" he exclaimed. He, too, was a professional soldier above all.

And his words were the epitaph of Captain Ringebach, the last man to meet his death in the Franco-German War.





CHIEF ABBEY HEART AND A SMALL BUT CHOICE SELECTION OF HIS WIVES.

SCENES IN NIGERIA

By GERTIE DE S. WEBSTER

ALTHOUGH the relatings of traveller, soldier, missionary, and trader may have robbed from West Central Africa much of the mystery surrounding its environments, barbaric customs, habits, and rites, still it appears that any fresh details concerning happenings on the other side of the equator are always welcomed by those who take an interest in men and things which have never been included in their personal experiences.

The British Niger Coast Protectorate, formerly called the "Oil Rivers Protectorate," extending from the boundaries of Lagos on the west to the German Cameroons on the east—excepting that portion of the coast from Brass River to Forcados, near the mouth of the Benin River, which has been allotted to the Royal Niger Company as their outlet to the sea—contains the trading stations Old Calabar, Opobo, New Calabar, and Bonny, where many of the accompanying photographs were taken.

Within that vast Nigerian area of at least 500,000 square miles, many dark and gruesome deeds are perpetrated, many barbaric and grotesque customs hold their infernal sway, notwithstanding the energetic efforts of the Royal Niger Company's officials, who are continually waging war with these inhuman practices.

In the heart of that far fever-haunted land where the glory and exuberance of Nature reign triumphant, the restraining influence of most elementary manifestations of *inherent* morality or virtue appear entirely absent. It is as if the deep, tangled undergrowths of jungle, the intricate heights of palm and mangrove, while jealously guarding the abiding powers of lust and bloodshed, also combine their efforts towards trying to exclude any permanently shining light of civilisation.

In common with most savage races it is their native religion which proves responsible for the crime and barbaric customs of the country.

Like the Fiji devotionist, who believes it incumbent upon him to put to death his sick and aged relatives, or the fanatical Chinese, whose belief demands the slaughter of all female babies, so the devout follower of the Ju-ju creed is gruesomely inhuman in satisfying the supposed demands of his supreme deity.

Fetishism, or Ju-juism as it is more generally called, provides practically the basis for every native superstition, cere-

matter—it is Ju-juism which primarily claims the attention.

The temples or Ju-ju houses vary in size and shape from small mud huts to elaborately decorated structures. The one shown in the illustration is situated at Kiofe, a small trading settlement near Benin; it is artistically painted and inlaid with a variety of symbolic signs. The "black" grudges no time or labour expended in the beautifying of his



JU-JU HOUSE OR TEMPLE AT KIOFE, NEAR BENIN.

mony, and law throughout the entire West African continent. All the vices of the black man, his few distorted virtues, his vows, his sacrificial rites and weird ideas concerning virtue and purity—all emanate from the conceived edicts of this omnipotent idolatrously-worshipped god, the Great Ju-Ju.

Therefore in dealing cursorily with West Africa—that is to say neither from anthropologic or ethnologic points of view, but merely for the purpose of *detailing* a little pictorially interesting

place of worship, and the most treasured lengths of printed cotton or gaudy handkerchiefs—purchased with many pounds worth of palm-oil or ivory from astute European traders—are cheerfully surrendered for the draping and ornamentation of the idol-laden altars. Ju-juism obtains practically throughout the entire region of the Niger Delta, though the forms of demonstration, sacrifice, and observation vary according to the rules laid down by the kings and priests of diverse tribes.

At Dahomey, extending northwards to a distance of about 120 miles of the Bight of Benin, there is a series of annual



IDOLS IN THE JU-JU HOUSE OF BENIN.

festivities called the "Customs" which take place about October, and often last for several weeks. During this saturnalia there is, besides feasting, drinking, shouting, dancing, tom-tom playing, and general displays of fanatical merry-making, an appalling amount of blood-shedding, torturous sacrifice of both human and animal life.

One part of the programme consists in the king demonstrating his personal greatness and power to invisible dwellers in the spirit-land; his method of evidencing this being carried out in the following manner:—

First of all, three men are chosen as victims who, after being dressed in

white cotton shirts and caps, are tied down in baskets together with an alligator, a cat, and a hawk and then taken on to a high sort of platform, where, to an accompaniment of triumphant yells from the onlookers and a din of tom-tom clashing, they are paraded up and down upon the heads of three Amazons. The king then makes a speech proclaiming the fact that these six emissaries from the human and animal world will travel to the land of spirits, for the purpose of testifying to the inhabitants of the mystic realms for departed souls, the greatness of his dominion over both man and beast.

The conclusion of the king's speech is the signal for the three baskets with their living freight to be hurled into the midst of the crowd, where they meet with the most appalling of unimagined deaths from the hands of a fanatically infuriated savage mob.

This hideous ceremony, notwithstanding many hopeful reports to the contrary, is also practised in Benin and several other districts; but at Yoruba, Ashanti, and Mandingen, where missionary and Government influence is more to the fore, it has been almost, if not entirely, abolished. It may be remembered that,



GROUP OF IDOLS IN THE KING OF BENIN'S JU-JU HOUSE.

next to Haussa and Mandingen, Yoruba is the most general medium for intercourse with West Africa, and the Bible

has been translated into that language, which, when employed conversationally, evidences a marked tendency towards monosyllabism, produced, as in the Indo-Chinese family, by a certain phonetic decay. The auditor of an animated verbal argument carried on between a concourse of Yoruba natives is curiously reminded of a series of unaccompanied Gregorian chants. There are many Christian stations at Yoruba.

Two other gruesome festivals, known as Great Adai and Little Adai, were

mockery of grim state. When he himself had in turn gone to join this royal court of bones, his wives evidenced their grief by some days of wailing and lamentation, after which they proceeded to establish a sort of civil war amongst themselves, at the conclusion of which their ranks were frequently lessened to half the numbers.

Among other and less drastic methods of mourning there is a custom very generally in vogue throughout Nigeria which compels the bereft wives and



CHIEF WILLIAM BROWN OF BONNY, HIS WIFE, DAUGHTER, AND A FAVOURITE SLAVE, WHO DONS A STRAW HAT IN HONOUR OF THE OCCASION.

in former days practically peculiar to Ashanti and the ordering of its king. These *fêtes* succeeded each other at intervals of eighteen and twenty-four days, and, during their celebration, human victims were often immolated to a monstrous extent. At Great Adai the king—who generally had as many as 3,300 wives, a quantity of them being merely relegated to the duties of guards or servants—visited in state the burial-ground and royal mausoleum at Bantama, where the skeletons of his predecessors, with their regal crumbling bones linked by *bands* of gold, sat in a mouldy

other female relatives to sit on the floor of the room in which the departed one breathed his last. They are not allowed to wash until the allotted time of grief-demonstration is over, which in some tribes extends to nearly three weeks; nor are they permitted to change their garments during this period. In addition to these temporary inconveniences the wives are constrained to shave their heads.

It is still believed by the chiefs of this country that the rank of departed relatives, when they reach their destination, will be decided by the number of attend-

ants who accompany them into the realms of Hereafter; the consequences of this credulity are, as may be imagined, pitiful in the extreme, particularly if the deceased be of high social standing.

The kingly despotism before mentioned reaches its maximum at Benin, where, among his 100,000 or more subjects, not one would venture to believe that their sovereign ever enacted such common-place performances as eating or sleeping. He is considered too unapproachable, too all-powerful for such earthly cravings as hunger or fatigue to assail his majesty. In one respect the Beninites are the most merciful of all West African blood-shedding fanatics, from the fact that they generally stupefy

their victims with narcotic drugs before offering them for the propitiation of some life-demanding heathen deity.

The sacrificial horrors of Benin were brought very forcibly to our notice when, on passing through the city, we were shown a pit of immense depth entirely filled with bleaching human bones—pallid trophies of all that it is most appalling to realise! The photograph

reproduced on this page was taken from the edge of the pit looking downwards.

While on the subject of Benin it will be interesting to touch upon pictures which depict some weird idols to be found in the King of Benin's Ju-ju house, one of which seems, but in some terribly grotesque fashion, to evidence a

piteously distorted groping after the truth. It strikes the observer—we make the suggestion with all due reverence—that some hint at an emblematical Trinity with Mother and Child is to be discovered in the arrangement of these gruesome images. Should there be any foundation for this theory, it may be attributable to the influence of old Portuguese relics that were left behind since 1485, when Benin was



THE CEMETERY OF BENIN, AN IMMENSE PIT FILLED WITH HUMAN BONES.

This photograph was taken from the edge of the pit looking down into it.

first discovered by the people of Portugal.

Calabar next presents itself to our notice. The soil here for 150 miles from the sea is purely alluvial, and much of the interior of the country remains still unexplored, while the inland boundary is vague. Vegetation and export products are very prolific in this division, and a flourishing trade is carried on in



BRITISH CONSULATE AT OPOFO.

ing a bean in half and each eating a portion. Occasionally *both* combatants have succumbed to the effects of their own weapons!

Among the terrors of Bonny there is the ceremony practised for appeasing the wrath of the river-god, which con-

bamboo, ebony, sugar, pepper, yams, plantains, Indian corn, etc., etc.

There are several separate tribes, such as the Ibani, Efik, Ekoi, Aqua, and Oköyöng, who are practically independent, all speaking different languages. The only bond—principally political—is the Egbo Secret Society. During former times, in consequence of being an additional source from which sprang the fanaticism, this society formed an inexpressible curse; but of late years it has, to an extent, served a good purpose in being the means of constitutional defence against the despotism of individual kings.

The Calabar-bean or *physostigma venenosum*, which is a leguminous plant somewhat similar to the scarlet-runner, forms a detail of superstitious interest. It constitutes the E-ser-e or "ordeal bean" of the negroes of Old Calabar, being administered to persons accused of witchcraft and crime. The condemned man eats the poisonous bean; if he dies from the effects of his dose he is deemed guilty, but if, on the other hand, he is fortunate enough to recover, the verdict of innocence is pronounced upon him. Two natives desirous of settling some knotty point of dispute will frequently *fight a duel* by means of break-

sists, or used to consist—some very recent travellers report the custom to be



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO FELL IN THE BENIN MASSACRE.

now abolished—in the sacrifice of a light-coloured copper girl, whose blood was required to mix with the river-waves, thus making a huge crimson stain on the muddy water flowing up to the banks, on which was situated the temple of the river-god. Optimistically presuming that the report is correct regarding this cessation of human offerings, we are unhappily certain that the practice, with a live fowl as victim, still obtains.

Before entirely dismissing the black side of West African, Nigerian, and Ju-ju practices, for the lighter and less saddening views of existent details, it is mournfully interesting to note the calamities attaching to the fate of any women who have been unfortunate enough to bring twins into the world. The worst curse which it is possible to hurl consists of the upraising of two fingers from the clenched fist in the form of a V, which means, "May you be the

mother of twins." This is indeed a terrible anathema, because it is almost a general rule throughout Nigeria that a mother of twins must be slaughtered, and also her children with her. In some districts, however, the woman is allowed to live, but banishment into the forest, where she must spend the rest of her days without any supplies of food or drink, and exposed to the vagaries of climatic changes, is a not less tragic fate than death itself.

In all towns and villages there is always some old hag-like slave woman whose sole occupation is to kill the newly-born twin children, which she does by taking the poor little ebony infants by the feet and by the back of the neck and breaking the *vertebrae* across her knees. The bodies are then thrown into the thickest part of the jungle to be devoured by wild beasts.

Having dealt largely with the abuses



A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY HELD AT BONNY TO AVERT THE ANGER OF THE RIVER GOD. FORMERLY A GIRL WAS SACRIFICED, BUT A FOWL IS NOW SUBSTITUTED.

of Ju-juism, it will be consoling to make a few reflections regarding its uses, which, as many a traveller and trader could testify, are numerous.

The Ju-ju frequently acts the part of an intangible detective. Supposing that some trader's store were broken into and robbed during the night, and when the fever-weakened white man presented himself in the morning at his place of business he should find many of his

burst and be scattered to the far ends of the earth! After the circulation of such a threat or prophecy, it would be surprising to note the inconceivably short space of time that would elapse before the defrauded trader would once more be possessed of his lost property.

It is good for the black savage to have some intangible rod of terror which holds more alarming possibilities for



KING TOFA AND HIS COURT, PORTO NOVO.

bales of cloth, sacks of beads, or rolls of gaudy silk a minus quantity, the police would, possibly, be not so effectual in finding the culprit as a Ju-ju priest, who would send round a notice to the effect that, if the stolen goods were not immediately restored, his Ju-ju would cause the marauders to become inflated with many gallons of putrid seawater, which would result in their skins becoming more and more discoloured and distended till finally they should

him than even the white man's cow-hide whip or Mauser gun!

Many of the Ju-ju priests are particularly intelligent men. They will, with the greatest courtesy, explain the theories and practises of their religion if any mutual linguistic accomplishments render such a course possible.

Among the various marriage customs one in vogue at Jackri is particularly primitive and original.

The happy bridegroom and his in-

tending brides—the same ceremony is frequently utilised for the binding of one husband to several wives—meet in some open spot accompanied by the various relatives of both parties. After a due amount of vocal, instrumental, and

are legally man and wives, their vows being supposed to have been bound up in the ball of wool!

It is very customary for a chief to reward a slave who has rendered him any special service by the gift of his



CHIEF LULU BRAID IN FULL DRESS.

gastronomic demonstrations they repair to the spot selected for the necessary formalities, where is discovered a slave holding a skein of wool.

The brides then become seated, the bridegroom remaining standing, while the skein of wool is slowly unwound, at the conclusion of which ceremony they

daughter's hand in marriage, irrespective of the fact as to whether the present may be a desirable one to the recipient. One of the illustrations shows Chief William Brown of Bonny, with his wife, daughter, and valued slave, who, it will be noticed, is wearing a straw hat in honour of the occasion; while the bride,

upon whose shining shoulder his hand affectionately rests, is unusually extensive in her decorations.

Chief Lulu Braid, in "church-parade costume," evidences in his raiment the excellent bargaining qualities of the European trader settled in West Africa. The material of which this stylish suit is made was worth something under sixpence a yard, not more than 10 yards at the outside being required to clothe the duskiess of his stalwart frame. Poor

Lulu Braid paid for this garment to the extent of £20 worth of palm-oil! However, contentment beams upon his ebon face; and, after all, the white man's gain was not exactly the black man's loss. Perhaps the smoking-cap was thrown in with the bargain!

Another photograph represents King Tofa's Court at Porto Novo, the members of which delightedly fell in with the plan of symmetrical grouping for photographic purposes.



VAGABUNDUS

By FLORENCE HAYLLAR

M OONLESS night upon the wold,
Breath of north wind bitter cold,
Smell of sheep in sheltering fold,
When the summer flowers are dead.
Tangled hedgerow-grasses dry—
Empty nests in tree-tops high—
Darkling lanes where none goes by—
For the summer hours are sped.

Strike thy tent and farther roam,
Winter's sorrow, summer's heat—
All is good thy wanderings meet—
All the wide world is thy home.

Dear the moonless night shali be,
And the silence dear to thee,
Where the frostbound empty lea
Dreams of haunting summers fled!
Dear the paths by men forsaken,
Dear the forest tempest-shaken,
Dear the withered heath and bracken,
Withered, for the summer's dead!

Strike thy tent and farther roam!
Winters drear and summers sweet—
All is good thy wanderings meet—
All the wide world is thy home.

THE ISLANDS OF THE CONQUERORS

By VIRGINIA BLANCHARD

WHEN William of Normandy came over with his barons and annexed the island of the Anglo-Saxons, his forefathers had previously acquired certain other islands now belonging to England which had been a part of the mainland of Normandy before the hungry sea gnawed off the marshes that connected them with the coast of France.

In the light of this fact—which we are apt to forget in view of later events in history—when the people of those islands naïvely remind us that they were never conquered but were themselves the conquerors, the statement, which is likely to strike us as humorous at first, becomes simply picturesque.

It is an odd fact that through nine hundred years of passionate loyalty to the Crown, these people have kept the memory of Old Normandy a living flame, and to-day their life is a startling paradox of Norman sentiment and British patriotism.

The early inhabitants — before the Normans—it is said, were Britons, but there is little authentic history of those far-off days. Except for the Druidical stones and the ruins which are supposed to be Cæsar's forts, historical monuments date from the ninth and tenth centuries. Of these there are many, considering the small area they occupy. From the days when the Druids worshipped and sacrificed with mystic rites in their symbolical temples on the hill-tops of Samares, through the succeeding ages of Roman warriors, Norman barons, and English governors, to the present prosaic age of the electric tram and railway, history has left its seal, and often upon scenes of wonderful natural beauty. To these interests are added glorious days of golden sunshine, blue waters, and an

atmosphere laden with the scent of flowers.

On every side one meets with that mixture of French and English customs which gives the peculiarly piquante flavour to existence in the Channel Islands. In Guernsey one receives francs and sous in exchange for sovereigns, as well as the Guernsey *Double* (which is the equivalent of a penny), and one hears as much French spoken as English. In all the islands (in the Courts of British dominions!) cases are tried by the old Norman law, while the proceedings are conducted in French. Recently English or French has been optional, and the business of the Courts proceeds quite smoothly in first one and then the other language. The ancient law which deals with trespass on or against property is called the *Clameur de Haro*, and is said to be an appeal to the justice of Ro, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy. The aggrieved goes before the Court, and on his knee cries out, "*Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort!*"

The Castle of Mont Orgueil, in Jersey, is the very concentration of the romance of this romantic island. Situated upon a rocky promontory, rising three hundred feet above the sea, it looms dark, solemn, impressive, and picturesque above all the surrounding villages and beautiful bays. There is an ivy-covered bell-tower of the fourteenth century; the ruins of what is called Cæsar's Fort, which at any rate is of much earlier date than the Castle which was begun in the eleventh century; and one of the most interesting bits of ruin is that of a tower formed of natural rock and masonry which belongs to the sixteenth century.

The Castle is in ruins now, and the

public may wander at will among its crumbling walls and ramparts. An obliging warder will show its dim, dreadful cells, its dark, rock-hewn chambers and crypt, and its black, bottomless-looking well. It was in these cells that unfortunate prisoners ate their hearts out with grief (though history records of at least one that he spent the time "in perpetrating tiresome verses"), while they prayed for an opportunity to escape; it was from this beam near one of the fine old Norman arches that they were hanged, and I do not know if they were honoured with burial in that silent crypt, or if they found their last resting-place in the friendly deep below. High above are great chambers, which were rude but stately dwelling-rooms for the Royal governors.

It was to Mont Orgueil Castle that the "Philip D'Avranches" of Sir Gilbert Parker's romance, "The Battle of the Strong," brought the unhappy Countess, and it was here that the real Philip—the Philip D'Auvergne of history—dwelt when he was governor.

Despite the historical interest of Elizabeth Castle, which is built on an island of rock in the harbour of St. Helier, it is picturesque only at night with the August moon edging its walls and towers with a rim of silver light, and the tide high in the foreground. In the searching glare of daylight it is marred by the hideous modern barracks with which, for utilitarian purposes, the Government has spoiled this old, historic castle. St. Helier, the town, owes its name to the monastery which once occupied the site of Elizabeth Castle.

To walk in the lovely valleys of Jersey is to spend a quiet time in dim, sweet shade, broken now and then by a wide horizon of sparkling blue. These bright pictures of the sea come upon one suddenly between the steep descending lines of rugged gorges, as one emerges from the grey solitude of a lane. Turning inland from St. Aubin and St. Brelade's, the old Norman church, the

sea is left behind, while grey stone cottages, with thatched roofs and brilliant patches of geraniums in the windows and gardens, humanise the valley scenery. Those famous soft-eyed cows are tethered in their pastures, and gaze lovingly into the eye of the kodak at a successful shot. One of the most incongruous and laughable sights I ever saw—one late evening when the valleys were particularly lovely—was the spectacle of five beautiful "Jerseys," as they were being milked, gazing with gentle curiosity into five kodaks operated by as many excited tourists, while bringing up the rear was a flying procession of envious "artists" who were also trying to get in a shot.

Leaving the peaceful inhabitants of these valley pastures to ruminate on the vanity of human ambition—for I am sure they are fatalists, those Jersey cows!—we come again to the sea on the other side. Here the great black cliffs brace themselves against the assailing ocean and rise strong and fierce and cruel in wild, irregular outline against the sky. Above they give no hint of the awful cavities in their Titan sides where, since time immemorial, the sea has preyed each day.

A foreign note is sometimes added to the already foreign air of Jersey by the presence of the Breton peasant in the national costume, but the Jerseyaise wears no head-dress, except the old ones, who frame their gentle, wrinkled faces in a black, tight-fitting cap, with a full ruche of worsted all around. Often these old women—and there are many of them, for people seem to attain a great age in the islands—are fine and interesting types. The old soul who sat for the accompanying sketch—after her vanity had yielded to persuasion—I think had not been so flattered with feminine pride for thirty or more years!

The docks and wharves and marine terraces are filled with fine, strong types, old and young men, but Peter was my favourite.

Peter is a tyrant by the side of whom



A TYPICAL JERSEY DAME

Nero might have paled with imperial envy. His dominions are small, but within their restricted area he is absolute. He sits all day in the sunshine of the ladies' bathing pavilion, his white, nautical cap pulled over his old sea-face, while he puffs at his pipe, issues his commands and indulges in retrospection which covers seventy years.

When the sea-nymphs arrive during bathing hours, he goes down and takes his place in the skiff, and waits calmly for the accident he is there to avert. When a venturesome nymph gets beyond her depth, and there is the inevitable struggle, accompanied by gasps and

sputters and a chorus of shrieks from her companions, Peter hauls the lovely damsel out by the hair of her head, and delivers a short but effective address on the superlative foolishness of the graceful sex. Immune to brine, tears do not move him. There is that in his face which tells you he has long ago come to definite and unalterable opinions regarding Woman, and if you are a woman, vanity withholds you from curiosity as to his particular opinions.

Though Jersey has its Mont Orgueil, its Plemont caves and lovely valleys, Guernsey has its St. Peter Port. It is built on the side of a cliff, and rises tier

upon tier of tall, narrow houses, high above the docks which circle the harbour. Certainly for quaintness and natural beauty, and the charm that a foreign air lends to anything, St. Peter Port leaves St. Helier leaning heavily upon her props of historical association, convenience, and accessibility.

The little old narrow streets of St.

Here and there, at the turnings in these masked thoroughfares, is an old-fashioned bracket lamp which lights the evening pedestrian on his way to another turning or up another flight of tortuous stairs.

It is all so mysterious; you might meet anything—man or beast or gnome—without surprise. You even suspect that the man in conventional flannels



PETER, THE TYRANT OF THE JERSEY SANDS.

Peter Port, which wind up and down and in and out between its terraced dwellings by means of long flights of stone steps, have more the appearance of subterranean passages than of ordinary streets, for on either side of these narrow stone lanes rise high walls of stone with only an occasional arched doorway.

coming the other way is Sinbad home from a voyage, and that his pockets are filled with precious stones brought up from the caverns of the deep. If your particular little street leads to that stone balcony which looks over the harbour, Castle Cornet and the distant islands of Herm and Jethon and Sark, and the

lights are lighted on the long piers of the harbour, the enchantment will be complete.

Nothing, I think, will ever spoil the charm of the people of Guernsey. For even in the market—that fine old building filled with brilliant stalls of fruits and flowers, as well as the more prosaic requirements of living—and on the docks, where one would naturally look for the least refinement, they have a gentleness and courtesy and pride which one rarely finds in the same class elsewhere.

It was in the market that we found the little old man in the black stock who, after much persuasion, consented to sit for us. It takes untiring patience and much diplomacy to overcome the suspicion with which the people of the islands regard the noble art of portraiture. At the appointed time this little old man arrived, escorted by his wife and his wife's sister; they delivered him up with much trepidation, and many urgent appeals for his prompt and safe return. They spoke a patois which was neither French nor English, but an illegitimate offspring of both. At the end of the hour the old man offered to stay longer; we were surprised at his courage, and fearing the consequence of this revolt from feminine authority, we sent him back to his *femme* for proper permission. He returned, chuckling triumphantly, and with a gleam of

recklessness in his eye explained in his thin, cracked patois that "the old women" had gone home from the market, and he would stay as long as he chose.

With Mr. Beggs our efforts met with humiliating defeat. We pursued him for days with all the persuasion of money and flattery, but he was a man without price. He was an old sea-dog who hung about Albert Pier looking out for odd jobs, seeing that his time for active service at sea was long passed. But though he was glad of a few shillings for hard labour on the docks, he refused the most extravagant offers for a sitting.

"Naw," he would say, "'tain't no use, I'm too old for *that*—now, when I was a



FROM THE MARKET PLACE IN ST. PETER PORT.



A TOILER OF THE SEA—SARK.

young man"—we did not tell him we should probably not have found him so interesting then. When threatened with a camera he took shelter in a neighbouring rock, his blue sea eyes twinkling under his long, white hair.

"All right," I threatened, "if you will not let me have your picture I shall write about you;" and my regret is that I fear Mr. Beggs does not include the Public Library in his days, and he will never know of my revenge.

If more people go to Jersey than to Guernsey, I believe it is because of the ruggedness and inaccessibility of the smaller island. To ride or drive jeopardises one's chance for heaven—for it is a callous soul that is indifferent to his beast—and to walk certainly puts a strain upon that abused organ which

nature has made the seat of life and popular prejudice—the centre of so many other things.

There are only two solutions to the difficulty: one is the donkey, and the other is a more modern and less picturesque invention—a system of elevators and trams.

While the inland scenery of Guernsey has been marred by the greenhouses—those glass vineyards which display within a canopy of rich purple in a vista as far as the eye can see—the south coast, which is wild and beautiful, is still unspoiled. There is Saint's Bay, where one might remain a not unwilling prisoner for life among the purple cliffs and golden solitude.

About six miles "sou'-east" from Guernsey, like an amethyst on the bosom of the sea, lies the island of Sark. From this distance it is a beautiful and alluring enchantress of the seas. But these feminine characteristics are an illusion borrowed from the misty atmosphere, for in reality there is something so grim and terrible, so fierce and sinister in the aspect of Sark, that the beholder is filled with awe as he steers into that strange, wild harbour. This little shallow haven is hugged close to its mighty sides, the green waters remarkably transparent, the magnificent walls of granite rising perpendicular to a height of several hundred feet above. There is always danger and uncertainty attending the landing, and in bad weather even the boldest seamen do not attempt to put in there where those terrible currents meet in the narrow passages of the channel to wrestle and grapple like giants.

Sark has many sides, and like all stern things it has its gentle moods. Having once scaled its black heights we find a tableland of gentle hills and quiet valleys, pastures golden with the furze-blossom, peaceful lanes, and picturesque cottages of grey stone and thatch. The ocean lashing the defending cliffs below makes only a far-off moan.

Sark is an enchanted island, an

Arabian Nights' abode of fairies and hobgoblins and wild sea-things. It is old and isolated and self-reliant. Its little hamlets of grey stone cottages are habited by fisher-folk as strong and rough and independent as the sea itself. The Seigneur is the governor with feudal privileges, and the laws date back before Hastings to the old, old Norman days of Rollo.

To the inaccessibility, the malevolence of its seas, and the restricted area of this little island is due that splendid isolation and freedom from the invading hordes which the few fortunate summer residents enjoy. It is true that the little steamers which ply between Sark and

the other islands of the Channel in fair weather, bring swarms of tourists, but the accommodations are so limited that it is necessary to secure quarters at the hotels sometimes six months or a year in advance. Therefore it is impossible for the day excursionist to linger in the lovely vales, on the wild cliffs, or in the hideous caves, beyond the warning whistle of the steamers. The resident who possesses that rare and coveted privilege—a bed—smiles in selfish satisfaction as the little boat with its burden of insatiable kodakers slips out from under those awesome cliffs and grows ever smaller as it heads towards the setting sun.



TO KITTY

By ANGELA HOPE

IT'S the plague o' me life ye are, Kitty, dear Kitty,
 For whin I would call ye me beautiful shtar,
 "An' am I a shtar?" it's yer quick tongue that answers,
 "Why it's miles thin above ye, och iver so far!"

It's the light o' me life ye are, Kitty, dear Kitty,
 Whin I look on the ocean an' call ye me pearl.
 Sez you, "Is it wather that's taken yer likin'?"
 Ye'll git plenty nate, fishin' there for a girl."

It's the love o' me life ye are, Kitty, dear Kitty,
 An' still whin I call ye me treasure of gould,
 "Is it gould that I am?" sez you, "shure that wants gittin'
 An' care in the kapin' as well, so I'm tould."

It's me Queen that ye've always been, Kitty, dear Kitty,
 An' slapin', an' wakin', me thoughts are wid you,
 So now thin for better or worse will ye take me?
 Is yer tongue for once silent? Yer lips, dear, will do!

HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH

By YSTRIDD

"E schasté bielo tak vozmojino!
Tak blisko . . ."—POUCHKINE
(*Eugene Oonéguine*).

"And happiness was so possible,
So near! . . ."

CHAPTER V

Alice could not sleep that night. Every time she closed her eyes the thought of Dmitri thrilled her into wakefulness. The small room stifled her. Putting on her dressing-gown and throwing a shawl over her head and shoulders, she passed through the bars of her window into the garden. The watch-dog sprang up with a bark as she approached, and fawned upon her as she called him by his name. She went as far as the barrier of wild flowers and glanced across the vineyards to his home. A light shone among the foliage like a low, swinging, crimson star. She smiled. He was wakeful also and thinking of her. Slowly she approached a group of chestnuts where the hammock was hung and balancing herself in it half dreamed, half thought of the change that had come into her life.

"You do not understand love!" André had flung into those words all the scorn of his little nature. She was glad that he had spoken truly. Five years ago she had not understood. Her heart, her very life had been veiled. She had had intuitions, vague dreams, and then the chill fear that life held nothing wonderful in store after all—that the succeeding years would be as the years that had been except that she would grow older. "When I am grown up!" As a child the words had evoked confused visions of wonder and mystery. When she had finished her education she had been retained in the same school as teacher for the lowest class. Teacher

and nursemaid in reality, for she looked after the little ones' toilettes and wardrobes, took them for walks, and amused them out of school hours. Her only relations were two maiden aunts who lived on a scanty annuity, and an uncle who had left England for the colonies years ago. She was "grown up," and the wonder had resolved itself into drudgery. All the ardour of her eighteen years revolted against the monotony of her life. She joined a foreign agency and so obtained a place in Russia. Her schoolmistress threw up her hands in vain horror when she heard of the girl's intention. But Alice was not to be turned from her purpose. Anything would be better than her present life.

In Odessa she had been forced to regard realities. She had known struggle and insult, disillusion, despair, fatigue, loneliness inexpressible, almost loss of hope. Those years had ripened her heart and character without destroying her inextinguishable freshness of mind and soul, the freshness of a spring which is for ever pure at the source no matter over what ground it flows.

Now the loneliness of life's struggle was over. Whatever the future held of sad or difficult would not be faced alone. The thought was overwhelming for this solitary girl. Dmitri was rich. She had heard so from many quarters. She had no more longing after an ostentatious life than he had, but it was pleasant to think that she would be lifted above sordid cares, and able to help others.

"I will order all the best English

magazines and the newest books," she thought, recalling the months she had passed without English news. Odessa possesses a public library which subscribes to a few English papers, but she had not always lived there.

"I will try to make friends with some of the poor girls who leave their own country, and so often struggle alone as I did in Odessa. I know how many of them end. Perhaps I can save some."

Her eyes closed and she slept to dream of Dmitri.

The next day a fierce, short thunderstorm rendered it impossible to go to the tennis club. All the evening Alice expected a letter from Dmitri, and tried not to feel hurt by his silence.

She was a late arrival on the court the following evening. Vera Goraieva had driven into town on a shopping expedition and had detained her at the draper's, asking her advice about muslins and silks till the girl's patience almost gave way openly.

A set was in full swing as she appeared at last. The two Yordokeskas sat side by side on the bench like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, enlarged and *en beau*. Dmitri was playing with the Zwandenkeva—who had the sense to let him return all the balls—against the thin notary and the stout colonel. A tall, golden-haired student leant against the barrier.

"Goot-efenin'-ow-dyou-do-mees?" chorused the Yordokeskas, rising.

"Is that supposed to be English?" Alice asked, laughing, in Russian.

"I spik wery goot ze Inglesh," protested Meesha. "You spik bad, I you no yunderstan."

The set was finished and Dmitri approached Alice. "Good evening, Alice Lievovna," he said.

Their eyes met, and hers darkened as she saw again the sombre expression of his face. What was the matter with him?

"Victor," he said, turning to the student, "let me introduce you to Miss Conway."

"Sokolovski," said the young man, after the Russian manner, lifting his eagle-badged cap.

"He is not an Enjolras," she thought, "or, at least, he doesn't look it. Such a gentle-faced boy!"

Tall, slender, golden-haired, his regular featured face fair as a girl's, his blue eyes candid and clear, his beautifully curved upper lip just touched with a golden down, he looked so very young, so frank and so gentle that it was impossible to imagine that he possessed the ferocious idealism of "the cherub of Ezekiel."

"You will play now, mademoiselle—with me?" His voice was very soft, too. Alice smiled. The idea she had received of him from Dmitri's words vanished at sight of this slender student who was so evidently interested in the set about to be commenced.

"You are going?" Dmitri asked her, when, after a couple of sets, she put aside her racquet and arranged her veil. "Let us go," he added in a low voice. "I have something to say to you." She assented.

"*Au revoir, Vitia,*" Dmitri said as he passed his friend. "I shall be home before you, most likely."

Sokolovski caught him by the arm and a low-toned colloquy ensued. Alice saw the smouldering fire in Dmitri's eyes leap into wild life for a second; the next he had freed himself from the other's touch and was at her side. It had all passed so quickly that she felt inclined to mock at the idea that had seized her of that brief moment's significance.

They left the court in silence, but when in the street Dmitri began to speak slowly and sternly as if he forced the unwilling words.

"I must ask you for my liberty for a time—an indefinite time."

Alice walked on silently in a darkened and reeling world, forcing back a scream that had risen to her lips as if drawn by physical pain.

"I cannot explain why," went on the inexorable voice. "Think of me, if you

will, all the evil my conduct may suggest to you. But for a time I *must* be free."

His voice was imperious now, imperiously dominating his wild regret. She stopped in the almost deserted street and looked at him. "Alice!" All the revolt he had crushed down rose in that cry.

"How you hurt me!" she said in a low voice, vibrating with pain. "Oh, how you hurt me! Hush! don't speak

They passed through the gates and seated themselves on a bench beneath a low-branched tree; the band in a distant alley was playing "Carmen."

Alice leant back in the seat and looked at Dmitri. He did not meet her gaze; his eyes were obstinately fixed upon the ground. He had struggled, revolted and decided during the past two days, and he swore to himself that his decision should not be shaken.



Alice saw the smouldering fire in Dmitri's eyes leap into wild life.

again yet, I can't bear it—here in the street."

They walked on again. Her pallor frightened him, yet she held herself erect, the small head flung back as if in pride. She was conscious of nothing but pain, whether physical or mental she could not tell, but a pain that tore fiercely at her heart and throbbed against her temples.

"I am a brute to tell you so abruptly, here in the street," said Dmitri. "Let us go into the gardens—you can sit down there."

She did not speak, but he felt her eyes on his face drawing, drawing his. He closed his lids. "I must be free," he repeated harshly. "The other night I had no right to speak to you as I did. Forgive me."

"And the reason? Surely I have a right to know the reason!" The words were hardly breathed.

"I can give you no reason."

"You do not love me," she murmured.

He looked at her then. "Alice, can you be strong enough to trust me unquestionably? I love you. The

words are said and nothing can alter their truth. I love you, but I must, I *must* leave you."

"For ever?"

He winced. "Oh, no—no. I could not bear that! I am not heroic enough to give you up for ever! I must go away in a day or two, but I swear to you that, if I live, I will return to you."

"And this sudden obstacle? But you were free the other day!"

"I was not. But I did not know I was so irrevocably bound; and I forgot everything there, by the bridge—everything but you. And then, that very evening all was changed for me. Alice, my conduct must seem inexcusable to you."

"I love you!" was her answer.

"You will trust me in spite of my silence? You will let me go from you without an explanation?"

"For how long must we part?"

"In a year, at the latest, I shall return here if I am alive and free. If I am not free I will do all in my power to let you know where I am. Silence, dear, silence will mean that I am dead without being able to send you a word."

They looked at each other. In his eyes she read such depth of purpose, such courage and such appeal that her own shone.

"You love me," she said softly. "What is this danger you are going to face? Can I not share it? Take me with you, Mitia!"

He shook his head. "Dear! It is impossible. Don't think it is so great; I shall come back safe and sound."

Words said to keep the extent of the risk from her knowledge—how empty they sounded to him!

"If you go it is because you must," she mused aloud. "Take care of yourself, Mitia, think of me. Death and silence! Dmitri, it would be too horrible! Must you go, dear?"

"I must. But don't be afraid. I mentioned the danger to prepare you in case something happened to me, but it is not likely, darling."

"A whole year!"

"And after to be together all our lives. A year will soon pass," said Dmitri, boyishly. "We shall meet again—we *must* meet again. If you change your address send me word to my Datcha, and give me now an address where I can always be sure of finding you."

She thought a moment. "Write to me at the Sergayieffs'," she said. "They are always here, and if I leave the town I shall correspond with Soynia."

Dmitri felt his resolution wavering. Who could tell if they would ever meet again? His "*we must*" was the expression of a lurking fear. His veins throbbed to the memory of their one kiss. All his strong, young nature rose again in protest against this yielding of the right to love. He looked at the childishly outlined face, gleaming through the dusk like a luminous, white flower. How small, slight, how *veiled* she was to all but him! Silence and shadow enveloped them, but he knew that she felt his uncertainty—an uncertainty which could not last. He sat as if expectant. What was he waiting for? What was there to say but "Goodbye?"

A group of young men passed them, touching their caps as they went by. One of them left the others and approached the bench.

"Oh, you are here!" he said to Dmitri. "We can see Mademoiselle home together."

Dmitri rose slowly to his feet. This, then, was the end of his expectancy.

They walked across the fields, all three together: Dmitri obstinately silent, Sokolovski and Alice making from time to time the most commonplace remark. Once again Dmitri clasped her hand across the trampled meadow-sweet. "Will you play tennis to-morrow?" his lips asked her, while his eyes were demanding, "Is this to be our good-bye?"

In silence the two young men reached home. As they mounted the veranda steps Sokolovski turned to Dmitri looking full into the dark, troubled face with his candid, blue eyes.

"If you desert for the sake of that little foreign white witch I will shoot you myself," he said, without a tremor in his soft voice.

"What an honour!" exclaimed Dmitri laconically, and passing into his room turned the key in the lock.

Sokolovski remained alone on the veranda pacing thoughtfully up and down. Young fanatic as he was, the love of woman was indeed for him a fearful thing. It meant the loss of manhood, the weakening of purpose, the slow sapping of all that is noble and high, the gradual abasement to the low level of those whose lives are sordidly personal. For the poor man it meant the daily struggle for bread, for the rich—like Dmitri—the triumph of the sensual and the selfish. For him—virgin of body and of the pride of heart—the desire of the flesh was an instinct utterly soulless to be trampled upon and conquered with all other baseness of the lower nature, by the pure force of the intellect.

Dmitri had told him nothing, but he had seen enough. The young man's hesitations were accounted for now. Sokolovski had no more personal thought of Alice than of any other danger which might menace his friend. He recognised her power and determined to break it.

Dmitri's silence was as adamant. It was impossible for Sokolovski to attack him without proof stronger than his own conjectures, and when he met Alice at the club the next day he did not hesitate to question her.

They sat side by side on the bench, ostensibly watching the game; at a stroke of Dmitri's which called forth a "Brayo!" from the Yorkokeskas, Alice said, "Your friend plays well."

"Do you mean Dmitri Dmitrievich?"

"Of course. He is your friend, isn't he?"

"And yours?" he asked meaningly. The blue eyes searching her face became steely gray. She felt that here was an enemy.

"We are good friends," she said simply, and her own eyes changed,

became, as it were, veiled through challenging his.

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Really, Victor Petrovich—don't you think you had better address your regrets to him?"

"His friend?" he echoed, unheeding, "But if your friendship is exacting—if you try to come between him and his purpose—you risk his life, perhaps your own. I would rather see him dead than useless—lost. He gave such promise! And you—you who come into his life and demand all!"

"And you?" she asked proudly. "What right have you to speak so to me? Has he commissioned you? What do you demand from him? What is your right?"

"The right of my strength over his weakness."

"I do not understand you," she said slowly. "I demand nothing from him. What has his private life to do with you? Is his soul yours?"

A burst of laughter from the further bench where Vera Petrovna sat with her niece and the Colonel drowned her words.

"Is his soul yours?" she repeated.

"Then I was right," he said, without replying. "There is something between you. Your manner of receiving my remarks has shown me what I wanted to know. If it had not been as I thought my words would have been senseless to you."

"How brave of you to entrap me into an admission!" Her veiled eyes flashed scorn upon him. He grew, perhaps, a shade paler around his compressed lips.

"But I cannot understand—I cannot understand," she repeated. "What can it be to you? What possible affair can it be of yours?"

She knitted her brows in perplexity.

"Thirty—forty!" called a voice from the court.

"Pardon," protested a Yordokeska. "Forty—thirty! Victor Petrovich, I appeal to you."



"If you desert for the sake of that little foreign white witch I will shoot you myself," he said.

"Sorry, Michaël Michaëlovich, but I've not been keeping the score," replied Sokolovski.

"I understand—I know now," said Alice in a low, vibrating voice. "He called you 'Enjolras,' and you have come between us! Enjolras—the revolutionist! Victor Petrovich—if you have discovered my secret you have betrayed your own!"

"I do not understand you," he said now in his turn.

"Oh—you do," she went on flushing, but still in the same low tone. "You are both in some society and you have come to call him. What did he say last night?—'If I am free and alive.' Oh, it is not so difficult to understand."

"Set!" shouted Greesha Yordokeska. The players came flocking round the bench.

"It is your turn to play now," said Popoff.

"As enemies?" asked Sokolovski of Alice.

"Yes," she said, and her laugh seemed natural to the onlookers, "Dmitri Dmitrievich and I will beat you."

"We will walk home together," said Dmitri, as he handed her the balls.

"And your friend?"

"I will let him see he is not wanted."

"I yam ready, mees," shouted Yordokeska from the other side of the net.

Sokolovski, without seeming to have much to say about the matter, arranged that he and Alice sat out the next set together. During the interval that had followed their conversation Alice, while mechanically playing, had been realising the situation. Although she had not "peeped about the back passage" of Russia, as Alexander Ivanovich had put it, she had seen enough of Russian life to know something of the hidden, deadly struggle that goes on between the lovers of progress and the power that tries to crush it. She had talked with many students, heard many a tragic tale of private arrest and sudden disappearance. She knew

that she had found the real explanation of Dmitri's conduct, and her whole soul rose in revolt against Sokolovski as representative of the power that was stronger than Dmitri's love. She did not consider the question of patriotism, of vows sworn in the glow of young enthusiasm, of lofty aims severely cherished, of the self-loathing that would inevitably overwhelm Dmitri, sooner or later, if he thrust aside the cause to which he had been devoted for the sake of a personal passion. She only knew that they loved each other, and that something—of which Sokolovski was the personification—stood between them. Oh, she would tear the barrier down! In that moment a passion of love for Dmitri—of hate for Sokolovski—stirred depths in her nature hitherto unimagined.

"Am I not right, *Enjolras*?" she asked him, leaning against the rickety round table, turning her back to the court and facing him.

Again the blue softness of his eyes hardened into the glint of steel.

"What, then?"

"What is to prevent me denouncing you!"

"Your own honour."

She laughed. "Strange that you can trust to that when you think I am such a woman that death would be better for your friend than life with me!"

"We are to be enemies, then?" he asked softly. "Take care. I have a very strong will."

"So have I."

"And you will try it against mine?"

"Yes."

She stood there defiant, ready to fight for her happiness, unafraid.

Suddenly she softened. Her whole attitude changed. The small, proud face became infinitely gentle and pathetic.

"Victor Petrovich, the aim of your life is good, is it not?"

"Good?" he repeated. "It is difficult to say exactly. We must destroy the bad first."



"We are to be enemies then?" he asked softly.

"And if your life passes in destroying, what good will you do?"

"Clear the way for those who follow."

"Those who follow? And you deny love and are against marriage!"

"In general, no. But there must be always some who are content to give their lives to the cause—to crucify their personality."

"Content—yes. But why force those who are not willing to give up all?"

"Deserters are shot in time of war," he said simply.

Alice looked at him in silence. Surely she must be dreaming! Could this soft-faced lad really be speaking so? Then she remarked the cold clearness of his regard, the determined curve of his beautiful lips, and felt that he was capable of acting as he spoke. How calm—how coldly calm he was!

"But why demand all?"

"We do not want half-hearts."

"But how can you expect him to give you his heart, his soul—to sacrifice to you his private life—his rights? But it is a tyranny worse than that which you rebel against, Victor Petrovich! How can you say you love freedom?"

"I do not remember saying so—to you. In the years to come, when all men will be free, the individual will have a right to personal happiness. To seek it in these days is baseness."

"The future! The future!" she said, with a superb disdain. "And for the uncertain future you sacrifice the present, which is real! You are not logical, Victor Petrovitch! If you care for the good of humanity, how can you talk of personal happiness as baseness? What is humanity but the sum of the individual? Let each man make himself and those around him as happy as he possibly can, and in that will come the bloodless reform!"

He smiled coldly, yet with a certain indulgence, as upon a petulant child. "Woman's logic!" he said.

"And sound logic. Victor Petrovich, there is so much sorrow in the world. Why should you add to it? How can

you seek to hinder two people from being happy in their own way?"

"Is your life a search for happiness?" he asked, looking down upon her as from heights. "If so, you will always be unhappy."

"No," she said proudly, "I have not sought it. It came to me, and so near—oh, so near! I have suffered and struggled too. Have I not the right to take what is offered? Why should you prevent me? You *shall* not! You look as gentle as a girl. I do not understand how you can be so cruel?"

"I do what I must."

"His heart is not in the cause. Let him go!" she pleaded. "Or, if not, why should you think I shall hinder him? Cannot he love me and serve his country too? I would help you if I could. Perhaps I can."

"You can," he said, gravely.

"How?"

"By giving up your lover."

"But why—why—why?"

Into the low-toned word she threw all the wild protest that possessed her. A few yards away her lover—active and supple—struck at the white, flying balls; there was laughter and movement all round them; the joy of life was in the very air, and this slender, blue-eyed lad was talking to her of renunciation, of "the baseness of personal happiness." It was grotesque, unreal!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "it seems to me that we are repeating parts in a play, or dreaming."

"Why? Is your sense of the fitness of things offended because I speak to you here between two sets, instead of draping myself in a cloak, drawing a hat over my brows, and stopping you in some deserted spot? Do you know so little of life as to be ignorant that its dramas are played out haltingly, between the daily round? Child!"

"But you cannot understand what you demand from me. We are young, we love each other, our lives are all before us, and you ask me to give him up—for

ever! And why? Victor Petrovitch, it is you who know nothing of life!"

"You refuse to release him?"

"He is not my prisoner," she said haughtily, all defiance again.

"Listen," he said quietly. "I will destroy your influence by all the means in my power, and I shall succeed. He will listen to me. As to you—you have an arm against us, as you said. Use it! Denounce us, if you will!"

Her head dropped under the insult for a second, then she raised it and gave him glance for glance.

"Oh!" she said. "I do not know the Russian for '*lâche*.' But you understand French, most likely. *Vous êtes un lâche!*"

His very lips whitened, his hand clenched over the racquet he was holding. Her self-control was giving way. She drew quite close to him and looked

up into his face with dilated and passionate eyes.

"If you part us I will kill myself, and he will do the same, so you will lose him."

Again he smiled down upon her with the same indulgent pity. "Poor child! And what then? There are worse things than death."

She drew back, ashamed of the wild outburst which had yet been so sincere. A sob rose in her throat. She mastered herself, and the next minute was smiling consent at the Yordokeskas who were inviting her to play.

In spite of all that Dmitri said to turn him from his purpose, Sokolovski walked home with him and Alice. As they parted, Dmitri said hurriedly in French, "I will write a note to you appointing a meeting. I must see you once more before I go."

He said "thou," and Alice went home content.



SOME GLIMPSES OF OUR RARER BIRDS

By HENRY LEE

Illustrated after Drawings by Bryan Hook, R.I.

AMONG those who deplore the decrease in numbers among our less common birds, it is a platitude to say that not one specimen is to be seen to-day for a dozen which might have been found in the days of our youth. Nor is the lament without its sufficient justification. Many species have been so thinned by the professional hunter, or the casual holiday-maker with a gun, that he who would see the last of a once populous race has to go far afield. Yet, granting



THE CROSSBILL.

whose beak—see the lower bird—was twisted, and breast stained with blood, in its efforts to tear out the nails which fastened Christ to the Cross.

him his naturalist's perseverance and a modicum of enthusiasm, the man who means to do so may yet see many a wild bird whose name has almost become synonymous with "Dodo." There is

also another class—the occasional visitor to our shores, specimens of which are the reward of him whose eyes are ever ready, whether he be confessedly on the 'prow' or merely engaged on a lazy jaunt in the country. Thus, hurrying home one winter's afternoon, the present writer was aware of a novel twittering among the branches of three ragged Scotch firs which border the road at the very entrance to a little country town. No doubt many dozen passengers had already passed that way, and the road was even then not clear of pedestrians. So, for the birds' sake no less than his own personal enjoyment, observations were necessarily curtailed. Nevertheless, in the few minutes' enjoyment which he permitted to himself he was able to count some fifty Crossbills, a little flock of which was playing havoc with the last cones, having evidently only just arrived from a forced flight across the North Sea. There they hung in their dozens, their little parrot-like bills hungrily teasing the seed-vessels—the little flaky segments, which united form the "cone," and at whose base the fir-seeds nestle, like those of the dandelion and the thistle which are furnished with a downy cover on which to travel broadcast over the land. In the evening sun it was easy to see the greenish and red markings on their plump little breasts, the last being the fruit—as tradition knows—of the gallant attempt which these birds made to wrench out the nails with which the Saviour's feet and hands were pinned to the Cross, even as their mandibles are "crossed," so cruelly did the effort injure their tender beaks. Many a long vigil and weary tramp have I made in hopes of one sight of these strangers from

Norway, but only once, and that by the chance of a ready ear, has it been given me to see their graceful forms. In the same county, which is notorious for the variety and numbers of its birds, but at some distance from the beforementioned village, hard weather will afford a keen naturalist many opportunities of watching other visitors which are rarely

even then left like miniature islands, dry or partially awash. On these tufts of sour grass, for often the islet consists of little more, the birds which have been feeding on the meals are wont to congregate. If undisturbed by the fowler, or the shadow of some bird of prey seeking his food along the land's edges, they will sit and chatter, or preen their wings,



POCHARDS. A DRAKE AND HIS WIFE.

met in England. The coast is here for the most part low, with lines of sandhills along the immediate foreshore. There are gaps in these banks at intervals, and the tide, entering through them, has formed what are locally termed meal-marshes. A "meal" is an expanse of low-lying ground which is only covered at high water, and of which parts are

in thousands until a falling tide shall again discover the points of the larger shoals on which their feeding grounds are mostly placed. Armed with a powerful glass, or better still with a fowling punt, the naturalist who keeps down wind may see the wild geese and swans, sitting neck to neck with all manner of strange ducks and wildfowl. Among

them and the medley of their cries, the whistle of Pochards will betray their owners. A pair of these birds are shown at about one-fifth natural size in the illustration. They are the only variety of British duck which has a red eye, while with their black chest and speckled grey undersides and wings, no less than the splendid chestnut head and neck feathers, they must attract attention at the first glance.

Far rarer, and to be seen inland rather than among the meals, is the Gadwall, a bird which makes its long migratory journeys between dark and sunrise. His head is small for so substantial a duck, and his dress less striking, but no less beautiful, than that of the larger Pochard. Brown only appears on the fore-feathers of his wings, and for the rest his plumage is mingled grey and pale yellow, with a dash of white or black here and there, except on the extreme rump, where the metallic dark green so characteristic of the duck tribe asserts itself. The bird's name is *Anas strepera*, the last a cant term modelled on a Latin verb which signifies to rustle, and has been invented as a pun on the curious note which led a forgotten worthy—Bishop Mant—to call him the "loud Gadwall."

But, exceptional though the opportunities afforded by the East Coast may

be, the seeker, who has the courage to follow his hobby in any weather, should go north. Along the shores, or among the

higher inland moors of Scotland, autumn and winter will show him such birds as he can never hope to see in less arduous England. On such a moor I have watched no less than three of our largest birds of prey at the same instant—Golden Eagles, whose survival in 1903 many people might suppose to be nearly as apochryphal as that of the Great Auk. Calm

as the fate which these sombre glens seem to claim for sole ruler, the great birds wheeled majestically overhead, then turned on the sudden and with one great stroke of the huge pinions swept out of sight

behind the spurs of Glas Thulachan, the greatest Grampian of those parts. On this moor also I have come unexpectedly on some pool or tarn, only to hear the sudden whistle of frightened wings, while half a dozen Goosanders flashed out of sight with a single hoarse cry of alarm. The little Merlin and the Kestrel build among its corries and waste places, while the keeper has more than one crag whence he counts on a yearly batch of young Ravens.

There is also a mysterious blue Hawk, which may be one of the Harriers, since the Buzzard is gone from these parts, even if he suited the description; while



THE GADWALL.



GOLDEN EAGLES.

it would be faith indeed which looked to find a survivor of the once common Kite. The Buzzard, however, may still be found in fair numbers in certain parts of North Wales, where enlightened landowners have protected him, as the Duke and other lords of the soil have preserved the eagles in Athole and Braemar.

The Goosander, of which I have made mention above, drifts southward after the nesting season, which he prefers to pass in Iceland, Finland, or other obscure latitudes; under stress of severe frosts the bird has even come as far as the Oxfordshire rivers. In Athole I have seen it with comparative frequency as early as September, but although the keeper was strong in his belief that they had bred on a certain loch, he could not satisfy me of having found the nest. It cer-

at first rather mixed in their colouring, and it is only about the third or fourth year that they assume the almost pure white which is their legendary garb. Before that the young birds indulge in an olive green head with a black crown, a rufous breast, and wings of mixed brown and black. Their backs are white, and the undersides black with a white spot near the rump. Sad to say, the male is no sort of a good parent—more honour to the female bird, who is proverbial from her habit of literally plucking herself in order to line the nest with the soft feathers which are stolen to form the precious merchandise called eider-down. She does this with so lavish a

hand that no less than half a pound of the feathers are the average spoil obtained from one nest. The natives of those places



THE BUZZARD.



EIDER DUCKS.



GANNET'S NEST ON THE BARE ROCK.

tainly breeds in the Outer Hebrides, where the Eider Duck is also found in fair numbers. These model parents are

where the birds nest in great numbers, often in thousands together, rob them on a regular system, but if wise, not more



BLACK-THROATED DIVERS
DISTURBED.

than twice in a season. In some colonies they are subjected to the process a third time, but this is generally killing the golden goose, for the birds will frequently resist such exorbitant pillage by deserting, and on a continuance of the treatment they are liable to move their abode *en masse*. In this habit they are wiser than the Gannet, who is again unfortunate in that he has not learned the art of saving his life by robbing his own skin.

The Gannet, or Solan Goose as it is often called, possesses a covering which is little less valuable than that of the Eider Duck, but to get it he is caught and slain. This is rendered very easy from the extraordinary tameness which they exhibit at the breeding season, when their colonies sit neck to tail on the *almost bare* rock. Their best known

British haunts are the famous Ailsa Crag and the Bass Rock, but others are to be found all round these islands, as on Lundy Island in the Bristol Channel. These birds are remarkable in many ways, not least in that they are *furnished with a loose skin*. Every bird, as is well known, has the power of passing air into its feathers, but the Gannet passes it under his skin as well. As a result he floats high upon the water and does not swim half submerged, like the cormorant or most other fishing birds. For the same reason he is so buoyant that when every other sea-bird, except the Stormy Petrel,

is driven from the open ocean, the Solan may be seen rising and falling on the crests of the maddest waves, while he is also enabled to swoop down upon the water from a height and at a speed which would stun any living creature that was not provided with what may be best described as a patent pneumatic air cushion. The noise of a Solan's rush through the air when he plunges to seize a fish is extraordinarily loud, and before it was known that he had this cushion under the skin the immunity which he obviously possessed was the constant wonder of observers.

But after all these birds are local rather than scarce. Probably the rarest member of the sea-, or quasi-sea-, birds which the present writer has had the fortune to observe was a Black-Throated Diver. The natural haunt of this species is in the semi-Arctic countries, but he occasionally indulges in a nesting expedition as far south as the higher counties of Scotland. It is possible that my specimen may have bred on a lonely loch close to which I saw it, since the date was early in August. Still, it is a not infrequent visitor after the nesting season, so that the wish may well have been father to the thought.

Before rain or foul weather it utters a frequent call which sounds much like a croak, whence its Gaelic name of "*The Croaking Goose*." If disturbed when alone, it becomes nervous and rises at once, but if a companion be at hand it prefers its special gift of diving. The time which a diver can spend under water, and the distance which he will cover before reappearance, are sufficiently notorious in the case of that common and pretty bird the Dabchick. But the powers of the Lesser Grebe are as nothing to those of his big cousin, who is able to swim a quarter of a mile without rising for breath, and to cover that distance at the rate of at least eight miles an hour. If compared with the known rate of flight at which some of the migrants, especially those of the Swallow family, have been proved to travel, this may not seem so wonderful, but when we consider the strength of lung which enables a bird to put out all this energy on a single supply of breath, few greater arguments can be adduced in favour of that selective theory, some of the most startling proofs of which have been found among the colours and the characteristics of birds.





MUSIC ROOM AT CASTEL PELES.

The Queen is standing beside the harp. On the extreme left is the Queen's Private Secretary, Mr. Dall' Orso; on the extreme right the late General Vladescu, Chief of the Military Household. The lady in front holding the child is Madame Bengesco, Lady in Waiting to Her Majesty; the lady immediately below the harp is Madame Maurojery, Mistress of the Robes.

ROUMANIA AND ITS ROYAL FAMILY

By E. SAXTON WINTER

IT is with the knowledge and full approval of H.M. the King of Roumania that the following article has been written. Its author has the privilege of knowing both Sovereigns of that country, and, having lived at the Royal Court in Bucharest and Sinaia, is able to record from personal observation and experience, a few of the many attractions which charm and impress those who are fortunate enough to be brought in contact with such striking characters as Carol I. and his Queen, Elisabeth, or have the opportunity of travelling in their interesting country.

It is highly probable that the majority of English people who either read or speak of the country called "Roumania," are barely conscious of the nature of its soil, its local means of sustenance, or its history; nor do they perhaps realise that it is only a matter of twenty-one years since the United Principalities of Moldavia and Walachia were, by the untiring self-sacrifice and indomitable energy of the present sovereign, Carol I., proclaimed as Kingdom of Roumania. This little country, lying to the south-east of Europe, between the Carpathians, Pruth, Black Sea, and the Danube, is distinctly worthy of study, since, apart from its natural beauties, it has more noticeably progressed towards the higher demands of civilisation than others of the neighbouring Balkan States within a corresponding period of time.

The territory of Dobrudja, shut in between the Danube and the Black Sea, differs very considerably in its physical features and products from the rest of the Kingdom, and is, comparatively

speaking, but a new possession, having been given to Roumania at the close of the last Russo-Turkish war in 1877, in exchange for Bessarabia, which was on that occasion restored to Russia. The Southern part of Roumania is a vast plain, but, from the centre, the ground rises very gradually towards the Carpathians, which form a natural boundary on the North-West.

Some of the higher peaks of these mountains rise to 6,000 or 8,000 feet, and it is characteristic that a richness of forest land often crowns the heights to an elevation of 5,000 feet or more. It is noticeable that while the hilly slopes are profusely covered with beech, elm, and oak trees of truly gigantic proportions, the greater heights are more usually the homes of birches, pines, and larches, the mingling of whose colours with the gorgeous shades of beeches and oaks below, produce an *ensemble* which appeals to the artistic sense of the onlooker in a most unusual degree.

Towards the left bank of the Danube the surrounding country is subject to terrible inundations, which make agriculture exceedingly difficult as well as uncertain in its results, and therefore large tracts of land remain uncultivated. These inundations occur, unfortunately, when the crops are sufficiently advanced to be seriously damaged, and the failure of the harvests in Roumania has more than once been the indirect cause of its financial embarrassments.

The climate is one of great extremes. There is, practically speaking, no spring whatever, and the sudden blending of

winter snows and nightly frosts with the scorching heat of the summer sun is exceedingly trying, and is the moment when malaria claims most of its victims. The intense heat and often continuous drought of summer, accompanied by hot winds and sand storms, is very exhaust-

thick pack of durable snow that he depends for the richness of his harvest.

The soil is exceedingly fertile, and in many districts is still innocent of having been stimulated by any artificial aids. Maize, wheat, and barley are extensively cultivated, and on these the greater



KING CAROL I. OF ROUMANIA.

ing, and the beautiful and long autumn, which as a rule lasts well on into November, is keenly appreciated by all classes. The cold winter winds blowing from the East, across Russia, are generally the harbingers of the approaching "chasse neige," or "winter mantle," which means so much to the Roumanian agriculturist, since it is mainly upon a

portion of the population depends. The vine flourishes in this country, and, were it not for the difficulties of exportation, the native wines might prove a great resource to the owners of vineyards. Southern fruits, melons, and cucumbers all grow most profusely, and are freely consumed by the peasantry and working classes.

After this little sketch of the natural peculiarities of Roumania, it may be well to consider the causes which in 1866 excluded native nobles or princes as rulers, and culminated in the request of the nation to the present Sovereign to adopt the country as his own, and to accept, together with its promise of loyal adherence, the many grave difficulties and responsibilities of the position.

To go no further back in the history of the Balkan States than the end of the eighteenth century, the records of then existing evils and the corrupted system of Levantine misrule, are overpoweringly convincing of their disastrous effects upon all those countries which were incorporated in the Ottoman Empire. From 1769 down to the Crimean War, the provinces of Moldavia and Walachia were subjected to six occupations by Russia, and as many reconquests by Turkey. Many nations would doubtless have been abjectly crushed by these terrible invasions, but the Roumanians, on the contrary, appeared to acquire fresh life, which stimulated their desire for independence. The two provinces were under the government of "Hospodars" selected by Russia, and supposed to be impervious to Turkish intrigue. The position was generally supposed to be held by men of culture and intelligence, but there is every reason to believe that many of them were greatly prejudiced against the introduction of any reforms which might endanger their own interests.

Although the Crimean War relieved Moldavia and Walachia from the Russian protectorate, and placed them for a time under the less severe pressure of

Napoleon's influence, the desire for national unity and independence had grown very steadily. For two or three years various unsatisfying proposals were made by the Sublime Porte and the Great Powers, which eventually led to the rebellion of the two provinces



QUEEN ELISABETH OF ROUMANIA.

"Carmen Sylva."

against the international decisions, and the election in 1859 of Colonel Alexander Kusa as ruler of both countries.

Prince Kusa did his best to further the progress of his country and to reciprocate the patriotic ambition of his people; but the well-meant reforms

introduced by the Prince and his supporters achieved no great results. His private life, which was one of vicious, sensuous indulgence and great extravagance, made him detested by his people; and, coupled as it was with political failure, culminated on February 22, 1866, in an enforced abdication and rapid journey to the frontier!

The situation in Roumania at that time, owing to the strained relations between the Great Powers, was exceedingly serious, and the choice of a successor to Prince Kusa demanded the greatest tact and diplomacy.

Prince Charles of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, second son of Prince Charles Anthony, born on April 20, 1839, was eventually fixed upon as candidate by the leading Roumanian statesmen, who believed that since the Prince was related to both the French and Prussian dynasties the proposal would meet with universal approbation. Prince Charles having accepted the summons to the throne, made his entry into Bucharest, and was proclaimed Prince of Roumania on April 29, 1866.

The almost incalculable difficulties which filled the first few years of the new reign would have permanently discouraged many a bold heart; but the Prince had accepted the task of regenerating Roumania as his life's "mission," and was fully determined that no effort or sacrifice should be wanting on his part in the attainment of the desired goal. The drafting of a new Constitution; the attempt to bring order into the disorganised condition of the finances; the necessity for opening up the country by railways; building bridges over rivers as means of general communication between the two provinces in times of inundation; and the quelling of seditious rebellion—all these and many other responsibilities severely taxed the endurance and tact of the young Prince, who, though so heavily handicapped by circumstances, has, by his untiring perseverance, iron will, and diplomacy, earned the reputation of being one of the greatest statesmen of the day.

By his marriage with Princess Elisabeth of Wied in 1869, the Prince secured for Roumania another enthusiastic and



CASTEL PELES, SINAIA, RESIDENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

indefatigable worker, who, from her first entry into the country, incorporated herself with the interests, progress, and culture of its people. The birth of a



DISTANT VIEW OF CASTEL PELES, BACKED BY THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

daughter on September 8, 1870, brought an intense happiness into the hearts of the parents; but the life of the little Princess Marie, gifted with unusual intelligence, and flitting as a sunbeam about the royal home, was like the sudden blossoming and fading of some exotic flower. An epidemic of scarlet fever and diphtheria was waging war in Bucharest in the spring of 1874, and in spite of every precaution the little Princess contracted the infection and paid the utmost penalty on April 8th. The sorrow of the grief-stricken parents was so heartrending that it is a presumption to touch it lightly; but all those who have read the "Reminiscences

of the King of Roumania," with its introductory notice by Sidney Whitman, will be familiar with the pathetic details of this desolating event. The Prince's thoughts and time were fortunately claimed by State affairs, and the Princess applied herself to the translation of Roumanian legends and fairy tales, and the encouragement of charitable works and institutions.

The declaration of war on April 23, 1877, between Russia and Turkey, and the attendant miseries suffered by the troops on both sides, belong to modern history, and will therefore be familiar to the reader's mind. It will be remembered that the Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander-in-chief of the Russian army, communicated his intention to the Prince of Roumania of passing through his territories, coupled with the hope that the Roumanian nation would manifest the same welcome to the Russians as on former occasions—but as Roumania, through this action of Russia, might be liable to a Turkish invasion, a special sitting of the Chamber assembled and a Council of War was summoned, with the result that a decision was taken to reinforce the troops on the Danube and to garrison Calafat.

Although the Prince ardently desired to take an active part in the fray, and put the bravery of his troops to the test, he was fully resolved only to do so should he be given a free hand and independent command. This, after some delay, was, by his usual diplomacy, obtained, and the opportunity so much coveted presented itself in the ultimate successes of his troops at Grivitza, the capture of a Turkish flag and three cannons. The absolutely hopeless condition of Osman Pacha necessitated his unconditional surrender on December 11th, and, Plevna being invested with Russian troops, Prince Charles was free to return to Roumania.

No pen can render adequate justice to the heroic courage and self-sacrificing devotion shown by the Roumanian troops under their gallant leader, nor to the

fortitude with which they bore the terrible hardships encountered on their return march to Bucharest. The winter cold was unusually severe; provisions and warm clothing were of the scantiest; and the horrors, suffering, and privations on the road were painfully similar to those experienced during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. In the meantime Princess Elisabeth, having adopted the simple garb of a Sister of Charity, devoted the whole of her enthusiastic energy and ready help to the nursing of the wounded. With wonderful self-repression and entire indifference to personal discomfort, the Princess had constituted herself sister-in-charge, and rendered most valuable assistance to the Army surgeons in their gruesome work, encouraging the sufferers by an unflagging cheerfulness. After many delays peace between Russia and Turkey was finally signed on March 3, 1878. It was after the anniversary of Grivitza that Prince Charles consented to the request of his Ministry, and assumed the title of Royal Highness; but, owing to the hard demands of Russia, and the severe tension existing between that country and Roumania, the proclamation of the latter as a Kingdom only took place a few years later.

The coronation of the Prince, as King Carol I., took place on May 10, 1881, at Bucharest, and it was characteristic of the man who had concentrated the whole of his force and influence upon the development of his adopted country; who fostered the spirit of loyalty and courage in its people, that he should wish the Royal Crown of Roumania to be made from a portion of one of the guns captured by his own troops from the Turks at Plevna. The Queen's golden crown was of very simple design, without jewels or ornamentation, and made by a local goldsmith. The line of succession was secured in 1880 by the selection of Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern, second son of the King's elder brother, as heir-apparent to the Throne.

During the years which have elapsed

since the King's coronation all those advocates of progress who have watched the steady increase of commerce, the advance of education and art, and the utilisation of Roumania's own natural resources, will acknowledge that the highest praise is due to the united efforts and encouragement of her Sovereigns.

In addition to his military and political genius, King Carol possesses undoubted talent and taste as a builder. The Royal Palace at Bucharest possesses no particular architectural beauty, but the state apartments and grand staircase are exceedingly elegant and well proportioned, and give testimony to the refined and fastidious taste of the originator. The garden at the rear of the Palace is constantly growing in size, for the King generally tries to secure any ground in the near neighbourhood which may be for sale, and there are various small villas within the Royal enclosure which are thoroughly well-appointed; these are inhabited either by members of the suite or reserved as guest houses. A more imposing but smaller Royal residence is that of Cotroceni, built on the sight of an old monastery, and given as a town house by the King to the Crown Prince. It is situated on high ground a few miles outside Bucharest, and is surrounded by a fine park.

On one of the heights in this park, in the midst of a thick plantation, a "clearing" has been made, and a small but very beautiful mausoleum erected to the little Princess Marie, the adored child of the King and Queen. An exquisite, recumbent figure, of pure white marble, depicts the child asleep on her couch. The intervening space between the mausoleum and large iron gates which enclose it, is laid out with carefully tended flower-beds; and here the most brilliant-hued butterflies and countless nightingales live out their gay, short existence, and make fitting accompaniments to this ideal sepulchre of youth.

It is probably the King's great interest in architecture which has influenced the erection of those stately municipal and

government buildings that form one of the chief features of his capital.

Bucharest is most essentially a city of pleasure, and the broad boulevards, brilliant electric lighting, and throbbing oriental life, make a fitting and harmonious setting to the gay leaders of Society, or the many public beauties who swell the throng in the "Chaussée" for the daily regulation drive. The long defile of smart carriages, with their Russian coachmen and fast-trotting black horses, which tear at tremendous speed from end to end of the "Chaussée" and return

a country whose Sovereign finds it desirable, in issuing invitations for the State ball on New Year's Day, to include not only the representatives of foreign countries, members of the native aristocracy, and Government officials, but a good percentage of shopkeepers! In fact, it is no uncommon occurrence for the latter to apply to the Maréchal for a card of invitation, the chief aim and ambition of the favoured ones being, apparently, to consume large quantities of expensive wine, or delicacies of food (utterly regardless of personal taste or appetite) for



TOISOR-SINAIA, RESIDENCE OF THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA.

at a foot's pace, in order to cover the same ground at the same speed again and again, are so absolutely necessary to the happiness of Roumanian women that many personal privations will be patiently borne rather than pay the penalty of taking a constitutional on foot!

The King and Queen, who are most generous in offering hospitality and pleasure to their subjects, are known to give during the season, in addition to concerts, banquets, etc., several balls. Society in Bucharest is exceedingly democratic; and it is a unique experience to visit

the pleasure of relating to their less fortunate acquaintances the sum total represented by the amount of nourishment consumed during the night!

The "blessing of the waters" of the Dambovitza, a sluggish stream flowing through the heart of Bucharest (a ceremony attended with military display), and the annual review on May 10th, are opportunities which enable the spectator to realise to the full how indefatigably the King must have worked at the re-organisation and training of his army. The various regiments of the Dorobanz, Colarasch, and Roschior, all testify to

the high standard of excellence and discipline prevailing amongst the Roumanian troops, and practically demonstrate how near the heart of their Chief must lie the welfare and efficiency of his soldiers.



A "SMART" FRUIT SELLER OF BUCHAREST.

The so-called "persecution" of Roumanian Jews, which has recently been freely ventilated in the Press, in consequence of the action of President Roosevelt, is in reality a very old question served up again as a *réchauffé*. It is too vast a subject to be treated in the present article, but it will be remembered that at various intervals since 1868 it has been brought prominently forward. Being, however, as it is, a purely local question, the importance of which can only be gauged by Roumanian statesmen who have followed the movement from its birth, it would surely be wiser for those unacquainted with the very complex details to refrain from severe criticism.

About 140 miles to the east of Bucharest lies Kustendje, the most important seaport of Roumania, on the coast of

the Black Sea, and the principal outlet for native produce. There is a fine harbour; but the town, and the accommodation which it has to offer, are only on a level with a second-rate English seaside resort. There is a regular boat service plying between Kustendje and Rotterdam for the transport of petroleum, which promises to become a very valuable resource to the country, and large numbers of cattle and sheep are also shipped from this port.

Sinaia, with its many elegant villas, hotels, and electric light, which may verily be described as a "creation" of the King, has an ideal situation and climate. As early as 1871 the Royal family migrated there in search of cool mountain air, as a restorative after the scorching summer heat of the plains. In those days, however, Sinaia could boast of little else than its ancient cloister, in which the Royal family (accompanied by a modest suite) occupied a series of small white-washed cells and lived in almost primitive simplicity. The magnificent view of the Carpathians, the peaceful Prachova valley, and the flashing mountain streams, were counted as rich compensations, and the affection which was so early rooted in the hearts of the Prince and Princess for this most picturesque spot, still sways the lives of their Majesties. The highly artistic and beautiful Castel Peles, the mountain home of the King and Queen, is the outcome of much patient waiting and economy. This enormous building, of a style which may be said to belong to the Renaissance school, with its many graceful minarets and balconies, its sloping roofs and gables, and handsomely carved timber beams, is singularly harmonious to its natural surroundings. Castel Peles is built on the lower mountain slopes, and the view obtained of it from the high road to Sinaia is exceedingly fine, for, with its near background of magnificent forests and towering mountain peaks, it produces an effect both unusual and imposing.

Beautiful, well-kept gardens, laid out



A ROUMANIAN VILLAGE.

in terraces, a luxuriant growth of flowers and fine shrubs, are all fitting adjuncts to this complete picture. The interior is a clever combination of luxurious comfort and high art, and there are evidences on all sides of the cultured taste which has discovered the secret of uniting beauty of outline and proportion with personal ease and comfort. The massive carving and coloured windows exclude perhaps a little too much sunlight in some parts of the building; but the subdued light, and gentle splashing of the Peles, which has been captured in its course down the mountain side to cool and beautify the home, add just a suspicion of mystery and romance which enhances its many charms.

The beautiful music-room and studio of the Queen are amongst the most interesting rooms of Castel Peles. Continuing the habits of childhood and German discipline, the King and Queen are each in their respective studies at an early hour, when many of their subjects are probably still breakfasting.

Carmen Sylva delights not only in personal effort, but possesses also a special faculty for making *others* work; and it is no unusual thing on entering her Majesty's study at Sinaia, to see

various groups of individuals each deeply engrossed in his or her special occupation. There may be an artist working at a large canvas, a musician rapidly noting the various orchestral parts to some new composition; or ladies embroidering intricate designs—but each and all are inspired and indirectly influenced by the energy and example of the gifted Queen, who, undisturbed by these complex surroundings, diligently continues her literary pursuits. It is also a custom for young members of the upper classes, who have been presented at Court, to have a free entrée to the musical recitals given daily by the Queen and gifted professionals, as her Majesty believes this to be the best means of encouraging a real love of music in rising generations.

The King's great desire to protect native industries has established the custom for ladies of the Court to wear occasionally, while in residence at Sinaia, the pretty national costume. This is richly embellished by fine embroideries in coloured silks, interwoven with gold and silver threads, all worked by hand by peasant women; and the highly picturesque appearance of the ladies thus dressed undoubtedly har-

monises with this unique and beautiful abode.

Here, amidst such congenial surroundings, the King and Queen enjoy for a few months a simple, restful life ; dispensing with many of the necessary formalities of town ceremonial and restrictions, and delighting to make their Court a nucleus of Art and Learning. People of all nations, all creeds ; diplomats, politicians, artists, musicians, men of letters and science, all meet in the Royal household on neutral ground ; they are welcomed and appreciated on

the King now keeps a herd of cows which supply the Royal household with dairy produce.

Carmen Sylva (a name by which the Queen likes to be known) bears the indelible traces of her life's sorrow ; but her spirit was too brave and her genius too great to be crushed by the tragic loss of her child. It has made her infinitely tender to all young creatures, and her wonderful power of rapid improvisation, and rich melodious voice, immediately win their attention and confidence.



HUT OF ROUMANIAN SHEPHERDS IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

their own merits, and stirred on to yet greater effort by the example of untiring zeal and wonderful capacity for work with which their Majesties are both endowed. The King has a deep affection for his forests, and devotes much thought and money in preserving their beauty ; numerous good paths are made up and round the mountains to enable the finest points of view to be reached without difficulty or danger. Though as recently as 1872 bear-hunting excursions were made, and some good sport seen, the bears appear to have been pretty well exterminated since ; at a considerable height up the mountains,

The Queen's vivid imagination and love for the beautiful have had free play in the rugged Carpathians, and her sweet, romantic fairy tales and old legends have doubtless played important parts in many a child's life.

The history of Roumania during the last thirty years has been, as it were, the life's history of its King. Results already obtained, and the continuous high aims of King Carol's enlightened and judicious government, have established a record which it will be exceedingly difficult for any successor to equal. Fortunate indeed is the nation which has had such advantages as those

which have been meted out to the Roumanians, in the strong personalities of their Ruler and his Consort.

Progress and culture have been their watchwords ; and the impetus given and

enforced by their own work and lives will doubtless be borne forward on the tide of time, and future generations of their adopted people cite their theories and achievements as household proverbs.



TYPES OF ROUMANIAN SHEPHERDS.



THE SCHOLAR.

LADY BIDDY

By H. A. HINKSON

THE Lady Biddy Blake was one of the fairest of the ladies who adorned the brilliant Court of the Irish Viceroy. Since she was the only daughter of the Earl of Killeena, and the family property was heavily mortgaged to pay her father's debts of honour—for luck at the cards had been long against his lordship—she must needs make a "good," if not for herself a happy, marriage. So before she was long rid of short frocks, and had just learned the secrets of powder and patches, she was given to Sir Phelim Blake, who had had a great reputation for gallantry before she was born, and, what was more important, a good fortune as things went in Ireland.

Sir Phelim fought his seventy years bravely, and fell with a ball in his throat to prove that age had not dimmed his eyes nor unsteadied his aim with the pistols. He died happy because he had known no disease save the gout, which the claret had given him: had married a young and lovely woman, and had been "laid" for the last time by the straightest shot in the kingdom.

The Lady Biddy grieved for her husband, because his spirit and his kindness to her had made her forget his age and gallantries, and more because he had been generous to her father when the dice or the cards played him false, as they did mostly.

Though she was twenty-three, and had been a widow for nearly four years, she seemed to have no thought of marriage.

"'Tis no disgrace in a widow to be lonely," she said when her friends

warned her of the danger of allowing too many years to pass and too many suitors to retire discomfited. "If I were a spinster I might dread the disgrace of loneliness. I shall keep my youth longer having my liberty, and I would not have them think my face the fairer for the guineas which my husband has left me."

"'Tis fair enough for a man's choice even were it set in copper," rejoined her friend, Lady Greenane, "and in these troublous times a man of wit and character is a good shield to a woman's reputation."

Lady Biddy's eyes flashed.

"Has any one dared——" she began.

"No, no, I have not said that," the other interposed hastily, "neither have I meant it, but only that a woman is happier having a man to protect her. They say Mr. Brackenbury will be 'my lord' before the year is out."

The younger woman smiled.

"I do not doubt his desire," she answered, "for I think he is tired of being a plain gentleman."

"He is a very proper man, and many call him handsome," retorted Lady Greenane. "A patent of nobility will soon make people forget that his father drew deeds in a scrivener's office. He has great influence with the Viceroy."

"Viceroys change."

"Yet they leave their trail behind."

"They leave very many titles and little love," rejoined Lady Biddy. "Tomorrow I shall be required to marry my father's footman because his Excellency has ennobled him. If I desired a husband I had rather an honest poor gentleman."

"Mr. Brackenbury has much wit," said Lady Greenane.

"Why, so has Kearney, the shoeblack. His wit seasons his Excellency's supper parties, and yet he complains that he receives no recognition because Mr. Green gives him only a penny a shoe and nothing for the story."

Lady Greenane laughed.

"Mr. Green must have his dinner at any one's expense except his own; he would starve otherwise," she made answer. "Yet he is very honest, since he confesses that he would steal a good story from any one, and has no mind to die of hunger and thirst for the sake of his religion because he would make an edifying end."

"I think he is still far from canonisation, even though he is the Viceroy's jester," Lady Biddy returned, smiling; "but I think there are better wits than Mr. Green at the Castle."

Lady Greenane looked at her shrewdly.

"Whom are you thinking of?" she asked.

Lady Biddy's face coloured a little.

"No one in particular but several in general," she answered. "There is no lack of wit in Ireland."

"I was thinking myself of that handsome dare-devil boy, Rody de Burgh," Lady Greenane went on; "he has a nimble wit enough, but his sword and pistols are too ready for long life. He'll be merriest at his own wake, if he have good friends about him. Besides, he is poor, and poverty and wit are sworn enemies."

"What of the shoeblacks?"

"I meant in gentlemen," Lady Greenane explained. "They should be fat and well nourished, so that their wit might play upon those who were neither. If they shared the same fate with their victims their wit might be dulled by pity. So I fear for the reputation of Mr. de Burgh, but Mr. Brackenbury has a wit that is well gilded. Which would you have, Biddy?"

"Have I a choice of either?" Lady Biddy asked, turning her head aside.

"How can I tell; but which is the better gentleman?" the other persisted.

"What do you think, Biddy?"

"I think that Mr. Brackenbury would sell his soul for a coronet," Lady Biddy answered slowly.

"And what of Mr. de Burgh?"

The door was opened before she could answer, and the servant announced Mr. Rody de Burgh.

A tall, handsome young man crossed the threshold. He was dressed elegantly in a plum-coloured coat with lace cravat and cuffs, dark blue waistcoat with gilt buttons, silken hose and silver shoe-buckles. His hair was freshly powdered and curled as though he had but lately left the barber; his face was flushed and eager.

He made a low bow before each of the ladies, and then stood irresolute.

Lady Biddy was silent, but Lady Greenane spoke.

"Have you brought bad news that you have travelled so fast?" she asked.

"I have come slowly," he answered quietly; "there was no need of haste."

"Yet you have left your wits behind," she retorted.

"I had not thought to meet your ladyship," he replied, with composure; "and, indeed, I left his lordship seeking you."

"What! my husband?" she exclaimed.

He bowed.

"Then, for the sake of my credit in this world, I must not linger, since husbands are not used to wait for their wives. Goodbye, Biddy; goodbye, Mr. de Burgh, and God restore you your wits."

The young man bowed gravely; then as the door closed behind Lady Greenane, he turned to his hostess with a half-laugh—

"My wits have not served me so badly after all, since you and I are alone together. Her ladyship will have some trouble to find her lord."

"Oh, Rody," Lady Biddy answered reproachfully, "you have not told her a lie to be rid of her?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I have, and I would



"And what shall it be?" she asked, with lowered eyelids.

tell a hundred for five minutes of your company. You shall name the penance for my wickedness."

"And what shall it be?" she asked, with lowered eyelids.

"You shall give me but ten kisses when I desire a hundred. 'Twill be a sore penance."

"If you did but obey," she murmured.

"You shall find me a good penitent, but not now. Now I want indulgence, not penance. Biddy, our secret has been discovered."

Her face coloured.

"Ah, Rody, you have been indiscreet," she said.

"No, no, that I have not," he answered quickly, "and I dare swear my Lady

Greenane is at the bottom of it. She has no love for me, and never had since the night I won a hundred guineas from his lordship. Her voice is soft, but she has a poor heart and loves money. God forgive me, since if she finds her husband to-night she will be a weary woman, for he took coach an hour ago for Galway."

"How wicked of you, Rody——" she began.

But he stopped her.

"Do not be angry with me to-day, Biddy, since I had good reason in what I did, for how else could I have found you at leisure to hear what I have to tell you? The Earl of Killeena has been made a Marquis, and will vote for the Union."

Lady Biddy hung her head.

"'Tis what I feared," she answered sadly, "since it is the easiest way to mend a broken fortune, and the Viceroy is no niggard in honours. But what of our secret, Rody; who has discovered it?"

"How can I tell, unless it be my Lady Greenane? Now all the town knows it, and says things which hurt my honour sorely."

She laid her hand on his arm with a caressing gentleness.

"What does it matter what they say? I am used to scandal, which did not spare me when I could only offer a child's resentment against it. Now I am a woman, and, despite the sadness of affairs, happy because, Rody, you know why," and she looked up at him with glistening eyes.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"I know only that I love you, and am unworthy to kiss your hand," he broke out.

"Is that why you kiss my lips?" she murmured, smiling; "but sure 'tis a great proof of modesty in a man. What certain knowledge have you that our secret has been discovered?"

"It is that which brought me here so quickly," he rejoined. "Last night I

played at cards with Mr. Brackenbury."

"Ah! you did," she ejaculated, and an expression of concern came into her face.

"Yes, and had luck as far as the cards went, since I won three hundred guineas. His face was as sad as a tombstone, so I took pity on him, and offered to play one game more at three hundred guineas the stake. He refused, and, rising to his feet, flung the cards upon the table, declaring that he did not hold the strings of a lady's purse, and so he could not afford to play against odds, because the Lady Biddy Blake was behind me."

Her face grew crimson with anger.

"He said that!" she exclaimed; "and you—what did you answer him?"

Rody de Burgh smiled grimly.

"I answered with my fist so that he measured his length on the floor. When he rose to his feet he was very calm—as calm as a gentleman in anger. He begged the pleasure of meeting me this morning in the Nine Acres with sword or pistols."

"And you met him!" the lady exclaimed.

"No, I refused."

"You, Rody, refused!" she echoed.

"Yes, I refused, because to-night I vote against the Union; to-night I am my country's servant, to-morrow I am my own."

She flung herself upon his breast.

"Forgive me, Rody," she whispered.

He kissed her forehead.

"Little one, there is nothing for me to forgive," he went on. "I have pledged my honour and more than that to meet him with the pistols to-morrow an hour after daybreak, and yet he was not satisfied."

"What can there be more dear than your honour?" she asked. "What more could he desire?"

"A bond in ten thousand guineas," de Burgh returned, "since he knew that I was not worth ten thousand pence."

"I doubt not that the Lady Biddy

will find the money, if your heart fail you,' he said, with a slow smile.

"That it is not like to,' I burst out, 'and I pledge my honour as a gentleman that if I do not meet you with the pistols within three days, I will never look upon the lady's face again.' Have I not done well, Biddy?"

"'Tis a dangerous bargain," the lady returned wistfully; "there are too many morning meetings as it is, and if——"

"There shall be no if," de Burgh returned. "He shall have food for meditation before the days are many hours older. An ounce or two of lead will give him more wisdom than the Viceroy's smile. If he were a man of breeding I could do no more, but he has the heart of a pettifogger beneath the coat of a gentleman. So my word was not enough for him, but I must needs put my pledge in writing, with a lean attorney as witness."

The lady's face grew paler.

"If you do not meet him, Rody," she said, "you are pledged to forsake me for ever."

A look of trouble came into his eyes, but he answered with confidence.

"If I am alive I shall meet him, Biddy, and if I am dead it will not matter what promise I have made. Tom Daly will look to my barkers. He is lodged in Whitefriars Street, where I will find him an hour before dawn. There is a pretty bit of grass near the old oak-tree in the Nine Acres. 'Twas there I pinked Phil Cassidy scarce more than a year ago, and made him a good friend when he was whole again."

"I doubt you will ever make Mr. Brackenbury a friend, even if you maim him for life."

"Neither would I, and if the Viceroy ~~make~~ **make** him a peer, as people say that he will, I will dare swear that he will never carry his coronet straight, and the mob will find him a title," de Burgh made answer. Then his face changed and his voice softened. "How long, Biddy, how long must I wait and listen to the gossip of the coffee-rooms, where every night a

new lover is discovered for you?" he whispered, drawing her towards him.

"How long, Biddy?"

The blood filled her cheeks.

"I thought you had forgotten," she murmured.

"I remember nothing else for long, but 'tis a sore trial to wait and hear how you have a new husband found for you every day, and yet say nothing at all."

"Has it been so long?"

"An eternity. When will it end?"

She lifted her face to his, looking into his eyes.

"In ten days more I may marry whom I will, and keep my fortune," she whispered.

"In ten days more," he cried out, in ecstasy. "Then I swear that I will not wait a day—a single hour longer."

An excited and angry crowd thronged the approaches to the Houses of Parliament. As the sound of the bell reached them faintly, a quiver ran through the people; there was no hope, only a sullen and wrathful despair, since days before they had known what the issue would be.

Long after the bell had rung for the last time, little groups of members began to leave the precincts of the House. Their heads were bent and their mien dejected. A burst of cheering came from the mob, then a death-like silence followed, as the broken and defeated minority departed slowly from what had been the Houses of a legislative parliament.

Those who constituted the majority lingered behind, unwilling to face the anger of the mob, and amongst them was Lord Killeena, who had already earned his marquissate and ten thousand guineas besides. Troops of horse and companies of foot occupied the precincts of the Houses to protect the unpopular from violence. But as each one passed out, his face was eagerly scanned, and the cheers which greeted him showed the measure of his popularity.

Lady Biddy had watched the last scene from the gallery. As her chairmen made their way slowly through the dense crowd, a rude hand plucked back the curtains, and a man stared in at her. Instantly recognising the lady, he dropped the curtain, with a half apology



"It is Rody!" she cried, "and they have killed him."

and shouted, "Long life to the Lady Biddy Blake."

The crowd fell back cheering, and made a lane-way for her to pass on, for Lady Biddy's opinions were well known to be at variance with those of her father. As she approached the Castle gates she found the way blocked by the dense mob, so that the men who carried her chair were forced to halt. *Shouts of "Down with the Viceroy!"*

"Murder!" and "Death to the Traitor!" struck her ears.

She drew the curtain and looked out.

"What is the matter?" she asked of one who stood near her.

"A gentleman has been wounded, my lady," he answered; "they have sent for a stretcher to carry him."

"My house is near," she exclaimed; "he shall have my chair to carry him thither."

She sprang out, and bidding the men follow her, she made her way through the circle which surrounded the wounded man. He was lying upon the rough, ill-paved street, but his head rested upon a cloak, which some one, more thoughtful than the rest, had placed there.

Lady Biddy's eyes fell suddenly upon the pale, upturned face.

"My God! it is Rody," she cried, "and they have killed him!"

She knelt beside him, and lifted his head upon her knee. There was no wound that she could discover, but his eyes were closed, and his face showed a terrible pallor.

A gentleman bent down and put a flask to Rody's lips.

"I am a physician, madam," he said; "he is sorely wounded, but not dead. I think he will recover."

"Make haste, then. We will carry him to my house. 'Tis scarce a hundred yards off. Quick, quick!"

Willing hands helped to lift Rody into the chair; a dozen men formed themselves into a bodyguard, and forced a way through the people until they came to Lady Biddy's house.

When Rody was put to bed, the physician examined him more carefully.

"He has been struck on the head by some blunt instrument," he said, "but the skull is not fractured. He may be unconscious for some hours."

"You will stay by him, sir, and attend him?" she asked eagerly. "I have pressing business that admits of no delay. I will return as soon as possible. Pray use the house and everything that is in it as though it were your own."

The physician bowed.

"I shall do all that is possible, madam," he answered, "and you may rest assured that I will not leave the gentleman until you return."

An hour before dawn a young gentleman waited upon Mr. Tom Daly. He was elegantly dressed in a plum-coloured coat with gold buttons, lace collar, and dark blue waistcoat, black silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. His face was pale and delicate, and the powder fresh upon his wig.

Mr. Daly made him a low bow.

"I am your servant, sir," he said, "and shall be for ten minutes. After that time I have business," and he pointed to the pistols upon the table. "They are pretty playthings, and as well balanced as a pendulum. I dare swear there will be a new notch in the stock before nightfall."

"With your leave, sir, I would see how they fit my hand," the young man replied, taking them from their case, and lifting them, one after the other, to the "present." "A little light in the barrel for the weight of the stock, but for twenty paces I would ask nothing better."

"A lady might win a husband or recover a lost reputation by them, if she had the skill," rejoined Mr. Daly, "but I forget my courtesy. The claret has been cooling. You will drink to the good luck of the pistols."

The young man shook his head.

"I have business before me, and the claret will not help it," he replied. "Mr. Daly, we have met before, and yet you do not know me."

Mr. Daly looked at his visitor earnestly.

"I will swear that I am not guilty of the discourtesy of forgetting, since I have never set eyes upon your face before. What is your name, so that I may prove it."

"My name is—is Biddy Blake."

Mr. Daly sprang to his feet.

"Lady Biddy!" he exclaimed, "but—but——"

"Yes," she returned quietly, "since I

have forgotten my modesty because the need was so urgent, but I thank God that my brother's clothes have so well disguised me that a friend has mistaken me for a stranger."

"'Twas the wig that did it," Mr. Daly broke out, as though he would justify his lack of perception; "if it were not for that I should have known you in a grenadier's uniform. Lady Biddy, how can I serve you?"

She smoothed the lace on her bosom with a certain shy timidity, out of keeping with her resolve. Then she turned to Mr. Daly.

"'Tis no easy thing for a woman to tell, but there is no help for it," she answered. "I would have your word first that you will keep my secret, whatever happens."

"I shall be dumb as a dead man," he answered, looking at the clock.

She shuddered a little, and then went on bravely—

"You are waiting for Rody de Burgh. He will not—he cannot come, so I have come in his place. That is why I would have you be secret. No one must know of it, and if I fall, you must carry me away to my house so that no one shall know that I am a woman."

He regarded her with a bewildered admiration.

"Lady Biddy," he said at length, "there is no need for so much sacrifice. Rody is my friend, and since he cannot come I will take his place, and you, if it please you, will measure the ground."

"You do not understand," she returned impatiently. "For two hours I am Rody and none else. If I fall, I shall fall as Rody—with your help—and if I live——"

She paused, and a wave of colour filled her cheeks.

"I understand," he replied slowly, "but 'tis a difficult matter, and yet with the cloak you might pass for Rody, while the mists are heavy upon the grass as they are like to be. Yet your face is whiter than a man's. It owes no colour to the claret."

"It shall now," she broke out, and dipping her kerchief in the wine, which she had not tasted, she washed her face with it, hiding her paleness beneath a dull red.

Wheels rumbled outside.

"It is the coach," exclaimed Daly, "we must be going. Keep your back to the sun, and your face sunk on your breast until you fire. With God's help I will do the rest. You can handle the pistols?"

"Yes, or else I had not the courage to come here," she returned quietly.

It was a dark morning, and the mists were only beginning to rise when they reached the Nine Acres. Mr. Brackenbury, his second, and a physician were already upon the ground.

Lady Biddy made them a slight bow, then with her hat drawn low over her eyes, she stood with her arms folded, looking away to the west while they measured the ground.

Her lips quivered.

"Rody will mend, Rody will mend," she repeated to herself. Ah, if she could only save him!

Mr. Daly led her to the ground, setting her back to back with Mr. Brackenbury with twenty paces between. Then he placed the pistol in her hand, and took her hat from her head.

"At the third call, turn round and fire—and fire low," he whispered, "he will not have leisure to know you and his sight is short. Aim low."

At the third call she turned and pressed the hair-trigger. She felt a sharp sting in her right arm and looking through the smoke of her pistol she saw a man lying upon the grass.

A wave of sickness came over her and she would have fallen but for Mr. Daly's arm.

"Make haste," he cried in a whisper, as he set the hat upon her head. "We must reach the town before the sun has pierced the mist. Take your hat from

your head and make them a bow as you pass."

Lady Biddy did as she was ordered, like one in a dream. Then she was hurried away to the carriage which waited for them.

She felt the trickle of warm blood down her arm as they drove to the city, but her faintness was gone, and the thought that she had been wounded for Rody increased her exaltation.

Mr. Tom Daly accompanied her into the house.

"You are the bravest woman in the world," he said.

"No, only a coward stung by necessity into the semblance of a brave woman," she answered. "Tush, it is nothing. Only a scratch. A needle might have done worse. You will keep my secret, so that he shall never know that he failed—to—keep his pledge. There are but three of us and only one is a woman."

"I swear to keep it as long as I live," Mr. Daly answered, kneeling to kiss her hand.

The physician had kept his word, and Lady Biddy found him still by the bedside. Rody had recovered consciousness and had fallen into an easy sleep. For several days he knew nothing and was as a child between waking and sleeping. But at length he learned that he had lodged a ball in the curtain of Mr. Brackenbury's side, and the knowledge made him mend quickly, so that on the first day of her freedom he was married to Lady Biddy Blake in the church of St. Bride.

And Lady Biddy's secret has been kept until now, but Mr. Brackenbury, since he had failed to win the lady by foul means and by fair, left the city, when he was sufficiently mended to travel, and got no peerage after all. It was said that he feared the threats and the extortions of the rascal whom he had hired to fling the stone, but of this there is no certain knowledge.



She was hurried away to the carriage which waited for them.

MULEY HACEN

By R. M. THOMAS

IN July, 1902, it was my good fortune to spend ten days in the Alpujarra, one of the least known, as it is one of the fairest corners of Europe. I had been the guest at Malaga of Don Robert, an American long settled there, and the expedition was of his arranging, though it was made possible, or at the least its successful accomplishment was assured by the friendly help of Don Emilio Moré of Motril, banker, merchant and landed proprietor, who, actuated, as I believe, not only by friendship for Don Robert but by a fine sense of international hospitality, furnished us with a guide and gave us the full use of his influence and business connections in the district through which we had to travel.

There were of the party, besides Don Robert and myself, two Spaniards, Don Antonio and Don Claudio, friends of Don Emilio, Godoy, our invaluable guide, self-reliant and resourceful, knowing the Alpujarra as a country doctor knows the burial service, Manuel, the Maiaguenian cook from Don Robert's yacht, three muleteers, five mules and a dorkey which ran loose at the tail of our cavalcade, braying at short intervals and showing in one way and another as much character as any member of the expedition, Godoy perhaps excepted.

Part of the charm of the Alpujarra lies in the variety of its climate and vegetation. You may go in the course of one day's mule riding as it were from Africa to England, from the aloes and prickly pears of Torviscon through gardens of almonds, figs, apricots, plums

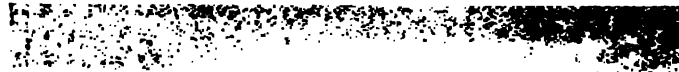
and apples to the chestnut groves of Portugos. We had been travelling one day among the parched foothills by Ugijar, and the next morning saw us fording a strong and turbulent mountain stream and climbing in the shade of forest trees up the rugged track which led to the half ruinous walls of Trevelez.

"You can hear from Trevelez the cherubims sing," an enthusiast has said. I can at least testify that you can hear the pigs grunt in the squalid streets of the poor little town, and that there are other matters to remind you that though you may be near to heaven you are still in Spain at its dirtiest. The pigs, for that matter, have a right to grunt, for they are lords of Trevelez and it is they that give the town its name and fame throughout southern Spain and beyond. Rossini, a gourmet among gourmets, meeting Don Pedro Antonio de Alarcon and knowing him for an Andalusian, talked Trevelez ham to him and talked it with wild enthusiasm. It is said that no salt is used in the curing of the hams of Trevelez, and that a part of the process consists in burying the meat in the snows of Muley Hacen. How far this last is true I know not. A lady at the neighbouring village of Capilleira pooh-poohed the idea and the pretensions of Trevelez generally, assuring us that they had better hams at Capilleira but made less fuss about them, and possibly she was right, but the Trevelez hams are established as the cakes of Banbury and the chaps of Bath, and it is too late to question their title to fame. Moreover they are undeniably good and

need not fear comparison with the best that York or Westphalia can produce.

Our ride over the hill side in the early morning had given us sharp appetites, and it was with some dismay that we were told that no ham was obtainable at the wretched little posada. Thus might a traveller at the chief hostel at Burton-on-Trent be told that a glass of bitter beer was not procurable. However, in the course of a walk through the town we met a youth in a blue cotton suit and a pot hat who said he had hams for sale. We should have avoided the pig question out of respect for his Hebraic appearance, but as he had introduced the subject we traded with him for a small ham, which we took back to the posada, where Godoy brought us word that the Mayor and Town Council were assembled at the town hall and would be pleased to see us. Godoy had been making inquiries, and told me that he understood that I should find among the municipal records the register of citizens drawn up at the time of the recolonisation of Trevelez after the expulsion of the Moors. We went gladly, therefore, up the filthy main street, through an open doorway into a basement stable, and thence up a flight of stone steps into the council chamber, a long, bare room where a dozen or more men sat about. We had met the town clerk in the street earlier, and he

had been at the pains to explain to us that it was he who carried the affairs of the town on his shoulders. He had made his nephew mayor just to keep the business in the family, but it did not matter who was mayor or who councillors, he held the town to all intents in his pocket. He sat now, with rather a superior air, reading a newspaper, having, I think, in view the impression he desired to make both on the visitors and the councillors. To us he would fain appear as the man of the world, keeping himself up to date by the study of a Granada newspaper but three days old,



GODOY, THE IBEX HUNTER.

while his fellow townsmen had better understand once for all that he was not one of those who gape and stare at

foreign visitors. These people came from England, and he knew all about England. The English had lately been

who looked intelligent and was dressed more or less in city fashion.

We sat and smoked, and after a becoming interval we explained our desire to see the town records. Now there is only one town record of which Trevezes takes any account. In the year 1862 it seemed good to the authorities of the city of Granada to hold an exhibition of products of local industry, which was graced by the presence of Queen Isabella II. The Corporation of Trevezes sent some hams to this exhibition, and probably several to each of the adjudicators, otherwise, this being Spain, Trevezes would hardly be able to boast to-day of the certificate of merit signed by her most virtuous Majesty which was now produced for our admiring inspection. Having shown a fitting interest in this relic, I suggested that



THE FOOTHILLS.

defeated by the Boers and had been obliged to fly from South Africa, paying a war indemnity of a hundred million pesetas. His Granada newspaper said so, and if his townsmen would only read the newspaper as he did they would not be so hopelessly ignorant of everything outside Trevezes.

The mayor was rather a handsome brigand in appearance, and wore a dirty handkerchief wound round his head beneath a shabby black sombrero. The rest of the company were ordinary rustics, with the exception of the judge,

I would like to see their more ancient records. Certainly, if I wished it, but as they had shown me the diploma with her Majesty's own signature on it, they scarcely saw—however, if I wished to see their records they were very much at my disposal. Some books were produced, but nothing of what I wanted, records of the letting of town lands chietly, and none of them more than a hundred and fifty years old. I pressed the point as hard as I politely could, having a belief that there were documents of more interest in the dirty

cupboard from which these books had been brought, but it was of no use. They returned almost impatiently to the ham question, which was the only matter in which they could understand any interest being taken. The ascent of Muley Hacén! Oh, yes, it was easy, but very few people came to Trevezes for that or any other purpose except to buy hams. We hastened to protest that we were not mere mountain climbers, we too were desirous of purchasing hams, we had even bought one already. This was a false move on our part. You should not boast to the assembled Stock Exchange of dealings with an outside broker, and our pot-hatted friend was not, it seemed, recognised by the Corporation. However, we set ourselves right by giving a shipping order for hams, then took our leave and went back to the posada, inviting his worship and the judge and councillors to come and drink coffee with us there. Manuel had our breakfast ready by the time we got back, and before we had satisfied our hunger the magnates came and sat around gravely smoking. We informed them that their town was 1,600 metres or thereabouts above the sea, at which they expressed polite surprise. We showed them an aneroid, of which instrument the judge thought he had heard, but it was evident that these things excited but the faintest interest. Don Antonio, who cared more for gas-

tronomics than geography, pulled out the ham stop once more, and the company opened like a pack of hounds on a fresh found scent. It was clear that they would hunt no other game, though I tried then hard on the subject of the trout in the river below. Here the judge, to give him his due, did stand out as a man of not exclusively hammy mind, but then he was not Trevezes born. It seemed that he was an enthusiastic worm fisherman. Of the artificial fly he had never heard, and I have little doubt that he thought me a prodigious liar when I showed him a



AT 5,000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

small blue dun which happened to be stuck in a cap which I had in my luggage, and told him that it was

possible to kill heavy trout on such a lure.

When first the ascent of Muley Hacen was suggested to me I accepted the proposal with a due sense of the seriousness of the undertaking, for I am no mountaineer in anything like an Alpine Club sense, and it was with some astonishment that I heard Don Antonio say something about the ascent which made me ask Don Robert--

"Do you mean to say that these sportsmen propose to go up Muley Hacen on mules?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "How did you imagine a Spaniard would go up a mountain? There is no tram."

The fact is that, though those who want climbing for climbing's sake may be able to devise lines of approach to the summit of Muley Hacen, and more easily to that of the neighbouring Picacho de Veleta, which will give scope for their adventurous spirits, yet, if the object of the traveller be merely to get to the top, then there is no need of climbing, and a little later in the year there would be no need even of walking.

We left Trevelez with many Godspeeds from the burgesses, and began the ascent of the remaining 6,000 odd feet in the early afternoon under a hot sun. My mule showed signs of distress when we had ascended about 1,500 feet, so I got off and walked, having now fully tried the three-cornered hybrid and found him, on the flat a stumbling slug, downhill an old lady with bunions, and on steep ascents a paralysed cripple.

Our plan was to camp on the summit if possible, but night was coming on when we found ourselves on a plateau some 600 feet below the top with a band of snow barring the further progress of the mules. We were in a state of some confusion. Godoy, our chief organiser, had reached the summit by a shorter path. I could see his spare form outlined against the western sky as he stood on a rock watching our movements. The Trevelez guides were trying to find a path and had got a pony belonging to

one of them stuck girth-deep in the snow. Don Antonio had dismounted, and after his own dogged fashion was trying to pick his way upward on foot. The muleteers were arguing and complaining with chattering teeth, and Don Claudio had lost the use of his hands and was turning a pale unlovely green with cold. Don Robert came to the rescue with the order to unload. The muleteers showed a disposition to argue, and for once in a way he spoke plain words to them, Spanish as to language but American in method. In two minutes the loads were on the ground, and in ten we had the tent set up and effectually stayed against the rapidly rising wind. The muleteers were sent off with their charges to find shelter for the night in one of the sheep-corrals lower down. The sight of the spread tent gathered the wandering members of our band, Don Claudio was cheered by a draught of raw whiskey, and order reigned once more. The wind, however, had risen to a gale, and Manuel, who was not at his best at this altitude, failed to get the pot of chicken and rice beyond the lukewarm stage. I think he would have made a more resolute attempt but that he found the spot where he had lighted his fire rather lonely, and the fear of wild beasts came upon him. We accepted the situation, however, and stayed our hunger with bread and sausage—that is to say, Don Robert and I. I believe the Spaniards tried the raw fowl, but I do not know how they found it.

I spent a wakeful night, or at best a night between sleep and wakefulness, too cold to rest yet too near sleep to make the best arrangements for warmth, and I was not sorry when the growing light woke my companions and we all went out to the lee of a rock whence we could watch the rising sun.

For a hundred yards to south of us there was a flat surface of broken schist reaching to the abrupt edge of a lonely valley, and suddenly over the ridge there rose a splendid pair of horns, brown in colour, but whitened at the tips by wear.

Slowly they rose and were followed by head, body, and legs of a magnificent buck ibex. Two does followed him, and together they came slowly and unsuspecting along a course that would have brought them within a few yards of the rock which hid us from them. I had not adopted the Spanish fashion of carrying firearms, but Don Robert put his derringer into my hand. There was more than a fair chance that the goat would come past our rock, for a strong wind blew from him to us. And if he did, what then? A derringer would hardly be a weapon of precision in my hand, but within ten yards I should stand a good chance of hitting him where he ought to be hit. But should I try? The matter stood thus:—Here on the one hand was a splendid beast, one of the few who still give to some favoured spots in Europe the charm which belongs to the habitation of rare game surviving in spite of man's hostility. On the other hand, lurking behind a rock was a

professing Christian of respectable antecedents about to take advantage, not of his own hunting skill, but of an unsought accident, to slay an animal whose right to existence might be equal, as his beauty and rarity were beyond doubt superior, to his own. I give it as my deliberate opinion that had that goat come past me, and had I slain it with Don Robert's derringer—and in spite of apparent im-

probabilities I am convinced that there was a fair chance of these things happening—it would have been little better than a dastardly street-corner murder. I may say in my own defence that the case of conscience had presented itself to my mind before the temptation (to which I confess it is likely



OUTSIDE THE POSADA AT IREVELEZ.

enough that I should have yielded) was removed.

Godoy had no scruples, but neither had he a gun. His weapon, down the barrel of which I seemed to myself to have been looking during a large part of the preceding week, had been left in the tent whither he now crept, and in so doing made noise enough to send the goats trotting back to the corry whence

they had come. I was glad at least that Godoy's gun was not at hand, for he would never have waited till the quarry was near enough for a clean kill, and in my memories of Muley Hacén I should not like to have to find a place for that lordly beast, peppered with number four

And it has, besides, its own wealth of history and tradition, recalling in the very name of its chief peak the story of the old tyrant misanthrope who, conquered and dethroned, blind and hopeless, begged of Zoraya, the love of his old age, that he might be buried as far

from the living as the dead. And so they buried him somewhere by the peak which bears his name, "and there" (to translate Alarcon rather freely) "he lies in the crystal urn of a glacier, with the eternal snows for his pall, where the clouds year by year come and dutifully lay their gifts at his dead feet. And thence he looks out on the one side over Granada glorying in her Alhambra and Generalife, while on the other his eye can reach the proud range of Atlas, Africa's Sierra Nevada."

About seven o'clock the mules arrived and we started downward, the heat growing as the sun got higher and our altitude less, until when at about eleven



AT 11,000 FEET (CAMPING GROUND).

shot and fleeing perhaps to die in some lonely lair.

We walked up to the top and sat there for a while enjoying the growing warmth. It was a clear morning, and Granada was well in sight. The view would not compare with many that could be named in Switzerland, but the Sierra Nevada has a certain charm, rising as it does bare and cold out of profuse verdure and fertility and under the hot southern sun.

we reached Capilleira, having descended some seven thousand feet, we were all a little distressed, but chiefly Don Antonio, who had walked the last two miles in the two complete suits, with a sort of flannel jumper between his inner and outer waistcoats, in which he had slept the night before.

From Capilleira we crossed back by a pass with a name recalling some bloody encounter of Moorish times into the

valley of the Trevez stream, and passing Pitres and Portugos, where the grateful shade of a chestnut grove under the blazing afternoon sun contrasted strongly with the cold bare mountain top which we had left some eight hours earlier, came to Busquistar, the most beautiful of Alpujarrene villages, and two days later, after some hot journeyings along dry river beds and by dizzy tracks zig-zagging up naked cliff sides, we left our Spaniards on the beach at Castel de Ferro and rowed round to Calahonda, where Don Robert's yacht lay with five fathoms of brilliant water under her stem while her stern nearly touched the steep pebble beach which fronts the main street of the little town.

We were filled with the hope of cleanliness and of decent food, yet could not without regret turn our backs on the scene of our late wanderings, and I carried with me a store of pleasant memories which the name of the Alpujarra will ever call to my mind, of mornings on the hills, where the melancholy note of the shepherd's song carries far through the sweet-scented air, of clear heavens, streaming sunshine and deepest purple shadows, and of darkly beautiful girls bearing in their faces a trace of the sad history of their Moorish fathers, robbed of the land where they found in abundance all the elements of the true believer's earthly paradise, sunlight, verdure and running water.



THE END OF AN ESCAPE

By the Author of "Betty's Husband"

OF the whiteness of the stone floor of her cottage Mrs. Bolitho was proud. Her pride, indeed, was felt by her friends and neighbours to be inordinate.

And as though to hold the work of human hands up to ridicule and thus teach the difference between it and the ways of Heaven, a gleam of sun ran across the well-scrubbed flags, writing a silver text in margins of deep purple.

Into the open chimney there belched from the fury of a furze fire dense volumes of grey smoke, creating a colour scheme of great beauty. In combination with the sun, gaudy flickering flame played a goblin part; touched into gold the glaze of blue cloam, which, filling the double duty of use and ornament, crowded to overflow an old oak dresser. In a further game of pretence the light burnished into mirrors a gallery of copper pans.

If the interior of the home was arranged with an eye to certain effects and was of the type with which we are familiarised through the canvases of students in the Newlyn School rather than by the study of penury, the owner, Nancy Bolitho, was unconscious of it.

Perhaps she insensibly imported into her domicile some of the decorative taste with which she had become accustomed during fifteen years of residence in the household of Lord Norme.

Pride in her belongings was a salient trait in the character of Nance, just as the most noticeable feature of her dress was a frilled cap of snowy lawn puckered into a hundred wavy lines. These lines bore a likeness to those on the face that looked out from amidst the frills on the

cap—lines which were now punctuated by perplexity as she gave utterance to a formula familiar to her tongue in days gone by.

"You're a naughty gal."

"Let me pretend, Nan; pretence is so much nicer than reality."

"Can't you find something better to do than to disgrace yourself?"

"Disgrace?" innocent inquiry asked.

"Tek they things off!" Old fingers pulled at a big blue cotton apron that partly hid a coarse serge skirt, which was short enough to reveal stout shoes and stockings worn by slim feet and ankles.

Coercion failing, age condescended to coax.

"Go, my dearie, go like a good girl and redd they things off. What would any one say if they saw you?"

"Say? Why, that I look charming; you can't say I don't."

Nan turned her head aside to avoid the challenge of laughing eyes.

"Yes, it's very pretty," she allowed.

"I ought to have been a cottage girl."

"You don't behave like one."

"But I thought it was that I didn't behave like a leddy"—the imitation in intonation was excellent. "Confess that you are illogical. I must be one or the other."

"I don't know what you look lik'."

"I do."

"Do you?"—sarcastic.

"Yes, I look like my surroundings, which is what I ought to do; and my surroundings are beautiful."

Nan softened; her "What would her leddyship say?" was not so severely uttered.

"Her leddyship would raise very white hands and very black eyebrows and say: 'I never attempt to control the actions of my stepdaughter.' It's true, too—too true. You are the only person who has ever managed me, Nan; you've a managing eye—an eye like Mars.'"

"Her leddyship wouldn't care to be told so, and you are naughty to say such a thing."

"No, I'm not," Anne pleaded; "I may love naughtiness, but love of naughtiness is a very different thing from being naughty."

"The two are not infrequently welded." The remark caused both women to turn.

The new comer was evidently an *habitué* of the cottage. He took his welcome for granted, but surprise was born into his eyes as through them he absorbed the details of the girl's figure. Being a painter, he naturally made mental notes of a type which is not often seen in cottages. A softly rounded contour, a skin intensely white, hair of deep red, and eyes almost of amber. "If only she would sit to me," the artist, predominant in his nature, thought.

"How are you, Mrs. Bolitho?" he said aloud, and betrayed to Anne by his voice that he was one of a class with which she was familiar.

Nance dropped a curtsey. "Won't you sit down, sir?" She indicated a seat.

"The gentleman had best have this. T'other's not safe." Anne spoke in soft, broad Cornish speech as she brought forward and assiduously dusted an already speckless chair.

Mr. Mainwaring accepted the exchange. An offering from twenty invariably secures the preference over that made by sixty, especially when, as in this case, twenty has exceptional beauty.

The girl's undaunted demeanour brought a smile to the lips of Mrs. Bolitho, and that she might hide it she turned to fill the teapot from the kettle, uproariously singing its boiling song.

"You step aside and let me do that."

"Your niece likes her own way." Mr. Mainwaring appeared to take it as a matter of course that he was to share the meal which was being prepared by Anne, who cut bread-and-butter and fetched teacups as though accustomed to the task.

Whilst Mrs. Bolitho and her unbidden guest gossiped, the man's eyes were attracted again and again to the lovely face, which the impertinent Sun familiarly flooded with light, drawing at the same time with grey crayon tender shadows under eyes and lips.

"As usual I come to you to help me out of a difficulty. I want some one with nice hands to sit to me for a few hours—do you know any one?"

"No, sir! I don't know that I do."

"If your niece——" tentatively.

"No, sir; she is only here for a couple of days."

"And why not, aunt?" interrupted an imperious voice.

"Oh! my dearie, I couldn't spare you."

"But a couple of hours' sitting would do," said Mainwaring.

"And you'd pay me, sir?" asked the girl.

"Yes, certainly." He had not expected such commercial proclivities.

"Is that true?"

"I swear it is."

"I've always been so anxious to earn money." She laughed and showed exquisite regularity of teeth.

"I shall be extremely obliged to you if you will come," said Jim, whilst Mrs. Bolitho, being a woman of considerable experience, realised that further protest was useless.

Leaving the sun behind her, Lady Anne Ainslie the next morning walked west down the white, chalk road which impotently tried to stay the tide dashing itself in anger against the ugly, modern sea-wall.

She turned interested eyes here and there, taking in the different phases of the place as her quick step trod the

downward path. The stucco villas, those penances of gentility, twin-born, repelled her, but as she left the shops behind and threaded her way through the older part of the town its charm became apparent: here were picturesque alleys where unkempt children disported themselves; evil-smelling quarters, whose quaint gables and uneven proportions showed at least some individuality of architecture, and at whose open doors the women stood industriously knitting. On the quay groups of fishermen paced in compact bodies to and fro, the limited space they permitted to themselves for peregrination evidently being the length of the deck they were accustomed to patrol.

A narrow, cobbled street with "Dige" written up at last proclaimed that Anne had reached her bourne; she tapped with nervous fingers at the studio door. "Come in," Mr. Mainwaring called. She opened the door and found herself in a large, rough shed, lofty and unceiled. It suggested that in some previous state of existence it had been used as a sail repository, for sails and net even now were abundantly employed as hangings to make the barrack-like structure less desolate. Light poured in from a large window in the roof. A few tables were covered with palettes, brushes, and tubes of colour: the paraphernalia of work. Rugs on the floor and three or four quaint old chairs comprised the furniture. Stacked against one end of the wall were many canvases, and a big one stood upon an easel underneath the skylight; upon it was painted a group of anxious-eyed women standing upon a quay, obviously watching for the return of the fishing-boats—just such a scene as in rough weather one may encounter at any fishing haven on the Cornish coast. It was, however, the masterly treatment of the picture that arrested Anne's attention. Harmonious yet powerful in colour, it was instinct with knowledge.

Anne looked past it to the artist. "A

man's nature is betrayed by his work," she mused.

"I am glad you have come." He turned towards her and took up palette and brushes. "Have you ever sat before?"

"Yes," she remembered the penance of a portrait in the previous Academy.

"Do you mind taking off your sun-bonnet? I think I will make a sketch of your head instead of the hands to-day." He noted with approval the slightly irregular features and the wealth of wonderful hair turned for his inspection.

Soon—

"Turn a little more to the right," or "Raise the chin a little," or "Would you care to rest for a few minutes?" were the only remarks to be heard.

It was deadly dull, Anne decided; but the attitude was not difficult, the studio alive with interest, and she made the most of studying at her leisure the man who appeared absolutely immersed in his work. One thing was obvious—he loved his profession; she watched him walk backwards from and forwards to the canvas, critically studying her, every touch he placed upon the picture seeming to give him actual delight. At last Anne sighed, and the light went out of her face. Mainwaring said decisively, "You had better rest now." So she got down from the high stool upon which she had been sitting, and, walking round, stood by his side to look with interest at the presentment of herself. It had assumed definite likeness.

"Well?" asked Jim, who was watching her.

She remembered her rôle. It was a face devoid of criticism that she turned to him.

"I beg your pardon?"

"What do you think of it?" he said.

"It seems very simple," she hazarded. "But that is perhaps what I am."

He laughed. She was so keenly alive to the interest of the situation that she longed for sympathy.



It was deadly dull, Anne decided.

"I've seen lots of pictures," she kept to the drawl of the Cornish speech.

"Have you?" he said surprised; then with the instinctive conservatism inherent in all men where women are concerned—a conservatism which urges their reserving to themselves the right of monopoly—he continued—

"I shouldn't sit to every one if I were you."

She laughed. "That's what Nanny says."

"Why do you call your aunt Nanny?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Incontinently she dismissed the inquiry and reverted to the former topic. "No, Nanny didn't want me to sit to you; she says you can never tell what people are, you can only tell what they appear."

"She's a clever old woman."

"We all think the same thoughts!" demure.

"It's education, usually, that enables us to express them."

"But why shouldn't I sit to people?"

"Oh!—well, because you are too pretty, and because they are not all good."

"And are you good enough to think everybody else bad?"

"I haven't very rosy ideas of my fellow-men."

"And fellow-women?"

"My fellow-women are curious."

"We hope on the other side of curiosity to gain knowledge."

The tooth of time gnawed away several seconds, then Mainwaring dropped the conversational tone and assumed that of dictator.

"Will you take the position again, please?"

She studied him closely as he painted. He was curiously attractive and had a personality which was distinctive; his hair was getting a little grey round the temples; it was fine, dark hair, which clung closely to the well-shaped head; there was nothing good or bad to praise or blame in the features, but the eyes were extremely prepossessing. "Yet I can't honestly say you are good-looking," she decided.

"Does it tire you to talk?" she asked.

"If you do, it makes it easier to sit still, as I don't then remember to get tired."

"All right—fire away," said Jim, with kindly good-humour. He added: "Well, what shall we talk about?"

"You, sir, if you please," said the model, modest.

"I'm not an interesting subject."

"Go on," she urged.

"There's nothing worth the telling. I paint a little, criticise a good deal, and don't care a hang for anybody." Then, afraid that the expression of interest might leave her face, "And you, what do you do?" he asked.

"Oh, not much!"

"Housework?"

"I polish things sometimes, and I embroider a little."

"Perhaps you help your mother?"

"I haven't got a mother."

"Haven't you—poor little girl."

"I lead rather a useless life, I'm afraid." She was evidently seized with compunction, as the sadness of her tone showed.

He mentally commended such right feeling.

"Couldn't Mrs. Bolitho help you by teaching you a few useful things?"

Man, with credulity that is shown in nothing else, is ever full of faith in woman. If she be beautiful he believes *de facto* that she must be good—that the priceless casket of that beauty cannot fail to hold a jewel.

How little women really know of each other, Jim thought. Here is a girl only too willing to learn, and no one troubles to teach her the obvious things that would make her so desirable a wife to one of her own class. Yet curiously the notion of her marrying did not appeal to him; indeed the idea was positively repugnant—she looked so refined, it was horrible to imagine her the mate of a rude fisherman. Women of the grade to which she belonged were invariably above the clodhoppers they consorted with. Now it was not so

amongst the better classes, and Jim Mainwaring's mind turned to the wives and daughters of his many friends; certainly they, as a rule, were not the equals intellectually of their masculine relatives. This was not an imaginary idea, but a patent fact—an error presumably on the part of Nature. Now a girl like Anne, had she been one's social equal, what a wife she would make! Doubtless the refinement and look of thought were thoroughly borne out by the ideas in the brain.

The realisation of her faults was evidently proving too much for Anne; she held her handkerchief to her eyes, regardless of attitude, and a little sound—it might have been a sob; could it have been a yawn?—came from behind it.

"I am tired," she exclaimed. "Will you please let me go now, sir?"

It seemed to Jim Mainwaring that no eyes had ever been so alluring as those which looked out at him under wet lashes. In them was a pathetic wistfulness that appeared to be even tender.

"I'm so sorry." He put down palette and brushes and came over to her. She held out her hand as if in appeal.

"My foot has gone to sleep; I can't get down," she childishly cried. Her feet—such small ones—dangled some distance from the floor. The situation rendered her irresistible, as she probably intended it should do. A wave of admiration filled Jim Mainwaring's brain; temporarily it obliterated his calm, good sense. There was a moment's pause in which for him the world stood still. He was so near he could hear the girl breathe: an irregular little sob which moved him strangely. Anne felt she was playing with edged tools—that it was scarcely fair; but if her beauty, aided by her naughtiness (an inheritance derived from Eve, and transmitted to all women), occasionally landed her in what threatened to be an *impasse*, native wit (bountifully bestowed by another source) invariably showed her a way of escape. She

was distinctly frightened, however, when Jim Mainwaring took her in his arms, yet before her feet touched the ground there came to her the idea that it was good to be so held. Perhaps the thought betrayed itself in her eyes.

"Anne!" He held her prisoner. "Anne!"

"Let me go, let me go; you mustn't, indeed you mustn't, you don't know. I shouldn't have come." She pushed him from her with a strength of which he had not thought her capable. Then, with the contradictoriness that finds its truest expression in feminine nature, she buried her face in her hands and genuine tears rendered her inarticulate. She dropped, limp and nerveless, into a low seat. Pallor took the place of her usual beauty of colour. A cold chill ran through Jim Mainwaring. What a brute he had been! What an unmitigated brute! He knelt beside her in a paroxysm of self-reproach. He besought her to forgive him; urged that he had not meant to frighten her; that he was so sorry. Gradually colour came back to the girl's face; she got up and put on her sun-bonnet, laughed with recovered nerve, declared it was all a mistake; that she did not blame him; that she must go.

"Jim, I want to introduce you to Lady Anne Ainslie, whom you are to take in to dinner," said Lady Ravenswood. Obediently the man, in the wake of his hostess, threaded his way across the big Mayfair drawing-room, in which some twenty people were assembled.

"Anne," said her ladyship, "let me introduce my cousin, Mr. Mainwaring, to you."

Anne gave the customary nod of recognition of the rite, and continued her conversation with a man at her elbow; so Jim Mainwaring had time to partially recover from another of the hallucinations he felt were becoming positively chronic.

To how many pink sun-bonnets had he not given chase? How many short

skirts and trim ankles had raised false hopes? How often had he interrogated Mrs. Bolitho as to her niece's whereabouts and failed to gain information from her? The Anne of his studio had vanished into thin air. Now, when after six months he had almost begun to believe that that scene in the Digey had been a fiction of his brain, Lady Anne Ainslie, in soft white satin and pearls, brought it vividly back to him.

He listened breathless for Lady Anne's voice, but the loss of the Cornish drawl rendered recognition difficult—

"Do you ever talk?" she said, when the little ceremonious fuss of settling into their places at the dinner-table was over.

A puzzled look passed over his face, the vibration of memory being again stirred by the note in her voice.

"Were you ever at St. Ives?" he rejoined suddenly.

"St. Ives?" vague.

Her eyes met his. Had she smiled? He really couldn't say; if so, it was but a transitory suggestion, a nightlight glimmer of amusement.



"St. Ives?"

women are mistresses of dissimulation—and she looked at him as at a stranger. His appreciation of beauty, hitherto so catholic, had narrowed to such an extent that now he bid fair to admire but one type, he decided, as he studied the face of this girl, tracing its resemblance to that of his model. The likeness could but be superficial, and was as illusive as is presented by a sleeping face to the same face awake.

This gracious and exquisite lady of fashion could not really be the lovely, simple girl who in a few short hours had beguiled from him his heart.

"Yes! It's a Cornish village where a colony of painters learn local colour."

"Local colour?"

"What's the use of a training in art if you can't mix up local colour with your other paints?"

"Do you live there?"

"More or less I make it my home."

"And there learn to condemn the bad?"

"Emulate the best, rather."

"Make tangible the poetry of the world?"

"That's impossible," he said gravely; "there lies more poetry in the passing

of a shadow across a field than in the best pictures of any time."

He sought for and found a simile.

"A picture in relation to nature is something like a phonographic reproduction of a lovely laugh: you get the sound but you lose the music."

Anne laughed, Jim Mainwaring heard what he wished—the two laughs were identical!

"How odd!"

"What's odd?"

"Your laugh."

"You are really not very polite," she raised her eyebrows. "I have hitherto flattered myself that in that difficult vocal exercise—a laugh—I perform my part quite creditably."

"It's charming. It's positively charming, but it's not yours."

"Not mine?"

"Laugh again, please."

Anne laughed involuntarily.

"It's identical!"

"Would you accuse me of theft, would you dare to insinuate that I have appropriated something which belongs to somebody else? And who is this woman from whom I am supposed to have stolen?"

"It wasn't a woman."

"Worse and worse. Man, then?"

"Not even a man—a girl."

"I repeat your formula."

"My formula?"

"Yes, what's the use of being a woman if I can't fashion a laugh."

"Have you ever been to St. Ives?" he insisted.

"That depends. Do you call passing through a place having been there?" her voice fell to the low-water mark of

apathy. The subject of St. Ives was closed. Upon every other topic she roused to interest, showing herself full of the diverse charm of woman, neither too wise to be amused nor too foolish to be amusing.

"Generously appreciative," thought Jim, "she is unconscious that either her own or the nature of others can have limitations; and, rarest of all arts, she can listen."

Until the men joined the women after dinner the time seemed interminable; then he was intensely disappointed to discover from his hostess that Lady Anne, due at some big social function, had had to leave.

He had been unusually expansive, and had told his neighbour at dinner of his projected return to Cornwall on the morrow. She had not even troubled to say "Goodbye." Apparently this Anne was as elusive as the other.

A timid knock disturbed Jim Mainwaring on the morning following his return from town. He wasn't working, but was studying the sketch of a head upon the canvas that stood on the easel.

"Come in," he shouted. Presently he looked round as there had followed no other sound after the opening and shutting of the door. A girl in short skirt and pink sun-bonnet stood looking eagerly towards him.

"Anne, Anne! Why have you come?" he asked, with a break in his voice and holding out to her his arms.

She laughed nervously. "I don't quite know—I'm not by any means sure—but I think it may be to be paid."

RECOLLECTIONS OF DELHI

By One Who Was Recently Quartered There

DELHI, from the point of view of the British soldier, is not an ideal spot in which to be quartered. Even the fact that you are occupying part of the ancient palace of the Moghuls is not sufficient to compensate for the prevailing dulness, for the fever which you are morally certain to contract—or for the ubiquitous smells! But of the interest attaching to the place and its surroundings, there can be no two opinions.

The great durbar of 1903 was held in the plain divided from Delhi by the historic Ridge, that great natural rampart which proved the salvation of our besieging forces. The Ridge stretches before the city at a distance varying from twelve hundred yards to two and a half miles, and the ancient walls and palaces rising behind form a fitting background for the gorgeous pageant enacted there in January.

To those whom an unkind fate keeps relentlessly at home, who must perforce "leave unseen so many a glorious sight, so many lands unvisited," these random notes on Delhi may, perhaps, be welcome.

With the exception of the site of the Parana Kila, "old fort," and a certain amount of scattered stones and rubble, all traces of Indra-prastha, the first Delhi, which was built fifteen centuries

before Christ, lie buried under the neighbouring mounds.

But the remains of mediæval Delhi, which was founded about A.D. 750, stretch for miles, deserted and moss-grown, a veritable city of the dead, and now the happy hunting-ground of myriads of snakes, a fact which somewhat abates the ardour of the enthusiastic European, intent on archæological research. Here and there, still enclosed by high walls, are the ruins of wells, which formerly supplied tanks and reservoirs. At the Kutub Tower is one of these, down which—a sheer drop of sixty feet—the native of to-day will dive for the guerdon of the white man's silver. Last year, from some unknown cause, the well ran dry, but the astute Hindoo was not to be thus easily baulked of his harvest, and

replenished the well artificially.

One of the most interesting relics of mediæval Delhi is the Iron Pillar which stands near the Kutub, and is credited with being fifteen centuries old. It has seen much in its time, this old pillar—insur-



IRON PILLAR AND OLD GATEWAY AT THE KUTUB.

rections and wars, the waxing and waning of many dynasties, literally—

How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour and went his way.

The inscription, still visible in the iron,



THE KUTUB TOWER.

refers to the pillar as "the arm of fame of Raja Dháva," and the lettering is compared to the wounds inflicted by this sovereign upon his unfortunate enemies. The silent testimony of the Iron Pillar is the only witness now to the fact that such a man as Raja Dháva ever existed.

Tradition declares the pillar was thrust through the head of Vahuki, the great serpent who supports the world, and a certain Raja, of a less credulous nature than his forbears, had the pillar dug up to verify the statement. The foot was found to be red with Vahuki's blood! The pillar was at once replaced, but so

hastily that it was "dhilla" or "loose," thus giving the name to the city which was afterwards built round it. The real genesis of the Iron Pillar will probably remain for ever shrouded in mystery, modern excavations having dispelled the theory with regard to Vahuki.

The Kutub is forty feet higher than the Monument in London, and, until the erection of such recent structures as the Eiffel Tower, was reckoned the tallest



THE PEARL MOSQUE.

pillar in the world. It was begun by Kutub-ud-din, to commemorate his victories. Kutub-ud-din was originally a slave, but rose to a high position in the Mohammedan Court, and finally to the throne itself, thus founding a line of slave kings. The Kutub would seem to have been designed as a minaret for summoning the faithful to prayer; it is built of red sandstone, and engraved with texts from the Koran.

The Emperor Akbar, who erected the magnificent white marble mausoleum to the memory of his father Humayun, was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, and is regarded as the actual founder of the



THE CASHMERE GATE.

Moghul dynasty in India. Humayun's tomb is about seven miles from modern Delhi, and it was here that the last of the Moghul emperors took refuge with his family, after the capture of the city by the British during the Mutiny, and here also that he surrendered to Hodson, of "Hodson's Horse."

Another famous incident of the siege was the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate by a small body of Engineers and Sappers, under the command of Lieuts. Home and Salkeld, the latter of whom received his death-wound as he was endeavouring to ignite the fuse. The bridge before the gateway had been destroyed, and only a single beam spanned the moat, which the carrying party had

to cross one by one under a hot fire. As will be seen from the illustration, the Cashmere Gate remains exactly as it appeared at the conclusion of the siege.

The Emperor Shah Jehan built the

modern city of Delhi in 1631, giving it the name of Shahjehanabad. The Jama Masjid, which is a most imposing building of red sandstone and white marble,

is said to be the largest mosque in India. Here, on payment of a rupee, you are vouchsafed the sight of one of Mohammed's sandals, also a single red hair plucked from the Prophet's beard, and guarded in a glass case.

An examination of this sacred relic would lead you to infer that the hairs of Mohammed's beard must have resembled those of an elephant's tail in coarseness.

Shah Jehan also built the Pearl Mosque, a most exquisitely proportioned specimen of architecture, composed entirely of white marble. It stands

practically within a few yards of the throne-room, from which it would appear that Shah Jehan found the Jama Masjid inconveniently distant for his devotions. The city abounds with



TOMB OF HUMAYUN.



LAHORE GATE OF THE FORT OR PALACE.

mosques, and from the Artillery quarters over the Lahore Gates their countless white domes, seen through a golden

cate with the Jumna, the project was reluctantly abandoned.

Shah Jehan was possessed of enormous wealth, and the brilliancy of his Court would seem to have out-vied that of Solomon.

The Imperial Palace, now commonly called the Fort, would not have disgraced a potentate of the Arabian Nights. In the public hall of audience, which once echoed to the footsteps of the Mohammedan warriors and their retinues, the Imperial ball to be given in honour of the Viceroy, was held. The pillars in the private audience hall are of white marble, richly inlaid with coloured mosaics, the effect of which has been



THE JAMA MASJID.

haze of sunshine, present a singular and most striking effect.

On the stairs leading to this portion of the Fort, which was once occupied by the native guard, a number of women and children were killed in the massacre and superstitious natives declare that their groans may still be heard. There are some gruesome details in the history of Delhi! Tradition also reports that when the Royal Family fled for their lives to Humayun's tomb, some of the Crown jewels were thrown down a well in the Fort, where they repose to this day. A brilliant idea struck one of the officers recently quartered at Delhi that he would investigate the existence of the treasure by causing the well to be pumped out by the Fort fire-engine. On learning, however, that a steam-engine had already been employed to that end with a signal want of success, the well having been found to communi-

marred of late years by the ruthless fingers of visitors and others picking out the mosaic. The Department of Works has remedied the deficiency with the somewhat prosaic substitute of coloured putty! The daïs of the celebrated Peacock Throne still stands in this hall;



PUBLIC HALL OF AUDIENCE.

the throne is said to have cost six millions sterling, and literally blazed with diamonds. Its chief ornament was the

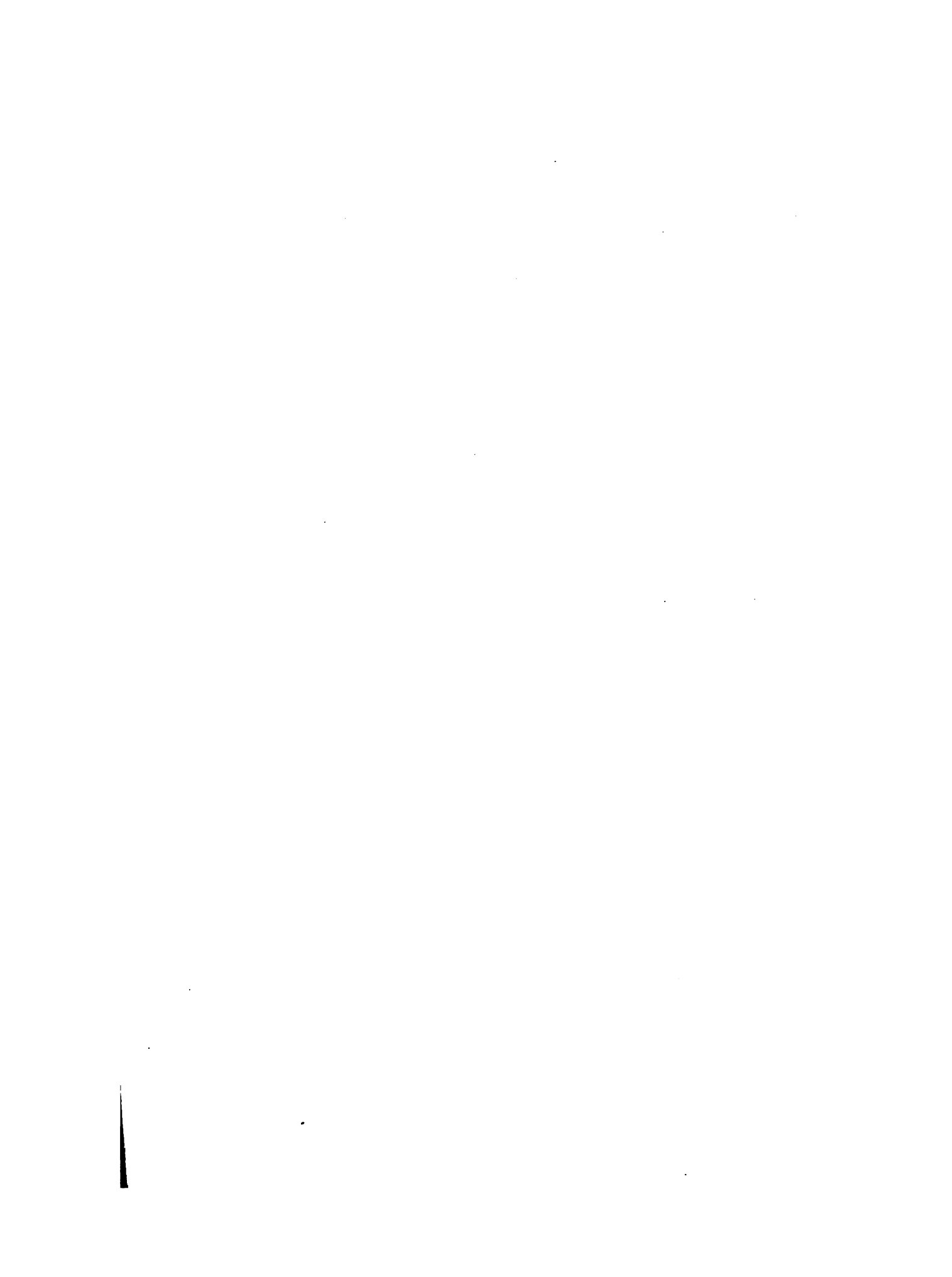
figure of a peacock, and the colours of the bird's out-spread tail were represented by various precious stones. When Nadir Shah invaded India in 1739, and defeated the reigning monarch, he looted the city of Delhi, and the Peacock Throne was carried off to Persia among the rest of the spoil. To-day only the

old Fort itself remains, the outer shell as it were, of the Moghuls' former splendours, and there is a certain grim irony in the motto which, written in Arabic, adorns each of the four corners of the throne-room—

And oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this ! It is this !



PEACOCK THRONE ROOM.





"THE TIMES."

The English Illustrated Magazine

NEWSPAPERS AS PUBLIC CHARACTERS

By SERGE NELIDOFF

(The Illustrations accompanying this article are not personal caricatures.)

MORE than forty years ago a famous English statesman¹ was shown a cartoon representing the *Times* newspaper as a fierce old gentleman wielding a club.

"Tut, tut, my dear sir," slyly remarked the Premier to the Painter, "you should have drawn an old lady brandishing an umbrella!"

Lord Macaulay, who as a Whig disliked the politics of the *Morning Post* and lost no opportunity, even in his essays and speeches, of venting his prejudice, once described that journal as "An aristocratic footpad, bludgeon in hand and in soiled collar, ready to cry 'Police' whenever detected in a nefarious assault upon the literary or political highway." Every newspaper reader is a partisan, and an excellent article might be made of the opinions held by celebrated men of the great organs they admired or detested. Not all of them would be perhaps as warmly encomiastic as the late Robert Louis Stevenson, who, in his "New Arabian Nights," put into the mouth of Prince Florizel of Bohemia, "The *Standard*, sir—the finest newspaper in the world."

To a foreigner, somewhat versed in English customs and language, or to a catholic observer who dips impartially into all newspapers at his club, there is a fascination in attempting to study and define the characteristics of those great journals of which Englishmen are justly

proud. He soon learns to divide off into distinct groups the adherents of each journal, as partaking of its doctrines and peculiar ways of thought, each group becoming assimilated, as it were, to his or her favourite newspaper.

A newspaper, although the truth is not so widely recognised as it deserves to be, has a character altogether independent of those who happen to own it, direct it, or write for it. In some cases, indeed, the notion of directly associating great newspapers with individuals is not altogether extravagant, but even in these cases the editors have confessed how often the paper uttered opinions which were totally at variance with those they held themselves. The amusing assertion of Mr. James Gordon Bennet that his newspaper, the *New York Herald*, was "an elephant which he was trying to lead by a wire along a certain road" is probably an expression of the sentiments of most newspaper editors and proprietors. Mr. John Delane was a brilliant editor and a man of character, but Mr. Delane was not the *Times*, any more than Mr. Buckle is the *Times*, or Sir Edward Lawson is the *Daily Telegraph*, or Mr. Dunn is the *Morning Post*. An editor is rarely able to exercise more influence over a newspaper than a Sovereign or a Prime Minister is nowadays able to exert over a State. He is able perhaps to make war or peace, to alter the laws and boundaries, but his effect on its cha-

¹ Lord John Russell.

racter or individuality is small. If he tries to do more he usually kills it—or kills himself. The character of the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Post*, the *Telegraph*, the *Chronicle*, is made up of traditions which each succeeding editor and each succeeding staff regard as inviolable. Every member of the editorial staff of either of the great dailies is aware of its history and peculiarities; and almost unconsciously he entertains the prejudices of his predecessors concerning any personage, institution, or event. We should not be at all surprised if that valuable compilation known as the "Times Index" is consulted by no one more assiduously than by the present editor of the *Times*. "What have we said before on this subject?" was one of Mr. John Walter's most constant inquiries, as we learn from one of his associates in Printing House Square. The lengths to which this may be carried, so as to render the paper an engine as independent of individual opinion as his monster was of Frankenstein, has had numerous illustrations of late years. One of the most curious happened when one morning a few years ago the *Standard*, to the surprise of every one, and none more so than its proprietor, and even of its literary editor, published a leading article severely depreciating Mr. George Meredith. It was apropos of the birthday of the venerable novelist, and to his admirers it came as a bolt from the blue. It is said that the article was written quite without animus; it did not represent anybody's opinion, but was a continuation of the judgment passed upon Mr. Meredith in a leading article in 1861, or soon after the appearance of his first novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel."

The remark (almost as celebrated as that "the Tenth Hussars nevah dance!"), "We do not mention Mr. Bradlaugh in the *Morning Post*," attributed to a youthful member of the Press Gallery, has often been paraphrased with reference

to other journals and other personages in the political and social world. "The policy of the paper" is a common saying on the lips of journalists. "It is against the policy of this paper to encourage actors," was a remark ascribed by Sir Henry Irving to a certain editor who was being entertained, many years after he uttered it, at the Green Room Club.

To a foreigner, the most prominent feature of the London Press, with but few exceptions, is its reserve and each paper's consciousness of its own importance. But in this it only represents the English character, and upon critical inspection it will be found by the intelligent observer that there are varying degrees in this reserve, just as there are varying opinions and various styles of expressing them. A Parisian on being shown the *Times* for the first time invariably exclaims, "How large!" his second, "How do you find enough to fill it?" He soon discovers that it is chiefly filled up with foreign telegrams and speeches. The first is comprehensible: Great Britain is a world-power, but so much speaking—are not the English a silent race? They are, it is true, reticent as compared with the French or Americans, but that does not prevent them from being fond of reading speeches, just as they love to watch cricket—indeed their reticence affords them all the more leisure for the pastime. In the *Figaro*, *Le Temps*, even in the *Journal des Debats* you will find few reports of speeches, simply because the French do not relish reading speeches. The *Times* is the chief purveyor of printed speeches in the world. During 1902 it encouraged oratory to the extent of 5,622 columns, but these figures by no means represent the full extent of its approbation of uttered opinions, other than its own. It published during the same period 1,313 columns of "Letters to the Editor," on various topics ranging from the "Appearance of a cuckoo in Herts," to the "Monroe Doctrine." Strange as it may seem, the English and the French resemble one another in



'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.'

their scant interest in actuality. Events which in America would be considered worthy of blazoning forth to the extent of ten columns with terrifying headlines, the *Times* gravely dismisses as worthy only of an obscure paragraph. It is in reference to this peculiarity that Mark Twain in one of his books declares that "If Chicago, Boston, and St. Louis were to be burnt down again, the London *Times* would print a paragraph about it, under the heading 'Remarkable Triple Conflagration in America.' No, I tell you the kind of fire John Bull likes to read about is the fire that flashes in the voter's eye as he listened to the noble address of the Hon. Member for Hanglebury-cum-Boozeleford!"

Lord Tenyson once wrote to a correspondent, wondering that every London newspaper didn't "study to resemble the *Times*." As a matter of fact, as any one may discover for himself by consulting the files in the British Museum of the newspapers of the mid-century or prior to the repeal of the newspaper tax in 1861, every newspaper in the kingdom *did* "study to resemble the *Times*" as much as possible, and the mannerisms which they then adopted have not yet been superseded. The "make-up" of the leading London newspapers is that of the *Times*; but by degrees the *Morning Post*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and the *Morning Advertiser* have deviated from their great exemplar in modes of expression, so that each may be said to have a separate and distinctive utterance. The late George Augustus Sala used to say that he could detect the style of each journal upon hearing a paragraph of ten lines read out to him; and that no journalist would think of writing even the shortest article in the same strain for the *Standard* as he would for the *Daily Telegraph*.

The style of the *Daily Telegraph* is, in truth, celebrated all over the world. *Daily Telegraphese* has passed into a household phrase. It is euphuistic, it is rich in metaphors and adjectives. It is commonly supposed that the writings of

Mr. Clement Scott had a great deal to do with the style of the *Telegraph*, but as a matter of fact this gentleman himself derived his peculiar mode of expression from the newspaper with which he was so long connected. Soon after the founding of his newspaper, Mr. Lawson is said to have discovered that a style based upon two such popular authors as Charles Dickens and G. P. R. James would be most acceptable to the public. At least, it is a legend that he thereupon issued instructions to his staff to form themselves upon these models, more especially the last-named. The *Telegraph* is essentially a home paper: it interests itself in social problems and the homely side of life. Now and then it throws wide open its columns to the world, prepared to receive opinions upon questions relating to the chimney-corner aspect of life, the most successful of these in late years being "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Should Wives Work?" and "What shall we do with our Daughters?" The *Telegraph* is a journal after Dickens's own heart, and, in turn, it may be said never to forget the debt it owes to the great novelist and portrayer *par excellence* of homely life. It never allows a week to pass without making a reference to his writings, and every member of the staff is expected to acquaint himself fully with all the Master's creations, from "Pickwick" to "Edwin Drood." The *Telegraph* goes in largely for cricket and outdoor sports, melodrama and holiday haunts, and it is staunchly Conservative in its politics. It is its proud boast that it was the first to discover woman as a newspaper-reading animal, and the late Mr. Trail used to relate with gusto the remark made to him by Mr. Sala when a column entitled "The Latest Fashions" found its way into the paper, "My God, Trail, we'd better give up business—there's no room for you and me here. They've turned the 'D.T.' over to the dressmakers!" In political circles, it is believed, the *Telegraph* is not taken very seriously.

The *Standard* does not hesitate, in



"THE DAILY NEWS."

spite of its adhesion to the Conservative side of politics, to adopt an independent course now and then, and read a lecture to the Tory chiefs. But, on the whole, the fault found with the organ in Shoe Lane is that its conduct is too correct and colourless. When the present Poet Laureate was more actively concerned in its daily production, some Fleet Street wit had the impudence to speak of the *Standard* as the *Daily Alfred Austin*, and the *Saturday Review* once alluded to its "dreamy activity and feeble forcibleness," whatever that may mean. Nevertheless men of such opposite natures as Carlyle and Matthew Arnold have passed encomiums upon the *Standard*; and Mr. Stevenson's opinion we have already quoted. We cannot refrain from mentioning the old anecdote about the widow who continued her husband's practice of taking in a morning newspaper, but took the *Standard* in preference to the *Daily News*, in spite of the fact that her relict was a notorious Liberal. "But why do you take the *Standard*?" she was asked. "Because it's best," she retorted; "I've tried them all: and there's none as makes such nice wrapping paper as the *Standard*!"

This allusion to paper, which after all is the corporeal substance of a journal, further suggests the influence which the appearance and material fabric of a newspaper may have upon the reader. The *Times* is printed upon a quality of paper superior to any other journal in Europe, or, indeed, any daily in the world, but that is because it is sold for threepence. Even with the £600,000 per annum which the *Thunderer* is reputed to receive for advertisements, the paper could not profitably be produced for a penny. The paper on which the *Telegraph* is printed is of two sorts, but it ranks next in quality to the *Times*; the *Morning Post* follows; then comes the *Standard*, with the *Chronicle* well in the rear. Within recent years the evening papers, which, by the way, are no longer published in the evening, have adopted the ex-

periment of printing on tinted paper, as green and pink. An amusing story is related of, and we believe by, the *Globe*. One day a patient burst in upon Mr. Nettleship, the famous oculist—"Sir, your treatment's wrong. I'm going blind; my sight is suffused with blood!" "Sit down, sir, and tell me your symptoms. When did you first notice this?" "An hour ago I bought a paper in a cab. I turned to read it, and it seemed pink, sir—pink!" "What paper was it?" asked the surgeon. "Why, the *Globe*—I've been reading it for thirty years." "Just so, sir," quietly remarked Mr. Nettleship, "last night it turned pink!" And the *Globe* has been pink ever since. In 1893 the *Westminster Gazette* appeared printed on light green paper, thus setting an example to other evening papers; but there has been little disposition on the part of the great morning journals to alter their complexion, even in a figurative sense.

The *Daily Chronicle* is another journal which will well repay a careful character-reading. Here is an instance of how the influences of origin and early training permeate through all the after-life of a newspaper as of an individual of the human species. It was originally a local paper dealing purely with local affairs; it was founded by, and its first writers were, men of humble origin and not of University education, and yet for all that extremely fond of good literature. The result is that the *Chronicle* is the most democratic and the least academic of the London journals of high position: it is fond of books, art, and drama; it has all the culture of the self-made man, and interests itself seriously in social questions. It is innately Radical, but at times it shows a lamentable tendency to dissimulation and a desire to be content with things as they are. Its worst fault used to be an occasional lapse of dignity and a disposition to employ the arts of the Hyde Park demagogue in its leading columns. But it has lately recovered from this habit.



"THE STANDARD."

It cannot be denied that the *Chronicle* aims to be interesting, and really often succeeds in this aim.

A journal that is serious, but is not always taken seriously, is the *Daily News*. It is odd to reflect that it is this paper and not the *Telegraph* which had for its first editor the author of "Pickwick." Not but that many Dickens traditions are yet preserved in Bouverie Street; nor has the character he then gave the *Daily News* altogether disappeared; but it never deals with life humorously or in a spirit of rancour. It possesses an excitable temperament, and can on occasion work itself up into a ferment of enthusiasm or indignation.

One writer, still living, has confessed that the *Morning Post* "took out all your adjectives," wherein we see a difference between it and the *Telegraph*. The *Morning Post* is profoundly interested in society affairs, and has lately made a speciality of the British Empire. It is *dilettante* in the treatment of art and literature.

Apropos of our remarks on the style of the great London newspapers, would it be impertinent to attempt illustrations? Let us suppose an incident treated in the manner of each of the great dailies. A labourer, let us say engaged in excavations in Fleet Street, finds a wallet containing £20 in gold, and this incident is thus related by the *Times* :—

Yesterday one of the workmen engaged in excavations in Fleet Street unearthed a wallet said to contain gold pieces to the amount of £20

This is a too-precise statement of the case perhaps, but the *Times* is no gossipier over the trivial affairs of daily life. We turn to the *Standard* for more detailed knowledge of the above affair.

DISCOVERY BY A WORKMAN.—At noon yesterday, a workman named Deane, engaged in sewer excavations in Fleet Street, accidentally came upon an old wallet which, when opened, was found to contain nearly £20 in gold. The sewer has not been disturbed for fifty years.

In the *Daily Chronicle* we find the

incident treated, as we expected, with much greater fulness. It bears a headline of its own :—

TREASURE TROVE IN FLEET STREET.

Yesterday a day labourer named John Deane, employed in the excavations Fleet Street is undergoing at present, noticed an old leather wallet in the earth. He picked it up, and upon opening it, had the satisfaction of finding it full of sovereigns and half-sovereigns. The exact value of the find was £20. There is, of course, no clue to the ownership, and the authorities are unable to explain the presence of this sum of money in the sewer. Deane instantly stopped work with the remark, "I'll take this home to the missis!"

If the *Telegraph* does not add anything to our knowledge concerning the episode itself, we are not to go away unedified by a mere bald presentation of the facts already gathered :—

The joy that indubitably filled to overflowing the bosom of the worthy Mr. Micawber, when he "turned up" his first nugget in Australia, was paralleled under a midday sun in Fleet Street yesterday. While labouring stolidly with his pickaxe, John Deane, one of the City workmen engaged in sewer excavations, struck something metallic; he reached down and picked it up. It proved to be an ancient wallet, such as was carried by an opulent alderman of other days; the lucky Deane opened it and immediately his eyes were gladdened by the sight of twenty golden sovereigns. The whole affair is enshrouded in mystery, and the authorities profess themselves utterly unable to produce any solution which will be generally accepted as credible. The theory that it formerly belonged to a once celebrated man of letters who scorned to receive base lucre for his writings has been rejected as improbable, together with the hypothesis that this treasure trove was conveyed underground by rats. Perhaps "Mr. Punch" will be able to shed some light on the mystery. As for the lucky knight of the pickaxe, he is said to have taken an instant departure from the scene with the canny observation, "I'll take this 'ere 'ome to my missis!"

It is no mean compliment to pay the New Journalism, by which designation the more recent recruits to the ranks of the metropolitan press are called, to remark that vivid as this narrative is, it does not yet reach the pinnacle of a



"THE DAILY CHRONICLE."

peculiar excellence. The transatlantic virtues of the headline and the interview have yet to be employed, the one to arrest the eye, and the other to exploit the picturesque.

Thus the *Daily Mail* would begin :—

JUST LIKE KLONDYKE !

LABOURER FINDS GOLD IN FLEET STREET.

(*Daily Mail* Special.)

And after a description of this occurrence in crisp, humorous terms, we would have the following :

A *Daily Mail* representative called last evening upon Deane, who lives in the Caledonian Road, and ascertained that the find consisted of guineas, not sovereigns, as had been previously reported. The dates range from 1720 to 1797, so that the loss of the wallet was doubtless about the close of the century. Could they have belonged to Dr. Johnson? It must not be forgotten that in Boswell's biography he mentions having hid a number of guineas for safe keeping, but afterwards could not find them. Was it the celebrated lexicographer's practice to hide them in the neighbouring sewer? This interesting question should be cleared up.

It is the custom to describe this insistence upon and elaboration of trifles as American, but is it not to be found in the Parisian newspapers, as well as in the news-letters and causeries of one and two centuries ago? It is not new, but a revival of the gossiping style in journalism which was extremely popular during the reigns of Queen Anne and the two first Georges.

Headlines are no contemptible indices to the character of a paper. The lofty cynicism of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in

heading all telegrams from the seat of the late war, "The Boer Revolt," was maintained to the end. What an interval from the persistent and consistent heading of the *Times*, "The Chinese Crisis," during the most acute stage of the recent troubles in the East to the—

HORRORS UPON HORRORS.

HOW SHALL WE BE AVENGED?

of another of the morning papers ! But perhaps as good an index is furnished by the "contents-bills." The greatest care is taken with these contents-bills ; and each is certainly characteristic of the paper. The most ingenious was perhaps that of the *Morning Advertiser*, the organ of the licensed victualling interest but an excellent newspaper besides, which has long since earned a world-wide reputation for alliteration. "Salisbury Scents Strife," "Battling Brilliantly Begun," and "Boers Badly Beaten," are almost an epitome of the recent hostilities. But a change has come over these matutinal announcements, and in 1903 it alliterates no more.

That man is not to be despised for his London acquaintances if he has but made friends with the London newspapers, and has learned to distinguish the particular tones and marked traits of each ; who can find speech and character as clearly defined and as congenial in the *Standard* and *Chronicle* as in Jones or Robinson. "Beware" (runs the significant axiom) "of the man of one book." There is, however, we are tempted to add, no occasion to dread the man of one newspaper.



"THE MORNING POST."

STORY OF A DEVIL

By MAXIME GORKI

THE strange adventure I have to relate took place on the night of Epiphany Eve. It was thawing fast out of doors ; a thick, milky coloured mist filled the streets, making the houses invisible, and covering everything, good and bad alike, with its impenetrable veil. Dull spots of muffled light stood above the gasburners in the lamps and seemed to be suspended rayless and motionless far up in the air and only served to make the darkness around still more acute. Its stifling, muddy waves crushed and held all below in melancholy lethargy ; human figures gleamed on the sight for a moment and then disappeared like wandering phantoms ; their voices had taken a clammy and husky tone ; and even the peals of church bells, heavy with damp, were lost and silenced in the mist, deprived of all meaning and significance.

Ivan Ivanovitch Ivanoff was sitting at his study table close to the window, and was so lost in thought that he did not remark how a little devil, in the shape of an icicle, had crawled through a crevice in the casement and had squatted himself on the window-sill. Ivan, by nature and character, belonged to what we like to call the intelligent class ; and the favourite occupation of his leisure hours was to meditate on spiritual perfection, to attain which he would indulge in long daily self-communings, and in reading religious tracts. On this particular night he was taking a review of how he had lived and what he had done during the last fortnight, and was, as I have said, quite lost in meditation. A man who gives himself up to this kind

of self-examination is partly like Narcissus, but also partly like a fly caught in treacle. And it was for this reason that he did not see the icicle fall on to the sill, or its sudden and mysterious transformation into a tiny devil.

Ivan Ivanovitch shut his eyes, the better to think out the matter, and remembered an engraving he had seen that day in an illustrated magazine, representing a huge octopus that was engaged in devouring a crab it held in its claws.

"I am like that crab," mused Ivan ; "I am just like that crab, and life, like the octopus, sucks out my very heart's blood. I struggle against the pernicious influences of life, I strive to subdue my evil passions, but it seizes hold of me with its hideous claws, and draws me thither, where the spiritual nature of man is dragged down, and his animal instincts allowed to triumph in full force. I ought to devote my every energy, my every faculty, to train my individual nature so that it may respond, like an echo, to all that can tend to ennoble and elevate my soul. I ought, with persistent courage, to defend my right to live purely in accordance with my higher nature ; but, instead of this, I have, within these two weeks, been three times to a masked ball, once to a restaurant, and with my dishonourable advances insulted a woman. It is true, she is wonderfully beautiful ; but she is the wife of an honest man, my oldest and dearest friend. Her rare beauty, it may be, mitigates a little my fault ; but, after all, how I lowered myself ! It is well that I always acknowledge to myself my failings, con-

fession brings me consolation, and I do not feel so fallen. But yet, the devil! if only I could succeed in tearing these sensual passions out of my heart!"

"Suppose you try," interrupted a suave voice. "If you like, I might be able to help you in this affair."

Ivan Ivanovitch quickly raised his head and trembled. Every one trembles when he sees a devil.

"I beg your pardon, but I did not see you come in. If I am not mistaken, I have the honour to speak with a devil."

"Exactly so, but I pray you not to stand on any ceremony with me," answered the devil.

"Hum, hum . . . to what am I indebted for this unexpected but agreeable visit?"

"Oh, I simply looked in, having nothing particular to do. To-day, you know, is Epiphany Eve, when we poor devils are shut out from every house. In the streets it is cold and misty; we are having a wretched winter this year. And as I know you are a good-natured, hospitable fellow . . ."

Ivan Ivanovitch was a little confused. He had never busied himself with the question as to the real existence of evil spirits; and now, at the sight of one of these uncanny creatures, he was strangely perplexed and embarrassed.

"I am sure I am very glad," he said, with a vacant smile. "But, I fear, you are not quite at your ease on that window-sill. I beg of you . . ."

"Oh, do not put yourself out. I am like yourself, soon get accustomed to any position, however awkward or even shameful it may be."

"Hum . . . I am extremely flattered," replied Ivan Ivanovitch, but at the same time he thought to himself, "He is rather rude, or, to speak more truly, uncommonly familiar."

"I think you expressed a wish that your heart could be thoroughly cleansed."

"Yes. As you know, a man, however great the progress he may have made in training his intellect, always remains weak in his struggles with his passions.

I beg your pardon, but if I understood you rightly, you are willing to help me in this—enterprise."

"You are perfectly right, and I repeat once more, I am quite willing and ready to see you through this little business."

"Thanks, many thanks; but I do not altogether understand you—it seems so contrary to your usual line of conduct."

"Ah, Ivan Ivanovitch!" exclaimed the devil, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Cannot you imagine that in the course of time I have grown a little wearied of my special occupation?"

"Really?"

"I should think so. Why, even men at last get tired of being base and mean, and think of turning over a new leaf."

"Well, suppose I accept his kind offer," mused Ivan Ivanovitch. "He is all-powerful, and can at once transform me into a perfect creature. I guess, my friends will be astonished and envious."

"Now, tell me, why is it you hesitate so long?" insisted the devil.

"Why, you see, I fear it must be a very painful operation."

"Only for those who have sound, stout hearts, and whose feelings are deeply rooted and have become a part of themselves."

"And I?"

"You have, pardon me for speaking to you as if I were your doctor, a very soft heart, a washy kind of heart, something like an overgrown radish. When I begin cutting out those passions that now bother you, you will feel not more than a fowl feels when you pluck out the feathers from its tail."

Ivan Ivanovitch made no immediate answer, but, having thought a little, anxiously inquired—

"But may I ask, will you demand my soul by way of a fee?"

The devil leaped down from the sill on to the floor, and angrily gnashed his teeth.

"Your soul? By no means, I pray you. I have no need of your soul. What could I do with it? What use could I make of your soul? No, I do

not mean that ; I only wished to say . . .”

Ivan Ivanovitch gazed at the devil, wondering what it was that had so angered him.

“I only asked you,” he timidly pleaded, “because I have read in books that it is a habit with you.”

“Oh, we used to do that in the olden days when the souls of men were fresh and healthy.”

“You would seem to set no high value on my soul ?”

“No, it is not that ; but a strange whim has come over me, and I wish for once to do something noble and disinterested. Besides, you must allow, it will be curious and interesting to see a perfect man.”

“And you promise it will not be painful or dangerous ?”

“My word for it. With my help, it will really cost you nothing to become completely perfect. What do you say to letting me extract just one of your vile passions by way of proof ?”

“If you please ; I am willing.”

“Excellent ! Tell me, now, which of them weighs most on your heart ?”

Ivan Ivanovitch thought a long while. It was very difficult to decide at once which of his little passions he could easily part with.

“I think, you had better begin with a little one that is not yet full grown.”

“As you like, only say which ; it is quite the same to me.”

Ivan Ivanovitch relapsed into silence for several minutes. Although he had always been supremely anxious about his soul, and liked to analyse and study it, or it may be because he did so, it was in a state of absolute chaos ; all in it was confusion and disorder ; and therefore he was now, in spite of his self-examination, unable to discover any single feeling that was strictly defined, distinct, and free from all extraneous matter.

The devil was evidently losing his patience, and resumed, by way of suggestion—

“Let us begin with ambition. Am-

bition, I fancy, is one of your smallest vices.”

“Good,” said Ivan Ivanovitch, with a sigh. “Pluck it out.”

The devil came close up to him, laid his hand on his breast, and then quickly withdrew it. Ivan Ivanovitch felt a sharpish but not unpleasant pricking, something like that we experience when a thorn is taken out of our finger.

“It scarcely hurt,” cried Ivan Ivanovitch, greatly relieved. “Let me see what kind of thing my ambition was.”

The devil stretched out to him his hand, and on the palm he could see a colourless, shrivelled something, very like a rag after it has been used for a long time as a duster. Ivan Ivanovitch examined attentively his ex-ambition, and then, with a sigh, said in a low tone—

“It is all right ; but still, do not forget, that is a piece of my own heart ; I cannot help pitying it.”

“If you choose, I will pluck out pity from your heart.”

“But how can I live without pity ?”

“Why, what good have you ever got from it ?”

“Perhaps none ; but still, you know, it is a natural, human feeling.”

“Well, what do you say to malice ?”

“Ah, that is another thing ; pluck it out and send it to the devil ! Oh ! I beg your pardon.”

“Never mind ; do not apologise.”

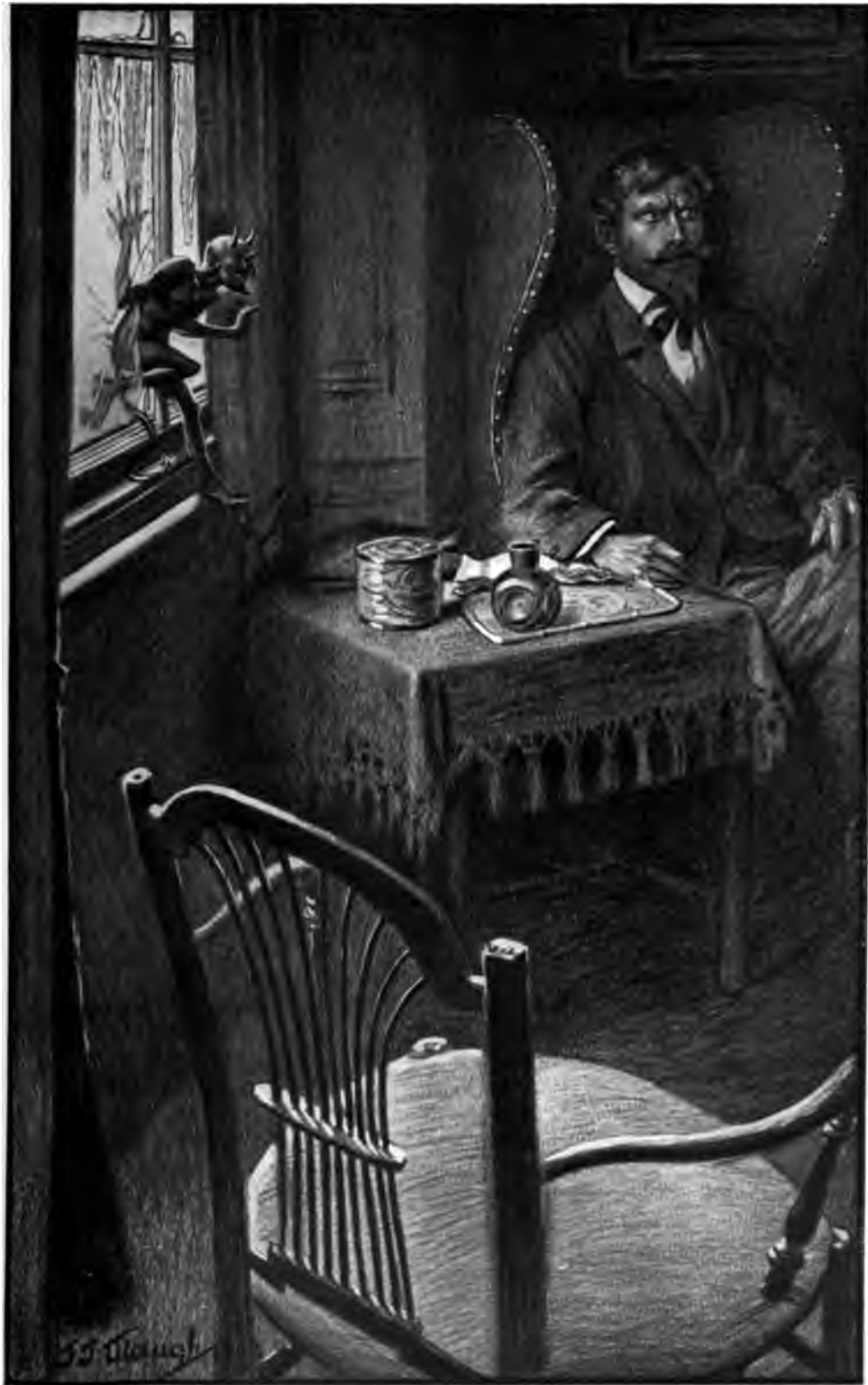
Once more the devil lightly touched Ivan Ivanovitch’s breast, and once more the man felt a slight prick, and there lay on the palm a crumpled something that exhaled a bitter, poisonous smell.

“Heavens !” exclaimed Ivan Ivanovitch, holding a handkerchief to his nose, “is it possible that thing was ever in my inside ?”

“There was a good spice of cowardice mixed up with it,” said the devil.

“Explain to me, if you please, why have all my feelings such a glutinous appearance.”

“It is your destiny, my good friend,” said the devil, as he carelessly threw on



"Suppose you try," interrupted a suave voice.

to the floor the second piece of his patient's heart.

"I begin to feel something strange within me," rejoined Ivan Ivanovitch, as he listened to the beating of his heart.

"Pleasant?"

"My breast feels lighter and freer, as if it had more space to move in."

"Shall we continue the operation?"

"I have nothing against your doing so."

"What other bad feelings have you?"

"Well, different kinds; in general, what most people have."

"Anger, for example?"

"Oh, of course, anger; or, rather, you know, not exactly anger, but a kind of nervous irritation, a worrying feeling."

"Shall I free you from it?"

"By all means; only, be very careful, I pray you. All my feelings seem to be entangled one with another. When you took out malice, I felt you touched and disturbed my sense of shame."

"That is natural," said the devil. "Even I felt pity and shame when I saw in what a dirty, disorderly condition you have kept your heart."

"Well, after all, a man's heart is not like his teeth; he cannot clean it every morning with a brush and soap."

"There is some truth in what you say. But shall we go on with our work? Suppose we next get rid of nervousness?"

"Agreed."

And a third time the devil applied his hand to Ivan Ivanovitch's breast.

But when he withdrew the hand he brought away with it a whole mass of some light, undefined mixture. It had no particular form, gave forth a musty smell, and was of a mixed colour, made up of the greenish grey of unripe fruit and the dark brown hue of a rotten apple.

The devil held this quivering gluey mass in the hollow of his hand, gazing at it with evident disgust, as he seemed to be trying to make out what it really was.

"Eh, eh, Ivan Ivanovitch," he said, in

a troubled tone, turning his eyes away from his patient, "I have taken out something, but God alone knows what it is. What treasures of filth you have been accumulating in your heart these thirty years and more! I do not suppose any learned chemist could tell you its true nature. But, at any rate, now you have got rid of this stuff, you will feel clean and pure as an angel. Confess I am a first-class operator and have done my work well. It only remains for me to congratulate you. Your soul has been cleaned out thoroughly; you are perfectly spotless, and are henceforth what you have so long desired to be—an immaculate creature."

Towards the conclusion of his harangue the devil cast a glance at Ivan Ivanovitch, and stepped back, stupefied at what he saw.

Ivan Ivanovitch presented a flabby, impotent, shattered appearance, and looked for all the world like a boneless creature that had collapsed into a shapeless lump. There he sat in his chair, with a wide-gaping mouth, and on his face there shone that inexpressible look of ecstasy which more than anything else forms the dominant trait in the features of a born idiot.

"Ivan Ivanovitch!" cried the devil, touching him sharply on the arm.

"Ah!"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Oh!"

"What do you feel?"

"Eh!"

"Are you ill, or what is it?"

"Ho!"

"A regular Christmas legend!" exclaimed the puzzled devil. "Can it be I have drawn out the man's whole being? Ivan Ivanovitch!"

"Ah!"

"It must be so; the man has lost everything, feels nothing, and is entirely made up of a few meaningless interjections. What can I do with him?"

The devil sounded poor Ivan Ivanovitch's breast; it gave forth the hollow echo of an empty cask; he tapped Ivan's

head with one of his fingers ; it was equally empty.

"And that is your perfect man ! Alas ! my friend, I have cleaned you out a little too thoroughly. But how was I to know that you were so badly furnished within ? What will now become of you ?"

And the devil was lost in deep thought as he gazed on the motionless, ecstatic face of that rarest of beings—a man who has his dearest wish gratified and fulfilled.

"Bah !" he exclaimed, and snapped his fingers. "I have an idea. Satan will be delighted, for it is really a grand

idea. I will wait till our cleaned-out friend is quite dry, and then I will line his inside with peas. He will make an original and first-rate rattle for our brave master, Satan."

The devil carefully raised Ivan Ivanovitch from his seat, folded him up, and, packing him under his arm, quietly left the room.

The mist had already cleared up, and the pale rays of the wintry sun gleamed in through the windows. The clear sound of the church bells penetrated into the empty chamber, filled it for a moment, and then died away.



THE WORLD AND I

GRANGER FLEMING

THE world and I fell out one day
 And didn't speak for long :
 The world was most contemptuous,
 Though clearly in the wrong.
 It flouted me and laughed at me,
 And in my moody grief
 I called the world a hypocrite,
 A tyrant, and a thief.

But passing time had no effect
 Upon the world's light heart,
 Whilst I became more sullen still
 From nursing cares apart.
 "If things continue thus," I thought
 "Twill be a hopeless case ;"
 And then I looked to see how I
 Could take a heart of grace.

I took a heart of grace from one
 Who took mine, sad and sore,
 And through her smile the world and I
 Are reconciled once more.
 The best of friends we are again
 And never disagree,
 For she, I may perhaps explain,
 Is all the world to me.

“ARCADY”: DR. JESSOPP'S COUNTRY

By GEORGE MORNINGTON

SIXTEEN miles from Norwich on the road to King's Lynn lies East Dereham, a sleepy little market-town of some five thousand inhabitants. For six days of the week it is bare and vacant and silence lies upon it; you pass from street to street noting here and there a comfortable eighteenth-century house with countless windows, and with a pleasance running back for three or four hundred yards. There is a cleanliness about its pavements and a look of restraint about the pedestrians that tells you at once that this provincial townlet takes itself seriously. For is it not ruled by an Urban District Council, and has

yet, it were an injustice to attribute the dignity of the place to these modern institutions. Long before George Borrow ever heard the great voice of Philoh, the parish clerk, answering the responses in the fine church of “pretty D—,” before ever the timid, soul hunted figure of the poet Cowper worshipped in its courts, Dereham must have borne itself well. The influence of that Early-English church with its two towers and fine peal of bells must have been felt as a civic force; and the lofty trees of Quebec looking down upon Dereham's most fashionable suburb must have helped to make it hold its head proudly.



SCARNING CHURCH.

it not a Fire Brigade summoned, as every one knows, by one maroon for a town and two for a country fire. And

And so you find to-day that Dereham has that final mark of East Anglian respectability — it “keeps itself to itself.”

Borrow may have kicked the pews of the parish church when, an unruly youngster, he kept those wonderful eyes of his on old Philoh, waiting to hear his magnificent “Amen.” Cowper may have glided in and out with his gentle nurses and shed unavailing tears in its aisles

but Dereham makes no boast of these names to-day, and takes it as a matter of course that one genius should have been born on its borders and another lie buried within its walls.

On Friday, market day, the little town

buyers, and Irish drovers jostle one another on the pavement. Here and there a glint of black eyes and the flash of a shining, swarthy face tells you that the county police have not quite driven away the last of the gipsies. The



REVEREND AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., RECTOR OF SCARNING.

awakes. Farmers come in their tumble-carts, their wives with them to do the weekly shopping. The market-place is transformed. The yards of the inns are crowded with horses; the banks are busy; the shops are full; all is bustle and stir. Bullocks are sold; ponies are bought; local farmers, Manchester

descendant of Mr. Petulengro has a piebald screw which he is trying to sell to a twenty-acre farmer.

If you follow one of these farmer's carts that roll home from market along the country road towards Swaffham and Lynn, you at once find yourself in Scarning, the "Arcady" of Dr. Jessopp.



Photo by F. Frith and Co.

EAST DEREHAM CHURCH.

"Arcady" is the very antithesis of Dereham. It is straggling, agricultural, patchy—half a dozen houses here, half a dozen there. Shall we say that the one is in a state of respectability and the other in a state of nature? "Arcady" has twenty-one miles of road: and dotted here and there are little groups of cottages, some old, picturesque and ruinous, some new, conventional and roomy. Every half-mile or so, you come upon a pleasant farmhouse surrounded by stables and barns, the many-hued tiles of the low roofs making a patch of bright colour in the otherwise dull landscape. Here for over twenty years has Dr. Jessopp been rector. Here he has written those delightful studies of rural life which have found so appreciative a circle of readers. Here, in this most unlikely spot, he has discovered the material for some of his most penetrating essays on peasant life.

How much literature and the country owe to the happy accident which placed one of the masters of style in such surroundings has hardly been fully recognised. In the enormous growth of our cities, the problems of the rural communities have for years been over-

looked. No Dry-as-Dust could, by piling up statistics, have forced public attention to them, for the statistics of the village are ridiculous to the townsman. Who in London cares whether thirty-five persons in Arcady are overcrowded when half a million are overcrowded at his doors?

But when one with insight into peasant nature, with keen sympathy for dumb needs and inarticulate aspirations, gives them a literary form that arrests attention, the thing seems so simple that we almost forget the genius of the man who does it. It is not the genius of the mere essayist who has the high quality of fine feeling for literary form. Dr. Jessopp has this as perhaps no essayist of the day has it—save Andrew Lang or Augustine Birrell. But in his hands the essay—in which high excellence is as difficult of attainment as in the sonnet—is more than a polished literary plaything. There is in it, besides, a certain passion of revolt without which literary work is powerless for effect to move men to thought or action. Whether he is writing of the Coming of the Friars, of the peasant or parish priest of the Middle Ages, of a loafing swain of Arcady—a

mere village casual—or of the need of better housing and wholesome recreation in rural communities, you catch, amid the clear sweep of his sentences and the genial play of his humour, the grating of the serious undertone of one whose ear is down to the ground cry of the human wailing that goes up from suppressed and dumb life.

It may seem incongruous to compare Dr. Jessopp to Leo Tolstoy. Tolstoy is

our day : they would save them. When Tolstoy set out upon his search for belief he tells us how he found life hollow and empty until "I drew near to the believers among the poor, the simple and the ignorant, the pilgrims, the monks, the sectaries, and the peasants . . . I found that all these were well acquainted with the meaning of life and of death, quietly laboured, endured privation and suffering, lived and died, and saw in all



QUEBEC : DEREHAM.

Photo by R. W. Howes.

a revolutionary in Church and State : he is for tearing things up by the roots. Dr. Jessopp has none of this. He is a reformer. Sanity is a characteristic of his work. Yet the men have faced a common problem. They have both looked steadfastly for years at peasant life. They see that it is in danger of being crushed by the indifference of our rulers or the growth of our towns. They see that the sound bodies and simple faith of the peasant are amongst the most precious assets of the humanity of

this, not a vain, but a good thing. *I began to grow attached to these men.*"

Dr. Jessopp has spent the best part of his literary powers in interpreting the lives of "the believers among the poor, the simple, the ignorant, the pilgrims, the monks, the sectaries and the peasants."

Gifted with a many-sided humanity he has done this not only with force but with humour and eloquence and pathos.

He excels in lightness of touch. Hear him of Loafing Ben : "It was a long time before I had another interview with Ben.

Summer had gone and autumn had come, and it was eventide. Oh 'the rich, moist smelling weeds' in the quiet twilight of Arcady's October, with what a sweet incense they fill the air, grown luscious as the sun sinks down! Over the hedge there a large-eyed steer is watching you, and my lady partridge calls together her brood, and shy peewits have lighted somewhere on the tilths—you know not where and cannot guess; and now and then a poor sheep coughs reluctantly as if she were half ailing and half ashamed. I leant over the gate, as my habit is when I am saddened to find that any bird or beast in Arcady should think I mean it harm. A footfall startled me close by where I stood, and there shambling along was Ben the Loafer, and I joined him there and then, and for a mile or so we walked together." It was this Ben who, some years afterwards when he had a quarrel with a man who reproached him for general dirtiness replied: "Garn—no Latin scholar ever wrote a book about you anyhow."

Perhaps the most popular of all Dr.

Jessopp's essays is the opening one in "The Coming of the Friars" on S. Francis of Assisi. Pilgrims to Arcady take it with them when they go to Castle Acre, the ruined Cluniac Priory in the neighbourhood. Of course Castle Acre belonged to canons and monks and not to friars, but the public mind never will keep the distinction clear. In this essay there is a good example of the writer's realistic force in his description of S. Francis's method of preaching the Gospel.

"To the poor by the poor. Those masses, those dreadful masses, crawling, sweltering in foul hovels in many a southern town, with never a roof to cover them, huddling in groups under a dry arch, alive with vermin; gibbering *cretlins* with ghastly wens, lepers by the hundred, too shocking for mothers to gaze at, and therefore driven forth to curse and howl in the lazar-house outside the walls, there stretching out their bony hands to clutch the frightened alms-giver's dole, or failing that, to pick up the shreds of offal from the heaps of garbage—to these S. Francis came."

Bright days are in store for "Arcady."



EAST DEREHAM MARKET PLACE ON FAIR DAY.

Photo. F. Frith and Co.



Photo by R. W. Howes.

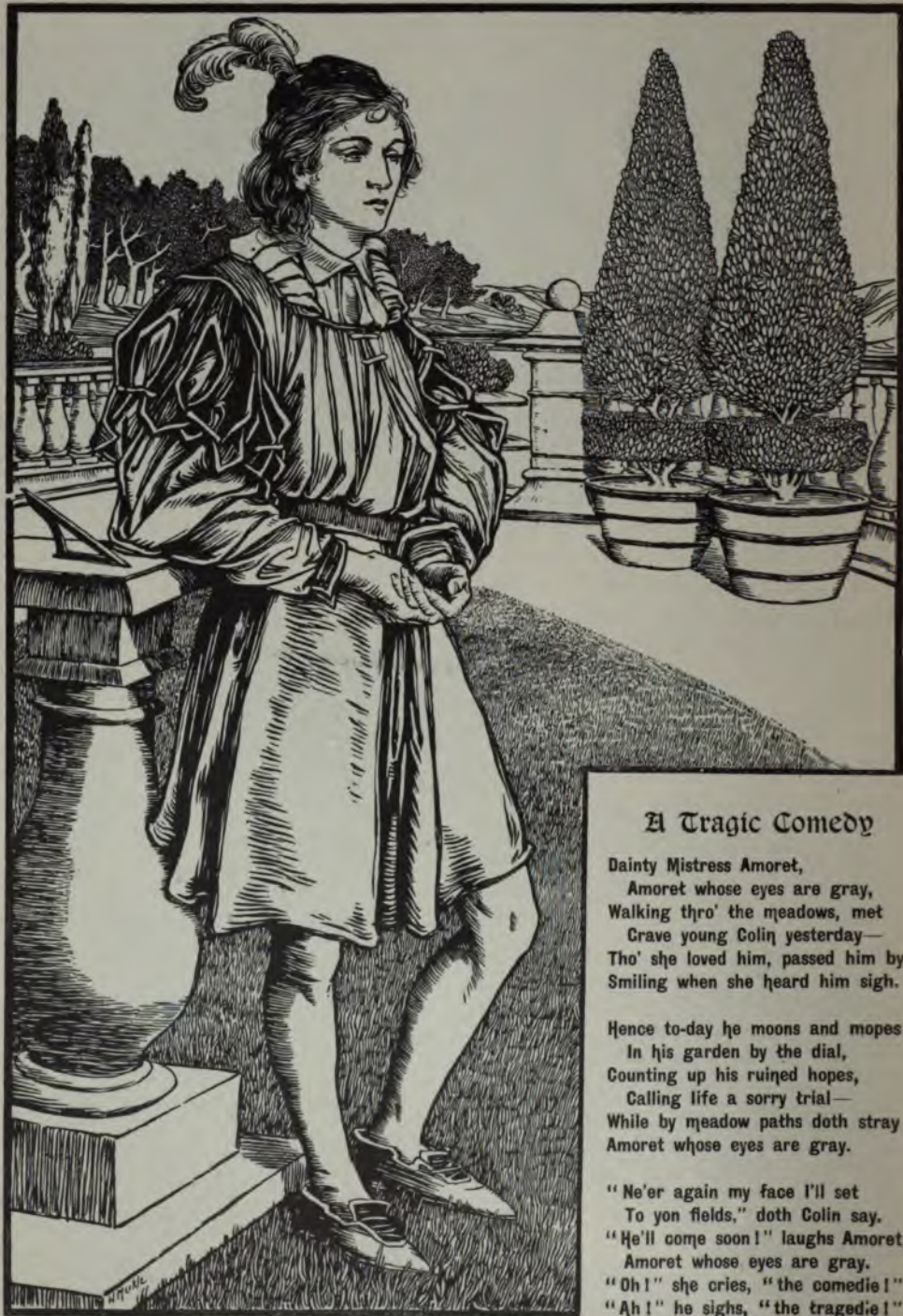
CASTLE ACRE.

Moved by an appeal in his latest book, "Before the Great Pillage," an anonymous benefactor has supplied Dr. Jessopp with some thousands of pounds wherewith to build a Village Hall and model cottages for Scarning. This is a great example, and will be a lasting monument to zeal of the "Shepherd of Arcady" for the welfare of his flock.

Dr. Jessopp has done much good work during his long and active life. He is a successful schoolmaster. His historical research is extensive and sound. On ecclesiastical antiquities he is no mean authority. But work of this character, however brilliant, is at best absorbed and forgotten. His portraiture of peasant life stands alone. Of that, it is a safe prophecy to say that it will last. English literature is too poor in this kind of work to allow it readily to perish.



INTERIOR VIEW OF CASTLE ACRE.



A Tragic Comedy

Dainty Mistress Amoret,
Amoret whose eyes are gray,
Walking thro' the meadows, met
Crave young Colin yesterday—
Tho' she loved him, passed him by,
Smiling when she heard him sigh.

Hence to-day he moons and mopes
In his garden by the dial,
Counting up his ruined hopes,
Calling life a sorry trial—
While by meadow paths doth stray
Amoret whose eyes are gray.

"Ne'er again my face I'll set
To yon fields," doth Colin say.
"He'll come soon!" laughs Amoret,
Amoret whose eyes are gray.
"Oh!" she cries, "the comedie!"
"Ah!" he sighs, "the tragedie!"

J. J. BELL.

THE POPE'S CUP

By JANET CLARK

BENVENUTO CELLINI lay dying. The scene was an upper chamber in his house in the Strada Julia at Rome, and the persons present were only an apprentice and a girl, Beatrice, a native of Pistoja, who were left to watch him, his devoted friend and partner Felice having been compelled some short time before to quit him for a while.

Disturbed as the state of Rome then was, the critical condition in which Cellini lay had yet made some slight impression upon the life of the city, for so great a sculptor and designer was rare even in artistic Italy. Friends had been coming and going, doctors had been in attendance until now, but they had now given up all hope, and, despairing of success, had quitted him, the latter, however, leaving strict injunctions that on no account should he be allowed to drink, as fluid would destroy his last spark of life immediately.

Silence reigned in the room; the figure on the bed lay motionless; Cosmo, the apprentice, sat in one corner, occupying himself in polishing a silver buckle; Beatrice, a girl of sixteen, tall, dark, well developed, with a face which promised rare beauty when she should have arrived at maturity, stood by the window looking listlessly out into the already darkening street; from time to time she glanced at the bed, and each time she did so a faint spasm shot across her face.

"Would he were dead!" she muttered; "and yet, Holy Virgin, that I may be delivered from sin!"

A slight noise in the street caused her again to look from the window; a figure detached itself from the dark wall oppo-

site and came towards her. She peered with all her might into the twilight, then glanced cautiously towards Cosmo, again turned, put her finger to her lips, and left the window.

"Cosmo," said she, "wilt fear to be left with him while I go prepare supper?"

"No," replied he; "I can do well enough."

She cautiously left the room, hastily descended, unbarred the shop door, and let in a young man who unceremoniously pushed past her.

"You kept me waiting to-night," said he; "you know it is not for my safety that I should be seen near this house."

"Why will you come, then?" she answered, half sobbing. "Cellini is on the point of death, and even my love for you can hardly reconcile me to this robbing of one who may be a corpse ere morning."

"Hist, Beatrice! 'Tis not robbing. I but borrow this cup designed for the Pope by our matchless Cellini that I may get his design by heart and obtain some slight share of credit also as a designer. Why, girl, our marriage, according to your father, depends upon the headway I make in my trade, and what better object lesson can I have than one of Cellini's masterpieces?"

"He is sure to ask for it soon," said Beatrice; "till his illness all he thought of was this cup. In lucid intervals he mutters of it now. Should he recover, it will be his first thought; then, if it cannot be found—should you not have brought it back by then—what can follow but disgrace? It will be searched for high and low. Felice will be above

suspicion. Cosmo—'tis known he cares not for such things. Remains but me—they know my love for you; the cup, believe me, will be easily traced, and then it will be death for you, for who would believe you meant to return it? Antonio, 'twould be death for you, but worse than death for me, for all you suffered would wring my heart with a double pang. It is making me wicked," she added, after a pause, "for this night I caught myself wishing his death, for in the confusion attending thereon the cup would not be missed for a week at least, which would give you time to return it safely."

"Nonsense, Beatrice," said he; "you are brainsick. I shall have finished with it by to-morrow night. See, I have brought it with me that thou mayest see it is still safe. Besides, to tell truth, I should not care to let it leave my person until it is once again in its own home. Now, look here, little one," added he, drawing her towards him and encircling her waist as he sat poised on a high bench by the wall, "see how safe the whole proceeding is. The cup was there," pointing to a shelf at the further end of the shop, "covered only by a loose leather, our excellent Felice being too occupied in his care of its designer to care greatly for the cup itself. There it was likely to remain untouched until Benvenuto himself required it, for his Holiness has other business in hand just now with the rebels, which will prevent him thinking of jewellery for some time to come. Well, I have borrowed it, as thou knowest, but I have covered in its place a cup of the same size, so that to a casual observer all is as it should be, and long before Cellini requires it the cup will be again in its place. I shall know its design, shall make another somewhat like it, shall dispose of it to his excellency Cosmo di Medici, or to some other nobleman, shall gain credit as a designer, money for the design, and my little Beatrice as the prettiest and truest little wife to be found in Rome or the environs thereof. There, kiss me,

girl, for I must be going, but to-morrow night again I will come to see you, and the night after, at the furthest, the masterpiece shall be back on its shelf, Beatrice happy, and her Antonio, with his brains well furnished, the proudest lover in the capital."

Beatrice drew back from her lover's embrace.

"There, go," she said; "'tis happier I shall be the night after next if all goes well. If not—well—I have done my best to please you. Be careful, Antonio, for my sake," added she, gently pushing him out and securely fastening the door again.

She passed into the kitchen, quickly prepared a table for supper, and again ascended the stairs.

"Thou hast been long enough preparing supper!" said Cosmo, as she entered.

"Go thou and have some now," she answered. "I will stay here."

Glad enough to be released, the apprentice left the room. Beatrice walked across and seated herself near the bed. The light fell upon the sick man and plainly showed how wasted was his frame; he breathed heavily, and muttered as he lay. "Water! Water!" came from his parched lips. "I suffer the torture of the damned!"

"Water!" thought Beatrice,—**"water!** How he longs for his death! Why, Signor Francesco ordered that water, above all, should be kept from him. Now, if I had known nought of these orders, what more natural than that I should accede to his request, give him water, he would die. . . . No one would miss the cup till it was back. 'Twould be honour against dishonour. . . . He may ask for the cup any minute. . . . Sure am I another night will not pass without his wishing to handle it. What was that?"

Again a murmur came from the sick-bed.

"Water! Water! Could I but drink water from my cup, I should be quit of this ill. For the love of heaven, have pity! Give me to drink!"



He drew her towards him and encircled her waist as he sat poised on a high bench.

"Oh, what a beast am I!" exclaimed the girl. "I think but of ourselves, our risk. I am in thought almost a murderess. No! should Cellini require the cup, I will tell him all. He is hasty and hot-tempered, but I ever found him generous. I will strangle this devil in my heart, and think only of nursing him. For Antonio—surely for so small a thing our lives will not be wrecked."

She rose and, passing to an inner chamber, began to prepare cooling bandages to replace those all disarranged upon the patient's head.

Steeping linen in ice-cold water, she carried bowl and all, that it might remain as damp as possible, into the adjoining room

In the meantime Cosmo had proceeded to his supper. He brought a hearty, boyish appetite to the meal, and was half-way through an immense helping of pie before it occurred to him to wonder why Beatrice had been so long away.

"Perhaps she had her meal," thought he; "and yet I expect not, for she generally waits till later. I wonder what the hussy was up to. She looked quite queer when she came in—excited, somehow—and yet I don't see anything to upset her down here. Upstairs, alone with him now, there might be something to set her nerves agog."

The door opened, and Felice, Cellini's partner, came in.

"Well, Cosmo, what news?" said he, as he entered. "How is Cellini now? You took good care of him, I hope. Where is Beatrice? With him?"

"Yes," answered Cosmo. "I stayed till about ten minutes ago. By myself most of the time, for Beatrice was a great while preparing supper. The master is just the same, I think. Still moaning and calling for water."

"Which he must not have, according to Signor Francesco. But let us go to him."

Felice had gained the door when—

"I wonder if a sight of the Pope's cup would put new life in him," said he;

"till his illness 'twas all he thought of."

He went from the room into the shop, out of which another door gave access to the stairs, paused as if in doubt, but finally continued his way to the stairs, ascended, and entered Cellini's room.

All was quiet. Cellini lay still. The basin which had held the bandages stood near the bed empty. In the further corner of the room Beatrice sat crouched upon the ground, her face was buried in her hands. She seemed as if shrinking even from herself.

Felice first looked at the bed. Then, in surveying the room, his eyes fell upon Beatrice.

"Why, Beatrice, art ill? What ails thee?"

And crossing the room he came as if to raise her.

She shrank still farther towards the wall, but lifted her head and looked at him. Her face was ashy pale, her eyes seemed full of unutterable despair.

"He is dead," she whispered. "I killed him."

Felice stood as if spellbound. "You," he said brokenly. "Impossible! What do you mean?"

He ran to the bed, looked at Cellini, then faced quickly.

"He is *not* dead. He is just the same. What do you mean by such talk? Is this a time for lying to me when you know the anxiety I live in on his account? Come girl, up, and go have your meal while I watch beside him."

He again came towards Beatrice. She rose to her full height and confronted him. Her expression had not changed. She looked like one haunted.

"He will die," she said wildly; "Signor Francesco says so. *I gave him water!* Kill me if you will, for I am nothing but a murderess, though the saints know it happened so quickly that I hardly know how it was."

Felice groaned, looked at her with a wildness equalling her own, then without a word rushed from the room.



"You die, murderess," said Felice sternly.

She again sank despairingly on the ground.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, and Felice and Cosmo with drawn swords entered the room.

"You die, murderess," said Felice sternly. His sword was at her throat. She had risen to her knees, and was looking fixedly at him. She did not struggle. She did not cry.

"Felice," said a voice. All started. Benvenuto Cellini was sitting up in bed. The flush had left his face, and the voice was that of one in his right mind. "Felice, lend a hand. I have had a profound sweat. Help rub me

down, for there is no time to be lost."

From tragedy to comedy there was never so short a step. Felice's sword sank on the ground. Beatrice slowly drew herself erect, and the hunted look left her face.

"She saved my life," went on Cellini, as they rendered him assistance. "Unwillingly, I admit, for I seized the basin against her will. 'Twas a fine thought of Signor Francesco to order wet bandages. No drink I have ever had was half so fine, and the water was none the worse for the soaking of the bandages in it. I took it while my lady's back

was turned, and she hadn't the heart or the strength to take it from me, but she looked as if she had murdered me, or I her. There, let me sleep. I shall get well now, and be finishing my cup in a week."

He turned over as if to sleep. Felice came softly to where Beatrice stood at the other side of the room.

"I ask your pardon, Beatrice," he said. "I was near taking your life. 'Tis our Roman character to be too hasty, and you called yourself a murderess. But I ought to have known you better, and heard what you had to say. Will you forgive me, and watch over him for a while longer?"

When Felice had left the room Beatrice sank slowly into a seat and again buried her face in her hands. "I was almost a murderess," she thought, "for my will was paralysed to save him when I saw him drinking the water. 'Tis true I did not give it him, but still . . ."

A slight noise as of a stone hitting the window made her start. She went hastily to it and leaned out.

"Beatrice," came the laughing voice of Antonio, "I have finished with the cup, timid one. Wilt put it back if I hand it up to thee? I was quicker than I thought, for I could not bear to see thy anxiety. Here, catch!"

He lifted to the window a long pole with a small bundle dangling at its end.

"I am sending back Signor Cellini's cup with Signor Cellini's own lantern pole," laughed he, "and am greatly obliged by both loans. Goodbye, beloved, till to-morrow."

He was gone. Beatrice fitted to the door, listened; all was quiet and she slipped noiselessly down the stairs, across the shop, and replaced the famous cup on its shelf, then stole up again to her place by the sick-bed.

"Thank God!" she murmured, as she again sat down to watch Cellini.



THE CAVES AND CLIFFS OF CHEDDAR

By ERNEST A. BAKER, M.A

Illustrated from Photographs by Harry Bamforth.

ONE of the most beautiful parts of England that are not recognised tourist districts is the Mendip region in Somerset. From a promontory in the Bristol Channel the Mendips extend across the plains of Mid-Somerset, a long range of limestone crests and ridges and old red sandstone downs, rising here and there to a beacon a thousand feet or more above the sea. Black Down, the highest beacon, three miles above Cheddar, ranks with Black Combe in the Lake Country and Dunkery Beacon on Exmoor as one of those summits whence--

The amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands,

for its immense view extends from the Malvern Hills into Devon, and from Lundy Isle into Berkshire. On each

side of this high rampart of sandstone is a broad belt of carboniferous limestone, strongly resembling the limestone districts of Yorkshire and the High Peak, honeycombed with caves, and trenched with deep ravines that were formed by the gradual ruin of ancient systems of caves. Burrington Combe, the gorges of Ebbor and Wookey, and the celebrated Cheddar defile, which are the grandest of these deep trenches, are all flanked by cave mouths. At Burrington there are seven or eight large caverns, and at Cheddar a much larger number, many of them hardly explored. During a week's stay at these two places, our party entered eight of the caverns and carried out some interesting explorations, climbing places that were previously thought inaccessible and reaching the bottom of gulfs that had never yet been sounded.



CHEDDAR.

Cheddar is famed for three things: cheeses, cliffs, and caves. The first of these claims to notoriety is doubtless the most popular. But all lovers of our country's scenery are acquainted with the grandeur of the Cheddar defile, with its long range of beetling precipice, the loftiest wall of absolutely vertical rock in these islands; whilst the renown of its caves attracts so many Transatlantic

visitors that one feels justified in saying they are more celebrated abroad than at home. Nestling in a cove of the Mendips, the little country town of Cheddar is not very different now from what it was centuries ago, with its spacious Perpendicular church and a church-tower worthy of Somerset, the land of towers, its market cross and fine old inn, the long, winding street and the antique dwellings, their windows mul-

lioned and dormered, and everything irregular and picturesque. The mile-long street straggles up to the very mouth of the defile, where vast tiers of cliff, the nodding head of the Lion Rock, and masses of shattered crag, all draped and plumed with vegetation, tower magnificently over the roof-trees. Many a cottage is built in amongst the crags, and one hears curious tales of indestructible urchins who tumble head over heels from airy ledges and are

picked up bruised and howling, but otherwise undamaged. We noticed a great hole in the roof of a stable, through which a pig had come hurtling one day from the cliff thirty feet above, and had instantly rushed out of the door and along the street, squealing but unscathed. For less humorous accidents one must go back to legendary times.

There are, of course, many gruesome murder stories associated with the cliffs, and the caves have their far-fetched tales of sleeping men petrified by the calcareous springs. A long way back in English history is that episode of the strife between King Edmund and Saint Dunstan, the Saint who discomfited the Devil:

Every one
knows how
the story
goes:
He took up the
tongs and
caught hold of
his nose.

Dunstan's
Abbey of Glas-

tonbury lies almost under the Mendips, and can be seen from the hill-brow yonder. The King was hunting the red deer, and the stag went over Cheddar cliffs. The King pulled up his horse just on the verge of that terrible brink, and as a thanksgiving for his deliverance made peace with the redoubtable churchman. One can easily reconstruct the scene. At the top of the cliffs is a gently undulating down, covered with grass and woods. The rocks that appear to the



CHEDDAR ROCKS AND VILLAGE

spectator in the road below like toppling peaks and jagged spires, are really capes and headlands of the Mendip plateau, carpeted with greensward, from the edge of which one may, with scarce an effort, drop a penny on the hard macadam 430 feet below. Though it strains the neck to look up, one can hardly realise that Salisbury Cathedral, standing at the bottom, would have its

vane over-topped by that magnificent cliff. The great shrouds of ivy, the dusky yews and the graceful mountain ashes, clinging to the chinks of the mighty walls, seem to be mere tufts of herbage. On Sunday the stillness is like that of a Highland pass, broken only by the quarrelling of the jack-daws or the scream of a rabbit seized by the weasel. This was a "howler." But on weekdays more discordant noises

are heard; for in the midst of this solemnity and beauty, it pains one to confess it, a large quarry with engines and cranes has for years been blasting its way into the opposite side of the ravine. We sometimes congratulate ourselves on the seclusion of Mendip and the absence of tourists, but were the fame of Cheddar and its incomparable scenery a little more widespread, we can hardly doubt that the noble lord of the manor, the Marquess

of Bath, would long ago have put an end to this cruel vandalism.

The red deer still runs wild in Somerset, but not on Mendip. As we look across the deep gulf from the crest of the pinnacles, we see the hunters of modern days. The Mendip harriers are abroad, men and ladies on foot with the hounds, on the opposite hill-brow, and in a wonderfully short space of

time they will be on this side of the gorge. Many traces carry the mind farther and farther back to the times of the Romans and the Britons. The Romans had their lead-mines at Charterhouse and Priddy, at the head of the Cheddar defile, as innumerable relics still show. And when the legions withdrew from Britain, leaving the people they had governed without protectors, the caves became an asylum for many fugitives, who

lived there in abject misery, as may be gathered from the nature of the tools, utensils, and other remains abounding in certain caverns. Then in ages compared with which even those remote times are quite modern, the caves were inhabited, not only by strange wild beasts—lions, hyænas, bears, but also by the wild men of the Stone Age. The romance of palæontological research that belongs to Wookey Hole, the Banwell and Burrington caves and



THE PINNACLES, CHEDDAR GORGE.

many other dens and caves all over Mendip, would make a bulky volume indeed. Doubtless, too, there are many spots remaining untouched that will yield a plentiful harvest to future cave-hunters.

At the town head of Cheddar, a broad mere lies against the giant portal of the ravine, reflecting enormous grey piles of limestone, climbing masses of trees, and a narrow area of blue sky. Whence comes this abundance of pellucid water? The defile itself is streamless. Tracing the water back, we come in a few yards to the cliff's foot, and there behold it bubbling up from invisible holes and fissures, no insignificant spring, but a brook that drives a big mill a hundred yards down the road. But this is not the true source. That is to be looked for miles away on the top of Mendip, where several streams are "swallowed" in various places, and make their way underground till they issue here in full current. Their hidden channel is at present undiscovered, although their direction has been proved by staining the waters; but the numerous caverns that are known were no doubt excavated and traversed by this stream and its tributaries, whilst the Cheddar defile itself doubtless owes its origin to the same agency. In trying to get a connected idea of the system of caves thus formed, we examined the walls of the defile very carefully. Along the base many openings are visible, down which the waters once rushed to lower levels; other openings are on terraces at great heights, and are all that remain of earlier chains of caverns that were destroyed long ago. Most of these cave mouths have the shape of a broad, flat arch, the stream having cut a way between the strata. But another type of cave, that of the vertical fissure, formed by the gradual widening of master-joints, is well exhibited on page 551. This cave opens on the road, and has for entrance an inconspicuous slit in the rock face. A few yards from the open air we came to a precipitous slope leading down

into complete darkness. Two of our men were steadied by the rope while they went to the bottom, and at a depth of eighty feet they found themselves in a narrow but enormously lofty chamber, the walls of which were coated with a white, glutinous deposit of tufa. Here the cave ends at present, for all further progress was barred by an accumulation of rocks and clay. Two other caves that we explored, their openings situated some 150 feet above the road, wind a great deal farther into the hills, and in their deep recesses are chambers and grottos of high interest to the speleologist. But the caverns that attract, not merely the scientist, but every one with the least appreciation of subterranean scenery, happen to have their entrance quite close to the village.

We devoted a good deal of time and toil to the exploration of the Great Cavern, or "Gough's," as it is called after its discoverer, who died last year at a venerable age. In this work we were ably assisted by the sons of Mr. Gough, who are now the lessees, and have by careful engineering and lighting made the spectacular portions of the cave not only accessible, but as easy to see as a museum. This series of lofty vaults, galleries, and stalactitic chambers, was discovered at successive dates by means of excavation and blasting; and it seems likely that the same means may lead to the discovery of further caverns and, possibly, of a connection with the river channel through which the Cheddar water now flows. Cave exploration, it may be premised, is one of the most laborious pursuits ever taken up for the sake of sport or of scientific research. The exertion is peculiarly arduous, since it is necessary to carry heavy apparatus up and down precipitous slopes and tunnels, through narrow clefts and along passages with roofs distressingly low, where one must wriggle like a serpent for considerable distances. The air is by no means invigorating, and the state of the roads is usually execrable—a matter of no small moment when you



IN THE GREAT CAVERN, CHEDDAR.

have to proceed, as it were, with your nose in the gutter. Howbeit, we were seasoned by hard service among the difficult caves of Derbyshire, where the explorer has often to wade through streams that come up to his breast, to follow the water down strange swallet-holes, and to climb avens or perpendicular shafts by swarming over glazed curtains of stalagmite. We had come prepared for the worst. The appearance of our party in the proper garb of troglodytes, laden with rucksacks, candleboxes, cameras, and festooned with ropes, all deeply stained with the traces of caves in the north, excited some astonishment when we left the hotel, though we were respectability itself compared with our aspect when

we emerged at eve. One of our most invaluable aids was a limelight of 2,000 candle-power, with a lens that enabled a searching ray to be directed into any vertical cave or aven that we were examining. By means of it the accompanying photographs of interiors were made possible, and without it our work would have been both more difficult and more dangerous.

Our first entry upon new ground was made not far from the cave mouth. Here a succession of calcareous basins has been produced by a stream trickling down from a lofty aven, and has been called, somewhat poetically, the "Fonts." Some time ago an ascent was made over the "Fonts" to a height of about fifty feet; but then a beetling cliff blocked

the way, and explorers could only gaze into the shadowy recesses of the huge shaft overhead. Two of us were experienced rock-climbers, and we thought we saw a way of getting over the first obstacle, at least. Here the rocks overhang in a curious arch, into which we clambered; and then we worked out again, and over the rim of a sort of canopy. Above this we got into a kind of gully, and forged ahead, candle in hand, sticking the light against the wall with lumps of clay when the meagre holds required all our skill. At a height of 170 feet, measured by aneroid, we found the aven blocked up with clay. Great blocks of limestone seemed to hang threateningly from the rocky wall over against us, which sloped forwards right over our heads; and the view down the aven, past the illuminated platform where our friends stood with the search-light, was weird in the extreme, from such a station. Roped together, at not

too great an interval for fear of loose stones, we descended with the utmost caution, and when we approached the arch and canopy at the foot of this strange climb, we were glad indeed that a ladder had been hoisted up for our benefit. In the course of our exploration we climbed into a number of these avens, but in not a single instance were we able to discover galleries or chambers of any extent at the head of them. Caves fill up as naturally as they are produced, by the same process of disintegration, the clay and other *débris* being deposited in old channels, as the streams seek other courses.

There was some hope of finding a communication with the underground river. Two pits or wells exist near the main passage, and had never been explored. We climbed to the bottom of these, a hauling party remaining on top, but the result was disappointing, no current being traceable in the pools at



A STALACITTE LABYRINTH, COX'S CAVERN, CHEDDAR.

bottom. Compared with the caves of Derbyshire (I allude chiefly to the grander portions that are unknown to the general public), these Mendip caverns are lacking in those vast heights and depths, whose mysterious darkness has defied even the most powerful rockets and search-lights. The Speedwell Cavern is probably 600 feet high, and in Peak Cavern our party once sent up a fire-balloon that came back again, burnt out, after a quarter of an hour's absence. And there is a peculiar stillness here, different indeed from the incessant roaring of the swallet-holes and the appalling thunder of a waterfall echoed by a vaulted cave. To make up for this lack of the sublime, the Great Cavern at Cheddar has scenery of quite another order. The crystalline floor, the soaring walls and dome, the enormous stalagmite curtains and pedestals of "Solomon's Temple," with its exquisite pillared shrine high up in the roof, is a masterpiece of underground architecture. Nor is "St. Paul's," of which an inadequate glimpse is given on page 549, much inferior. The vast stalagmite fall, like a foaming cataract suddenly arrested, which is the glory of that huge chamber, could not, unfortunately, be reproduced in the photograph.

Two of us used a thirty-foot ladder to get near the crown of this great sheet of stalagmite. Scrambling up to the top we found ourselves on the broadest expanse of stalagmite crust we had ever seen. It was steep and slippery, and, anchored by the rope, we took an unconscionable time to grope our way across and explore the distant corners in quest of openings. On the near side we made our way along various "rabbit-holes" as



A "SLITTER" IN THE CHEDDAR GORGE

far as we could squeeze through. But more interesting ground was reached by clambering over the piles of boulders in a tunnel that branches off from the caves visited by the public. Dropping over a low cliff, we found ourselves at the beginning of a series of arching chambers, connected by low passages through which we crawled. One vertical shaft was all but filled with a "ruckle" of shattered blocks, that seemed to have been shaken down in some convulsion and then stopped in mid-career. It looked as if a touch would send them headlong. At the farther end was a black hole, down which we made our way by means of a rope ladder attached to 80 feet of rope. At the bottom, 100 feet below the cave floor, we came to a

vast, irregular hall, floored with immense cubes of limestone, between which we groped and crawled down to a low-browed arch, too much silted up with sand and clay to suffer ingress. The limelight was brought by those above to a sort of window that looked into this dismal cavity, and it flashed up into the black reaches of its ceiling and down on the chaotic forms upon walls and floor.

metallic deposits in the calcite. They range through almost every tint the eye is acquainted with—blue, red, violet, pink, saffron, and a lustrous ivory tinge; while the twisted pillars, the complex arcading, and the pendent forms of bosses, folding tapestry, and reedy stalactites, bewilder the eye with their kaleidoscopic variety.

Cox's Cavern and another finely en-



COX'S CAVERN, CHEDDAR.

One long pendent mass of stalagmite gleamed like a cascade of ice, but the rest was black and gloomy.

Very different from Gough's Cavern is the smaller series of grottos known as Cox's. But the grandeur of the former is complemented by the other's fantastic beauty. The two last photographs give some idea of the latter, although it must be understood that Cox's Cavern is well-nigh unique among the caves of the world for the wondrous brilliancy and diversity of its colouring, produced by

crusted cave hard by are both unconnected with any extensive passages into the heart of the hill, and therefore devoid of one source of interest to the speleologist. Indeed, the most likely way to find a connection with the range of undiscovered caves that must exist somewhere beyond, is to follow up openings that are lacking in scenic beauty. Yet we may be certain that any one who is successful in this quest will also find other chambers and grottos whose natural beauties will rival those already known.

"A MAN OF LETTERS"

By E. C. GIDLEY

"VERY good, John ; I might say excellent !"

Miss Sophia spoke in her usual hesitating manner. She was one of that great army of "unappropriated blessings," whose numbers increase out of all proportion to their chances of being "appropriated." Miss Sophia Herrington had lived with her brother, who was a *savant* and a bookworm, all the forty odd years of her life—at least it would be more correct to say, he had lived with her all his life, since she had the advantage of him in years. And she had grown into a narrow groove, as women, ay and men too, do, who have no interests beyond the limits of their own selves, and possibly one other person. She had lived, too, all her life in the same creeper-covered house, with its small pretence at a conservatory, leading out of the old-fashioned drawing-room, and its old oak front door, leading into a circumscribed hall, picturesque enough in itself but dismally dull and dark.

Only the other day, however, John had announced his intention of keeping a private secretary—an idea which had long been taking shape in his brain. Miss Sophia's mild blue eyes had filled with horror at the notion ; her white hair, drawn back from a forehead of ample proportions, in an uncompromising manner, had tried to stand on end—but fortunately failed in the attempt.

John had remained obdurate however, and his sister had climbed down from her high horse of horrified disdain. She had just listened even now to the announcement which John had caused to

be inserted in the London papers, read out aloud in his pleasant, mellow voice.

"WANTED.—A capable, resident private secretary, typist preferred ; good handwriting indispensable ; age no consideration. State wages, references, &c.—Apply J. S., office of this paper."

"Very good, John ; I might say excellent," his sister repeated. "I am sure you ought to receive many applications."

Then she sipped her tea with an air of virtuous resignation to the inevitable ills of life ; while John made sundry dabs at his egg, in the intervals of reading his newspaper.

A few days later Miss Sophia stood with her brother on the threshold of a spotlessly clean bedroom, the furniture of which was plain and simple, and eminently adapted to the needs and requirements of a bachelor of any age. She pointed out with pride the bookshelves filled with literature of the lighter sort, in the reading of which the private secretary was to occupy his spare time, with her gracious permission. Books of travel were there, a few novels, mostly of a sporting character, and a perfectly new, and almost "shocking," investment of Miss Sophia's, but one which she sacrificed her feelings to buy—Kipling's latest ! All men love Kipling, Miss Herrington had argued in her own mind, as she entered the library. So there it was in its red cover placed in a conspicuous position on the shelves.

John Herrington took a letter from his pocket-book, as he glanced around the apartment with an air of approval on his strong, clean-shaven face.

"DEAR SIR" (he read for about the tenth time),—"I have to thank you for your letter this morning. I am quite satisfied with the salary you name, and as you suggest, therefore, I will come without any further delay, by the train on Thursday afternoon next, due to reach Wilchester at five o'clock. If this will be quite convenient to you, do not trouble to write again; I will find my own way to the Grange.

"Yours faithfully,

"CECIL ALDERSON."

"It is a thoroughly business-like communication; he must be a man of letters, John," Miss Sophia said, as she flected a speck of dust off the counterpane; "I feel I shall like him, after all!"

"So do I," returned Herrington, a little absently. He was thinking of his next book on the Meteors, with which the secretary was to help him. "If only he sticks to work, we shall get on well together, you and I and 'the man of letters,' Sophie!"

Then he turned away, and Miss Herrington listened to the slow, measured tread, which grew fainter and fainter until it died away into the sacred precincts of her brother's study.

Half-past five found them both on the tiptoe of expectation. The secretary was due! There had never before been such a break in the monotony of their lives—they were taking a step into the great Unknown—how unknown they neither of them mercifully guessed!

A ring at the bell—a flutter of the neat parlourmaid to the door—and a voice fell on their listening ears, pleasant but—

A moment later the door opened; Miss Sophia and Herrington rose, and their eyes fell upon the figure of a tall, slim girl, who stood on the threshold, with a little flush on her delicate cheeks, her lips parted in a half-apologetic smile, her blue eyes looking half defiantly, half pleadingly, at the brother and sister.

A stifled gasp escaped the couple

as they faced their visitor with outstretched hands. Where was the secretary? Where the "man of letters" for whose edification Kipling's latest had been magnanimously invested in? for whose delectation a row of sporting novels invited inspection at this very moment, on the bookshelf upstairs?

The girl herself was the first to speak. She had no shock from which to recover, except that of finding the *savant* employer not quite so old and uninteresting as she had pictured him to be.

"I am so sorry," she said, the defiance which was in her eyes creeping into her pretty voice. "Of course, I ought to have told you; I am afraid you expected a man—and, you see, I'm a girl. But I am every bit as capable as a man, or I shouldn't have done it. I know that a girl wouldn't have stood so much chance—if any at all—and so, as my name is Cecil—rather like a boy's—I thought I would leave you undeceived until I came. I told no lie—I never said I was a man—"

"You never denied it!" The voice was Herrington's.

"I did not think it necessary." Miss Alderson was quite capable of holding her own, at any rate. "You can dismiss me with a month's notice—or—salary, if you are not satisfied with me—but—" here the defiant voice broke a little—"you might give me a fair trial, and forget my sex. I will try my very hardest to please you—and I am *all* you advertised for—"

"I advertised for a man," began Herrington dubiously.

"Did you?" The girl pulled out a crumpled newspaper. "It only says 'A capable resident private secretary, typist preferred'—"

John Herrington was the soul of honour. "I beg your pardon," he said; "I see my mistake. It is as much my fault as yours. I am quite willing to try you for a month—"

"Thank you—oh! thank you," the girl cried gratefully, the tears springing to her pretty eyes. "You shall never regret giving me a chance. I have to



A stifled gasp escaped the couple as they faced their visitor.

earn my own living—and it is so little that girls can do——”

Miss Sophia, who had been haughtily indignant with the culprit who so frankly acknowledged her fault, melted at the sight of the tears.

“You have heard what John says on the subject, my dear,” she said, not unkindly. “Come, now, and have some tea. At any rate in that respect you will be an improvement on the sterner sex!”

“Meteoric influences on the disturbances, mostly volcanic, are not uncommon, and have been proved——”

Cecil Alderson sat nibbling the end of her pen, and looking at the ink-lettered sentence on the paper in front of her. She had written it at her employer’s dictation more than five minutes ago, and was quite tired of repeating it. She whirled round suddenly on her stool, and surprised an absent look on the *savant’s* face.

“Is that the end of the sentence, sir?” she asked, knitting her brows in a puzzled frown. Mr. Herrington had been getting so absent-minded of late.

John met the puzzled gaze of her pretty eyes with a start.

“I beg your pardon—what were you saying?” he asked apologetically.

“That chapter on Meteors and their influences is not finished yet,” she reminded him gently; “don’t you think you could dictate a little more to me, or—are you tired, perhaps?”

The girl herself looked longingly into the old-fashioned garden, where the butterflies were chasing one another in the hot sunshine, across the beds of clove pinks, and great big crimson peonies. She could smell the scent of the pinks in the hot summer air which was wafted to her through the open window.

“I think I am tired,” he answered; “we will stop for to-day, Miss Alderson. Thank you,” as she passed him the sheet, “you can go into the garden and get some roses into your cheeks——”

“Won’t—you come too, Mr. Herrington? You have fewer roses than I have,”

she said a little wistfully. “I am sure you sit over your books too long—and after all, what are the greatest books ever written to that great unwritten one of Nature, which is spread open for any one, even the poorest, to read——”

Cecil’s eyes shone—and Herrington thought, as he had done for many days past—what pretty eyes they were!

“You agree with the wise man—‘Much study is a weariness of the flesh’?” he suggested, with a smile at her eagerness.

“I suppose there never will be any end of making many books!” she made answer, with a little shrug of her dainty shoulders—a trick she had learnt at her convent school in France, and one which had a charm in Herrington’s eyes. “‘All work and no play’ is what might be applied with truth to you, Mr. Herrington.”

“Then you think I am dull?” There was actually a twinkle in the book-worm’s eyes, as they rested on the pretty, earnest face.

“Dull?” the girl echoed, a little flush mounting to her cheeks. “You could never be that; but I think you miss a good deal of the brightness and gladness which might be yours in this life—you stunt your—sympathies—bury yourself in your books—shut out the sunshine with a rigid hand—— Ah! I am sorry I have hurt you, but indeed, indeed, Mr. Herrington, I didn’t mean to—you asked me, you know—and I tried to explain——”

“Yes, yes, child, and you *have* explained,” the man answered, with a kindly touch on her shoulder. “You have explained so well that I am going to take a little sunshine this very afternoon, now at once, in the garden with you. I cannot make up for all I have missed, but I can see that I don’t miss any more, can’t I?”

He chattered on gaily, digging into a cupboard, and hunting out a long-forgotten straw hat, which he placed on his head, and looked at his secretary for her approval. The shape was a little out of date, but the ribbon was that of

a rowing club at Oxford—an admission Cecil had not expected! Mr. Herrington certainly looked a changed man.

"Fetch your hat," he said, and there was an air of joyful command in his voice which was new to it, "and we will go out together!"

"I don't want a hat," she said, with a happy laugh; "the sun will not hurt me, thank you."

And they went out of the room together, he holding the door open for her to pass out.

Miss Sophia watched them as they crossed the lawn, Cecil flitting like a bird from the peony bush to the tall lilies, with a bird's bright song on her red lips. John—the bookworm! Miss Sophia drew in a sharp breath: he had actually come out so early in the afternoon, and was wasting his time—his precious time—in

watching a slim figure in white darting to and fro across the sunlit grass.

Their voices carried to the little old-fashioned spinster at her bedroom window.

Actually John was suggesting that clove pinks were just suitable for a buttonhole. A moment later, and Cecil—on tiptoe—for tall as she was, he was head and shoulders above her—was slipping the blossom into a hole which

had never been opened to receive a flower before, as long as Miss Sophia could remember. John—and his private secretary! Was it possible that she had bewitched him by the hundred and one dainty ways which had conquered Miss Sophia's narrow-minded old soul, long, long ago? It was three

months since Miss Alderson had become an inmate of the Grange—three whole months since she had fluttered into their prosaic lives like some gorgeous little bird which had lost its way. Somehow Miss Sophia could hardly remember the time when that pretty, smiling face had not met her at the breakfast-table with a sweet good morning, and an interest in her parochial charities which John had ever failed to take!



Had she bewitched him?

And suppose that John had grown to like her too—Miss Sophia owned to herself that it looked very much like it at this moment out in the garden—what would happen to them all? How could it be possible that it was more than a passing fancy—he such an old man in all his ways, old enough almost to be her father—she, a thing young and bright, all smiles and laughter. She had done her duty well by Mr. Herrington—so

much Miss Sophia owned; she had never failed him when he wanted her help; she had been quick and clever, and had only grown more indispensable to him as the weeks grew into months. But this—this idea of John falling in love with his private secretary had not crossed her mind for one instant. Could she allow it to go on, when in her own mind she was persuaded that to uproot John now from all his ingrained fads and fancies, would be his undoing—and hers?

It was useless in his present infatuated condition to appeal to her brother. No, it was to the girl herself—it was to Cecil that she must speak, laying before her the necessity of cultivating a staid, impenetrable glance and manner which should be calculated to restore Mr. Herrington to his senses. And in this, to do her justice, she had not altogether been thinking selfishly of herself. When John married, he would of course want the house to himself, and she would have to seek a home elsewhere. Sophia was very much attached to her old home; it would be a wrench to part from it. The affection and love which she would have spent upon a husband and children, had she possessed them, she had given to the house, and if John should marry—a contingency she had not hitherto contemplated—her life would be void and empty indeed. But she took him also into consideration in making up her mind. He had gone in one groove all his life, and it would be hard for him to free himself from it, for more than a mere passing fancy. So she argued, and upon the results of her arguments she determined to act.

After all, three months was a short time. In three months more, most probably, if Cecil behaved with cold discretion, John would regain his senses; and the wheels of life would run smoothly and placidly once more.

She looked out of the window again as she came to this decision; Cecil was standing with her hands behind her back, burying her small nose in a tall,

white lily, while John's fascinated gaze was unmistakable, although it only rested on a pair of clasped hands and the back of a bright curly head!

"John!" she called sharply, "I want to speak to you, please."

Both the man and the maid started at the voice, it was so harsh and unlike Miss Sophia.

John went at once, tossing a word to his companion in his gentle way, to beg her to stay out as long as she liked; and it was some time ere he reappeared at his study window.

"I am going into the town for Miss Sophia," he said, as she came up to him, "and—you may have a holiday for the rest of the day—because I am not going to do any more work!"

She waited until he turned away, then she sped indoors and upstairs to her little bedroom to fetch a book—one of Miss Sophia's sporting novels—to while away the time.

She had barely reached the stairs again before Miss Sophia appeared from her room. Her principle was to strike while the iron's hot!

"Ah, Cecil!" she said, with an assumption of carelessness, "may I come into your room, dear; I have something to say to you?"

Miss Herrington was no coward; she flinched at the task before her, but believing it to be her solemn duty, she was ready to undertake it.

It was some time ere she could make her meaning clear to the girl, whose pretty eyes looked at her so innocently.

"Mr. Herrington?" she echoed, with a little frown. "I don't understand, Miss Sophia. What is it that I have done, did you say?"

Certainly the task was a herculean one, with those clear, blue eyes turned upon her in mute surprise, but Miss Herrington accomplished it in the end; and Cecil, thoroughly aroused, put her hands up to hide her hot cheeks. "Indeed, indeed, I never thought of such a thing!" she cried. "I have

never, never said anything to—Mr. Herrington to make him think of me—in any other way—than as a machine to write and type for him!" Here she threw her head back with the defiant little air Miss Sophia remembered so well.

"But — John — you have bewitched him—that is all I can say!" pursued Miss Herrington helplessly, beginning to feel she had rather precipitated matters. "He is quite different from what he was—even a month ago — and I have seen him look at you — as — as he never does at me—for instance——" the poor little spinster was getting out of her depth, and knew it. "But I thought I might as well just warn you—to—er—be a little distant and cold—in your manner to him — just naturally — you know, and it will pass over. Of course John is too old a man to change at his time of life—it is there—but it will pass if you do not encourage it——"

"And your brother—has he said the same things about me?" There was a world of scorn in the young voice, which made Miss Sophia shiver although it was July.

"Oh, John has said nothing—nothing," pursued his sister heroically, stumbling along on the path she had set herself. "But I know it, for all that. He knows your step on the stair; his face brightens the moment you enter a room; he is always on the look-out—on the watch for

you, the moment he comes into the house——"

"And you wish me to behave as though—I did not desire his esteem. I am, in fact, to refuse Mr. Herring-



Cecil put her hands up to hide her hot cheeks.

ton, when I am not in the least sure that he has any desire to propose to me?" Cecil answered, interrupting her. "Suppose, Miss Sophia—suppose for a moment that—mind, I only say suppose—that I love your brother—— What then?"

Miss Sophia had not expected this con-

tingency for one moment. She shook her head.

"He is too old for you!" she said decidedly; "I cannot suppose such an untoward event!"

A faint smile played round the girl's lips, and there was a light in her blue eyes. Miss Sophia did not understand, because no one had ever taught her to!

"I think—I will take a walk and think it over," she said. "Mr. Herrington told me I might have a holiday, and what you have said has disturbed me very much, Miss Sophia."

Miss Herrington was not so blind that she did not understand the hint, and rising she went out of the room; she would have liked to kiss her young adversary, but Cecil's face did not invite a caress.

Cecil, left alone, hurried a few things into a bag. Was it possible that Miss Sophia thought she could stay on at the house, after such a disclosure? That she could go on, day after day, working with Mr. Herrington, knowing his secret, and doing her best to—kill it? Ah! And what she had told Miss Sophia to suppose, she knew was a reality, although until put into so many words she had not realised it. She loved John Herrington, the kindly, clever bookworm, whose eyes so often rested upon her in friendly interest; she loved him with the love that comes but once in a lifetime, say the poets and novelists what they will to the contrary!

Seeing this, her only safety—and his—lay in her flight. She had an old governess living in London, who taught French in Bayswater, and would take her in, until she obtained other employment. Thanks to the liberal salary given her by Mr. Herrington, she had money and to spare for some little time to come, so that poverty need not stand in her way.

She had not calculated upon meeting John Herrington in the village, when she started from the Grange, slipping out without being seen by Miss Sophia!

"Whither away?" he asked. And she noted the light in his eyes.

Her own lightened—he *did* love her—even if it was only temporarily.

"Down the village," she answered, trying to hide the bag. And he, thinking that she was upon purchases intent, let her go, standing in the path to watch her until she was out of sight. He had been thinking matters over in his mind as he had walked into the town that afternoon; he had come to the conclusion that he would ask Cecil to be his wife—to have and to hold for ever. For him alone her blue eyes should brighten, alone for him should the whole wealth of her love be out-poured, if he could win her consent. The difference in their ages was as nought; years make no change in love. And he had grown to love her with all the pent-up affection of years, so that she had become necessary to his existence, this little bright-haired, blue-eyed, laughing young girl.

But as the day slipped away, and night came on without bringing Miss Alderson back to the Grange, both John Herrington and his sister began to feel anxious, and at length, with many sobs and excuses, Miss Sophia confessed all her shortcomings. She told him what she had said to his private secretary, and why she had thought that what she had done she had done for the best. John Herrington turned on her then, and told her that her precautions were of no avail as far as he was concerned, because he loved Cecil with all his heart and soul, and should love her till he died. And then, turning on his heel, he left the room abruptly, caring nothing that Miss Sophia was dissolved in tears.

Having learned the truth from her brother, that he loved the girl she had driven away by her thoughtless conduct, Miss Sophia left no stone unturned to find her whereabouts in order to bring them together again. John Herrington's searches were of no avail; but a woman's wits are sometimes sharper than a man's, and she set to work steadily to piece together all the information she could get,

both from outside and from stray letters which she found in the girl's bedroom.

Which led to the little spinster taking the train to the great unknown London one fine, hot afternoon in August, without letting her brother know where she was going. Indeed of late, ever since Cecil had left, he had buried himself deeper in his books, and it seemed to matter little to him where any one went, so long as they did not disturb him.

Miss Sophia's courage almost forsook her as the drivers of the row of hansom cabs and growlers at the great London terminus shouted at her little brawn, silk-clad figure; but in desperation she trusted herself to the least wild-looking of the lot, who eventually, much to her surprise it must be confessed, put her down at the modest apartments in Bayswater occupied by Mrs. Lamprière.

The servant looked at her as if she might have come out of the ark, as indeed she might, but showed her into a shabby room, and not long afterwards Cecil Alderson stood before her. But such an altered Cecil, that she would not have recognised her, had she not expected to see her.

Miss Sophia lost no time in beating about the bush. She came straight to the point.

"I have come to ask you—to forgive me, and come—home to—John, Cecil," she said humbly.

Cecil flushed up to the roots of her bright hair.

"I couldn't——" she began.

Miss Herrington made a sudden swift movement and kissed the girl's cheek.

"Suppose I tell you—that John—that we both want you—that we cannot live without you?" she asked, "won't you come, and let John ask you to—stay, Cecil?"

And Cecil broke down, and sobbed on the little woman's shoulder.

"I will come—if—he did not send you!" she said.

And Miss Sophia assured her that he had had nothing to do with her visit to town.

"Please, John, may I come in?"

Miss Herrington's voice made the request a few hours later. She was not alone at the study door.

An impatient little assent came from within, and Sophia entered, drawing some one forward—a very pretty, very shy some one.

"John, if you please, look up," she implored, "I want you very much to ask some one to stay——"

"Who?" he asked, busily writing.

"I think—he—is—a man of letters, John!" ventured little Miss Sophia, with a suspicious break in her voice. And with that she slipped out at the doorway.

As she went out she heard her brother's glad cry, and felt the sacrifice was worth all the pain.

"Cecil!" he cried, "my darling, you have come to me at last!"

And Miss Sophia guessed the rest!

There is a new John Herrington now—a very new one—and a very small one, but he manages to fill Miss Sophia's life completely!





Photo by W. and D. Downey.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE ONLY LIVING LADY-KNIGHT
OF THE GARTER.

LADY-KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER

By GEORGE A. WADE

HER Majesty the Queen of England has been for many centuries, almost invariably, a member of the most distinguished Order in Christendom, the Order of the Garter. When the Queen happens to be Sovereign in her own right, as in the case of our late Queen Victoria, she becomes the Head of the "Most Noble Order" automatically, so to speak. But when she rules as Queen by being the Consort of His Majesty the King of England, the latter usually confers the Order of the Garter upon his wife soon after his accession to the throne. This plan, which has been adopted by most English kings, was followed by our present beloved monarch, King Edward VII., in 1901, when he forthwith made Queen Alexandra a "Knight of the Garter."

As such, the Queen is the only female member of the famous Order; and, by immediate precedent, she will remain the only feminine "Knight" of the Garter. For it is at least three and a half centuries, probably more, since any lady, except a Queen of England, was admitted to the select roll of members of that august body.

It may, however, be news to many readers of this magazine, that there have at various times been several ladies, not Queens, and not always even Royalties, who were made "Lady-Knights of the Garter" by various earlier Sovereigns of England. But it is important that we should understand as clearly as we can what is meant by the expression "Lady-Knight" in this connection.

The great authority, Mr. John Gough Nicholls, has pointed out that these ladies were not "knights" in exactly

the same sense that the male members of the Order were. Their names were not inscribed upon the roll of the "Most Noble Order of the Garter." They were known by a particular title which will shortly be mentioned; and they did not meet in the solemn conclaves of the knight-companions.

What seems to have been the mode of procedure regarding them is this. The Sovereign exercised his undoubted and sole right of presenting to certain ladies, Royal and others, who were actually wives or daughters of Knights of the Garter, a set of robes, insignia, &c., by virtue of which they became allied members of the celebrated Order, if we may so describe them, and were entitled to wear the distinctive dress on all ceremonial, state, or festal occasions when Royal commands were issued so to do.

We have, then, after all, some real right to use the expression "Lady-Knights of the Garter," and we may proceed now to ask the interesting question as to who was the first lady thus to be honoured?

It is not an easy question to answer. It may have been Edward III.'s Queen, the gracious and loved Philippa of Hainault, or it may have been Joan, Countess of Salisbury, the falling-off of whose garter, according to ancient legend, was the cause of the origin of the Order. But we must perforce decide, I think, that the Queen would, by all right of place and rank, be the first one honoured, and so we may perhaps look upon Philippa as the true claimant to the position of first "Lady-Knight of the Garter."

The legend—contradicted by Froissart and other historians, however—about the Countess of Salisbury's having lost her garter at a ball, which said garter the King picked up and restored to its owner amidst the smiles of the courtiers, sets down the affair as happening in 1343, and it is certain that the Order of

the newly-founded knighthood. The King's daughter, Isabella, who afterwards became Countess of Bedford, was also made a lady-knight about the time of the founding of the Order, and as Queen Philippa did not die until nearly a quarter of a century later, we may be sure she would join it at the same time, probably being the first lady, as stated above.

In the choir of Lincoln Cathedral there is the tomb of Joan, Countess of Westmorland, wife of Ralph Nevil. She was the daughter of John of Gaunt, and hence granddaughter of Edward III. The insignia, robes, &c., sculptured on her effigy leave no doubt that she, too, received the honour of being included in the new Order. The Nevils were the powerful nobles of the Middle Ages, and the daughter of John of Gaunt was not likely to fall behind any Nevil in rank and power.

During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, however, the ladies thus admitted were known by the title of "Dames de la Fraternite de St. George." They were for the most part of Royal birth or connections, though not always so. They comprised usually in their ranks the Queen-Consort, the daughters of the reigning monarch, wives of nobles of high degree, and often wives and daughters of some of the chief knights of lower rank. But it must be clearly understood that they were a select body, chosen by the King, and did not include anything like all the wives of the various male members of the Order.

There are still in existence copies of entries in the Royal accounts of the period, showing the cost of presentations of robes, insignia, &c., to various ladies, which entries date from 1376, in the reign of Edward III., to 1495, in the reign of Henry VII. It may be taken, therefore, that the first lady-knight was created some years before such entries began, and that the last one was about the latter date—excluding, of course, all later Queens or Queens-Consort.



Photo by Walker and Cockerell.

QUEEN PHILIPPA, WIFE OF EDWARD III. PROBABLY THE FIRST LADY-KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

From a Sculpture in the National Portrait Gallery.

the Garter came into being on New Year's Day, 1344. The King is said to have reproved the courtiers by the words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," which is still the motto of the Order.

Joan, Countess of Salisbury, afterwards became the wife of Edward the Black Prince, and so daughter-in-law to Edward III. It may be taken as certain that she would be one of the very first ladies to be made members of

As before remarked, one of the very first lady-knights was undoubtedly Isabel, the eldest daughter of Edward III. She was born in 1332, and married Ingetrum, Earl of Bedford, thus becoming the ancestress of a very powerful race of nobles in the Middle Ages. Of Isabel, Countess of Bedford, we know little, for scanty are the details of her character and doings. But she has, by virtue of her being Ingetrum's wife, left her mark

tomb there utters forth her praises to-day. But what is most interesting to us is the fact that in her effigy she appears in the robes of the Garter, and indeed bears the Garter itself on her left arm.

How many non-Royal ladies had been admitted to the Order before Alice Chaucer we cannot exactly tell. Her effigy, however, makes it plain that such instances were not rare. Indeed, we



Photo by Taunt.

TOMB OF ALICE CHAUCER, DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, IN EWELME CHURCH.

on history's pages, and there is a picture portraying her with her mother and sisters—an old print—in the National Portrait Gallery.

Alice Chaucer, granddaughter of the poet, and wife of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, received the high honour of being made a "Knight of the Garter" about the reign of Henry VI. She was a very able and lovable woman, and one who had great influence in the select Court life of the period. She is buried in Ewelme Church, near Wallingford, and a noble effigy on a splendid

know from records that on St. George's Day, April 23, 1379, "the King's mother and certain other ladies were newly received into the Society of the Garter," and that they then were presented with the proper costumes for the dignity. The historian, indeed, specially mentions that one lady's robe differed from those of the others in not being embroidered with garters as theirs were.

What the dress of lady-knights consisted of in those days we shall shortly see. Meanwhile let us recount

a few more of the lady-knights. There was Margaret Byron, wife of Sir Robert Harcourt, K.G., of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire, who was certainly a "Knight," and there was another famous lady-member of the Harcourt family who was honoured. This was Lady Maud Harcourt, the wife of Sir Thomas Harcourt. She was the daughter of Lord Grey, and probably got her "Garter" about the end of the fourteenth century. She lies buried in the little church of Stanton-Harcourt, in the aisle set apart for the interment of members of the family, and her effigy on the tomb shows her dressed in heraldic surcoat, mantle, and reticular head-dress. Margaret Byron's effigy—she who was the wife of Sir Robert Harcourt—shows her bearing the "Garter" itself on her left arm.

It may not be out of place here to compare the effigy of Lady Maud Harcourt with that of Alice Chaucer, Duchess of Suffolk. The latter's effigy shows her dressed in a tunic, surcoat, veil, and whimple. She has, as previously stated, the "Garter" bound round her left arm, and on her head is a coronet. From the fact of such adornment on the tombs of these ladies it is evident that,

even at that early period, it was deemed a peculiarly high honour to have been created a "Lady-Knight of the Garter."

Thus, through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as has been shown, there was a constant succession of ladies who were made members of the "Most Noble Order." It is interesting to know who was the last recorded lady-member, not a Queen of England. This was the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., who afterwards married James IV. of Scotland. She was known far and wide in her time as "Lady Margaret," and was beloved by all who knew her. She showed peculiar favour to learning and to scholars; her goodness in this direction is still kept in memory by her connection with Cambridge life in more ways than one, where "Lady Margaret" is a name known to all students by the Cam. She was impetuous and somewhat capricious in her temperament, as all true Tudors were, but she was a noble woman for all that. With her death, in 1541, came to an end all "Lady-Knights of the Garter" who were not in future either actual Queens or Queens-Consort.

This last statement may be subject to



TOMB OF LADY MAUD HARCOURT IN STANTON-HARCOURT CHURCH.

a curious exception, however. There appears in the list of "K. G.'s," as being created in 1532, the name of "Anne, Count de Beaumont." Was this a lady or gentleman? It is not easy to determine. Most authorities take it as representing a male personage, who for some unknown reason had been christened with a feminine name. But it seems not at all unlikely that the "Count de Beaumont" was a lady, for, whilst it was not uncommon for a woman of title to call herself "Count" or "Baron" in those days, it was unusual for a man to bear a feminine name exclusively. The barony of Beaumont runs in the female succession, as well as the male—we have a Baroness in her own right to-day; and if, then, this Anne was really a lady—as seems probable—since she died in 1567, the honour would be hers of having been the last "Lady-Knight" of the Garter, without having been a Queen, or even being of Royal birth.

What was the customary costume of such Lady-Knights in those far-off centuries?

The robes were lined with fur, and the hoods with coloured cloth. The former always matched the mantles of the male-knights, but the colours of them varied much at different periods, often in the same reign. The ladies' robes seem to have been always richly embroidered with garters, and from more records than one it would appear that the number of such embroidered garters bore a certain proportion to the rank and dignity of the wearer. In most cases, there is reason to believe, and some effigies bear out the supposition, a tunic formed a distinctive part of the lady's dress, though occasionally this may have been omitted.

The Garter itself was always worn on the left arm in those days. It was

originally of light-blue colour, such as we now call "Cambridge," but afterwards it was changed to the present shade of dark



Photo by Walker and Cokerell.

LADY MARGARET TUDOR, THE LAST LADY-KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, NOT A QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

blue. By the Sovereign to-day it is still worn on the left arm, above the elbow, and by Knights on the left leg, below the knee.

The robes to-day are a mantle of blue velvet, lined with taffeta, and with the badge on the left shoulder. The hood and surcoat are of crimson velvet lined with white taffeta. But in bygone days these colours varied much. About 1384 the robes of the ladies, at any rate, were of violet cloth, with edging of miniver fur. Only four years later, 1388, the robes were white, but retained the edging of fur. At that time, too, the hoods had blue linings. As showing how many changes the costume underwent, and how surprisingly sudden such changes often were, we may mention that, in

1390, the robes of the Lady-Knights were of blue colour, lined with black. Surely the changes of fashion in our own days could hardly equal such vagaries in sixteen years, with regard to any important Order or Society!

To-day the hat worn by members of the Order is of black velvet, lined with white taffeta. It has a plume of ostrich feathers, with a tuft of black herons' feathers in the centre. The star, badge, and collar of the Order have remained fairly constant as we know them to-day. Most of the old English kings were proud of wearing the collar, with its S S links, and many portraits of them are extant showing this.

It may not be out of place to make a few remarks about how the ribbon has changed its colour, according to the painted pictures of various Queens wearing it. The ribbon was black when worn before Elizabeth's time; hence Queen Mary I., and several of the ladies mentioned in the course of this article, must have worn black ribbons of the Garter. It always passed over the left shoulder, and crossed the figure front and back.

One important question faces us here. Since it has been clearly shown that, from its very first institution, ladies were admitted, and were intended to be admitted, to the Order of the Garter, why did all such creations cease with the reign of Henry VIII.? Why has there been no "Lady-Knight" since, except the various Queens-Regnant of England? It is a question that cannot be answered. It certainly seems strange that not only courtly Kings, but even actual Queens, such as Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria, should have sternly set their faces against any more creations of "Lady-Knights," either of Royal or noble birth.

One effort, and one effort only, of any importance, has been made during the long period since Henry VII. ascended the throne, to revive the laudable practice of creating ladies knights of the Order. This was in the reign of Charles I. It is to the credit of Queen Henrietta Maria

that she wished to restore the ancient and pretty custom. Sir James Palmer, acting on behalf of Sir Thomas Rowe, the then Chancellor of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, moved the King that "the wives of Knight-Companions may wear a Garter of the Order about their arms, and an upper robe at festal times, according to ancient usage." Charles I. was pleased with the notion, which had no doubt been mentioned to him by Queen Henrietta before it was put forward by Palmer, and which had doubtless then received his sanction. The King formally referred the matter to his Queen to give her opinion upon, and that opinion having been favourable, it was resolved to call a Chapter of the Order for the purpose of discussing and carrying the motion.

But this was about 1637-8, and, before anything could be done in the matter, other and more serious affairs, which culminated in the Civil War, demanded the earnest attention of both King and Queen. Hence the motion was never discussed by the Chapter, for the latter was never called together at that time. It was the only favourable opportunity that had arisen for over a hundred years for renewing the custom, and unfortunately it came to naught.

Since then two and a half centuries have elapsed during which such a question as creating "Lady-Knights of the Garter" has hardly ever once been mooted, let alone brought "within the range of practical politics." But there cannot be a doubt that it is a custom that would be much honoured in the observance and by precedent of olden days. And if King Edward VII. were to revive it in our times, it would be a glorious tribute to what women are doing to-day in the world and for the world's good; it would at once stamp his reign with a unique record; it would give the greatest gratification to a large number of his loyal subjects. It would mark an epoch once more in the history of knighthood.

And is there a single reason that

anybody can validly urge against the practice? Can anybody say, in this year of grace, why we should not in England revert to ancient custom and

have once more our "Dames of the Fraternity of St. George," otherwise "Lady-Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter"?



Photo by Ellis and Walery.

HER LATE MAJESTY WEARING THE RIBBON OF THE GARTER



By
DOROTHY
GURNEY

ONCE upon a time there lived a king, who had everything that a king can want except a son. He was strong, handsome, and as clever as a mortal may be; his kingdom was the richest and finest in the world, and his wife as beautiful as the day, and as good as gold. The first child that was born to them was so tall and big and perfect a baby that, in spite of his grief that she was not a boy, the king was proud of her, and called her Gloriosa. The next year another girl was born, and though the king wished greatly that she had been a son, still she was so beautiful and robust a child, that he could not help being proud of her too, and he called her Splendida. In the third year the queen had another child, and this too was a girl, and unlike Gloriosa and Splendida, who were already as tall and strong as children of twice their age, this last little baby was very small and fragile, but so exquisitely lovely, and with such a pretty pink and white colour in her tiny face, that she was christened Rosalys.

Now in his grief at this third disappointment the king determined to consult the wisest man in his kingdom, whose name was Lasagesse, and who lived in a lonely tower in the middle of a wood, with all sorts of wonderful books and instruments about him. So the king went alone in the middle of the night to see him, for he did not

want any of his people to know that he had need to seek counsel of any one, and he asked him when he should have a son.

"You have three lovely daughters; are not these enough for you?" asked the wise man.

"No," replied the king; "they are all very well, but I need a son to reign after me, and to fight my battles and rule my people when I am old. These things cannot be done by girls."

"You have everything in the world but one," said Lasagesse, "and know, oh, king, that this one thing, a son, you will never have, for God will not give to any human being all his desires."

Then, because the king knew that Lasagesse was the wisest of all men, and could not tell a lie, he was very unhappy. "Woe is me!" he cried; "what will become of my poor kingdom?"

"A king will be found for it worthy to succeed you, but he will come by a way that you do not expect," said Lasagesse, and with this prophecy the king was obliged to be content. However, as he was never to have a son, he determined to bring up his three daughters as if they were boys. They had tutors when they grew older to teach them such

things as only men learnt in those days, and they were made to ride, handle a sword, tilt at the ring, and wear light armour over their short smocks, till they should grow as strong and brave and wise as princes ought to be. Now Gloriosa and Splendida loved these boyish sports and studies, and grew up tall and straight as young pines, but in trying to become like men they lost something of their women's hearts, and were proud and hard in their manners, and selfish in their ways, and held little Rosalys in great contempt because she was so slight and maidenly, and as timid as they were brave. She had to learn all that they did, but she hated it in her heart, and was happiest spinning in her mother's bower, or working at her embroidery frame, or cooking in her silver pots and pans savoury food which she gave to the poor people at the castle gates. And so it came to pass that, though the people were very proud of the two "knight-

princesses," as they called Gloriosa and Splendida, yet in their hearts they loved Rosalys best. But the king and queen were ashamed of her because she was only like other girls, and at last they gave up trying to make a prince of her, and let her go her own way.

When Gloriosa's eighteenth birthday came round the king assembled all his court, and with the queen seated in state beside him, he sent for Gloriosa, who appeared before him in golden armour with her long hair falling over it from under her winged helmet like a black mantle.

Then the king looked proudly at her and said, "My daughter, if you had been born a prince, you would now have set out on your travels in search of a princess for your wife, and I have therefore determined that as you have been reared like a prince, you shall, like a prince, ride out into the world and seek your mate, who must be worthy in every way to be your husband, and to succeed to my throne and kingdom when I am dead."



Rosalys with her silver pots and pans.

Then the king sent for the finest horse in his stables, a magnificent black charger. His bit was of gold, and his bridle and his saddle were of the finest black leather studded with emeralds. The queen gave her daughter a spear and shield of wrought gold also set about with emeralds, and when she had taken farewell of every one she set out alone upon her travels. She had not gone very far over the border of the king's country, when she came upon a great forest, and as she rode into it she heard sounds of fear and weeping. These came from a little ragged girl,

who held in her hand a small piece of bread of a curious colour, at which a great dog was jumping. The child screamed for help, and seemed in the utmost terror. This roused Gloriosa's scorn, for she had, as we know, a great contempt for weakness of any kind, and instead of driving away the dog and comforting the poor child, she hit her sharply over the shoulders, and told her not to be such a puling ninny. The little girl stopped crying, and as Gloriosa rode away, she waved the piece of bread three times round her head, singing—

Ride you far and ride you wide,
But you are not the true king's bride.

But Gloriosa took no heed of her, but rode on till she came to a place where three roads parted, and taking the nearest, she came at last to a great city which shone like gold in the sunlight. The people were dazzled with her beauty, and led her before their king, who was the tallest, broadest, and handsomest man Gloriosa had ever seen.

"What are you?" he



cried to her, "knight or maiden?"

"I am both," replied Gloriosa proudly, "and I seek a king for my husband."

"Then, by the sun above us, I will be he, if you will have me, fair knight," laughed the king.

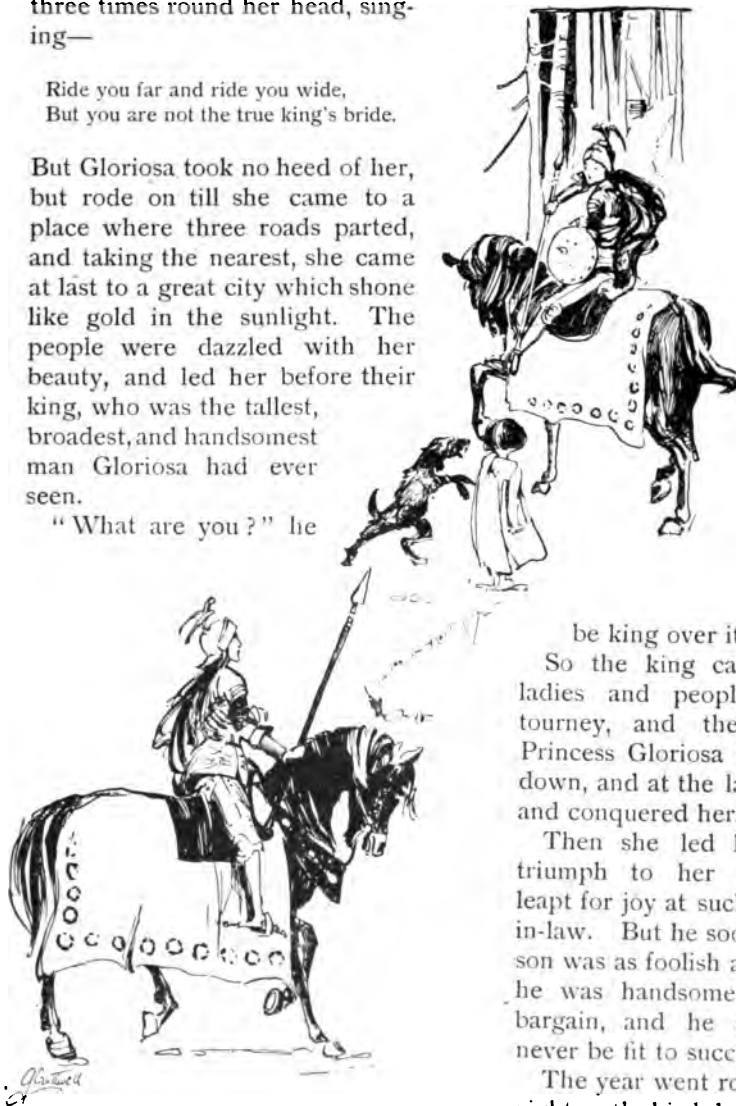
"Nay, first you must tilt with me in the ring, and if you are stronger than I, you shall wed me, and I will lead you back to my father's kingdom, and you shall

be king over it at his death."

So the king called his knights and ladies and people into the field of tourney, and there he fought with Princess Gloriosa from sunrise to sundown, and at the last prevailed over her and conquered her.

Then she led him home in great triumph to her father, whose heart leapt for joy at such a fine-looking son-in-law. But he soon found that his new son was as foolish and empty-headed as he was handsome, and poor into the bargain, and he saw that he would never be fit to succeed him.

The year went round, and Splendida's eighteenth birthday came with it, and she too set out on her travels in search



Gloriosa on her travels.



The
Journey of
Splendida.

Ride you far and ride you wide,
But you are not the true king's bride.

But Splendida took no heed of her, and rode till she came to where the three roads parted, and took the furthest from her, and rode on till she came at night to a great city that glowed like silver in the moonlight. Here she entered, and so fair was she to look at that the people brought her to their king, who was more handsome even than the husband of Gloriosa, and nearly as rich as the king, her father.

"What are you?" cried he, "knight or maiden?"

"Both am I," answered Splendida proudly, "and I am come to seek a king for my husband."

"And that king am I, fair bravery," cried the king, "if so be that you will wed with me."

"I will wed with you," answered Splendida, "if you will ride a race with me and win."

So the king called his court and people about him into his racing-place, and there, in the moonlight, he rode against the princess, and his horse being fleetest of foot and better handled than the chestnut which she rode, he prevailed against her and won the race.

Then they were married, and she took him home in triumph to her father's palace. And when the king saw how handsome and rich his new son-in-law was he was glad in his heart; but soon he found that, though he was handsomer and richer than the husband of Gloriosa, he was not a whit wiser.

The next year came the eighteenth

of a husband. Her father gave her the second-best horse in his stables, a fiery chestnut, with trappings of crimson and silver set about with rubies, and her mother gave her a spear and shield of silver studded with the same glowing jewels. Splendida's armour was of silver, and her thick, red-brown hair streamed over it like the setting sun-rays on a river. She rode out by the way her sister had gone, and when she came to the great forest she heard sounds of sobbing and fear, and saw a little girl trying to beat off a great dog, who was jumping at a strange-coloured piece of bread which the child held in her hand. She cried out to Splendida to help her, but she only laughed contemptuously and struck the little creature over the hands, bidding her not to be a coward. The child looked after her as she rode away, and waving the piece of bread over her head three times, she sang—





The
Adventures
of Rosalys.

great black dog who tried to steal her strange-coloured piece of bread. She called piteously to the princess for help, and though Rosalys was almost as much afraid of the dog as the child herself, she was so sorry for her that she dismounted from her horse, and with her wheel held before her like a shield, she beat off the dog with her ivory and opal distaff so that he fled howling into the forest. The child held out her piece of bread to the princess and said, "Take this piece of bread and hide it in your bosom, and when you come to where three roads divide, take the middle one and go on till you find a large loaf of bread lying in your path. Whatever the loaf tells you to do, do it." The little girl then waved the piece of bread three times round her head, and the princess saw that she was no common child, but a fairy who slowly disappeared into the forest singing—

birthday of Rosalys, and more in sport than in earnest the king sent for her and told her that she too must go forth on her travels, and find a husband. Poor Rosalys did not wish to go at all, but she dared not dispute the old king's will, so she clad herself in a wonderful riding suit of soft changing-coloured silk, and from the little cap upon her head her golden hair hung down almost to her feet, and dazzled the eyes that looked at her.

The king gave her a slender, white Arabian horse ("for," said he, "she is fit to ride on nothing weightier"), whose housings were of white satin, set with opals, and the queen gave her a distaff and spinning-wheel of ivory, also wrought with opals. "You are a mere girl," she cried disdainfully, "and shall go out with a girl's tools." Then Princess Rosalys wept and rode away to the borders of her father's kingdom, till she too came to the great forest and the little girl who cried with fear at the



Gentle of heart, fare on your way,
The true king shall be yours to-day.

Then the princess took courage, and rode as the fairy had told her till she came to a large loaf lying on the ground. Taking her piece of bread from her bosom, she saw that it was the same colour as the loaf, and waving it three times round her head, as she had seen the fairy do, she said, "Oh, loaf, tell me what I must do, and I will do it."



Then a voice came from the loaf, so beautiful that it was like the falling of waters, and it said, "Dismount from your horse, oh, princess, and look on your right hand, and on your left, and you will see a bed of nettles, and from these you must spin a rope, and with it make a netted bag, and put me in it and carry me where I shall tell you." So the Princess Rosalys got off her Arab, who stood like a lamb beside her, and rubbed his nose against her white shoulder while she gathered many nettles and spun them into a long rope. The tears rolled down her cheeks, for the pain of the nettles was very great, and her lovely little hands were swollen to twice their size with the sting. At last, however, the rope was finished, and of this she netted a bag, and put the loaf into it, and set out again upon her journey. But the loaf was so heavy that it weighed down her slender shoulders, yet it would not allow her to stop, but bade her ride and ride, till at last, when she was half dead with fatigue, they came to an immense oven, in which a huge fire was burning. By the oven was a large knife, and the loaf told the princess to dismount and take it out of the bag, and cut it in slices till it was finished, and hold the slices over the oven on the knife till all were toasted. The



knife hurt her poor bruised hands terribly, but as she cut the voice of the loaf kept on telling her that so only could she help it and herself, and as she



was a trusting little creature, she believed what it told her, and cut till there was nothing left of it but slices. But now came the hardest task of all, for to toast all the slices she had to stand over the burning oven till her delicate face and

hands were scorched with the flame. But the voice of the loaf grew stronger and stronger as more and more slices were toasted, till as the princess was toasting the last one, her eyes were blinded with the heat and she could see nothing. Suddenly, instead of the heat of the furnace, she felt a delicious cool wind blowing over her scorched body, and the sound of the most heavenly voice she had ever heard in her ears. Two strong arms were round her, and some one was kissing first her hands and then her face and eyes, and, lo and behold! they were healed and opened, and as



beautiful as ever, and beside her stood the most splendid man she had ever seen in her life. The oven was gone, and in its place were the gates of a wonderful city, that shone like a great opal in the soft evening light.

"My beloved," said the man, "I was the poor loaf whom your toil and suffering have released from a wicked enchantment, and all my life will be too short a time in which to love and serve you."

Then Rosalys looked at him, and with all her gentle heart she loved him, and after he had shown her to his people, they were married with great rejoicings and rode away hand in hand to her father's kingdom.

When the king and queen saw that their despised daughter had won the handsomest and richest king of all, they were greatly surprised, and the more so when they found that he was almost as wise as Lasagesse, and most noble of heart. But Gloriosa and Splendida envied Rosalys her good fortune, and seeing this, she begged her father to divide his kingdom between them, "for," said she, "my brothers-in-law have wit

enough to rule over the half of your lands, and as for me, I will go with my husband to his own country and live at peace."

So every one was satisfied, and the old king and queen embraced their daughter, and asked her to forgive them for their hardness towards her. This she readily did, and after great feasting and rejoicing she went away in state with her dear husband, and lived truly and happily with him all her life, beloved by his people, and most of all by himself.

But the husbands of Gloriosa and Splendida quarrelled about their shares of the old king's possessions, and waged a war against each other, in which both were killed. So when the old king was dead, his people sent for Rosalys and her husband to rule over them, and they ruled with benevolence and justice all their days.

So was the prophecy of Lasagesse fulfilled.

And the moral of it is that it is even better to be a sweet and gentle woman than a knight-princess.



ARTS AND CRAFTS IN INDIA

By A. Ç. HORTH

"In almost every Indian state or province, in most Indian towns and many Indian villages, there still survives art, there still exist artificers who can satisfy the artistic, as well as the utilitarian tastes of their countrymen, and who are competent to keep alive this precious inheritance which we have derived from the past."—LORD CURZON at the opening of the Delhi Arts Exhibition, Dec. 30, 1902.

TO those who are not acquainted with Indian art-work these conflicting statements, made by well-known men, must be bewildering, and to correct the impression which might be caused by Sir Blundell Maple's remarks, some account of Indian arts and crafts should prove of interest to those who either have not seen any good specimens of Indian work, or who have come into contact with goods which though supposed to come from India have been manufactured within the British Isles.

Lord Curzon, in his speech at the opening of the Arts Exhibition—an exhibition which gathered together the choicest examples of Indian art, not only specimens of modern work selected from the workshops of artizans in all parts of India, but old art-ware, much of it of great antiquity, lent by the Indian chiefs and the Indian museums, with many exquisite specimens from the magnificent collection of the South Kensington Museum—said his object had been to encourage and revive good work, to see a movement spring up among the Indian chiefs and nobility, for the expurgation, or at any rate the purification, of modern tastes; for a reversion to the old-fashioned but exquisite styles and patterns of their own country, rather than they should fill their palaces with flaming Brussels carpets, Tottenham Court Road furniture, German tissues, &c.

"The Indians don't make good or useful furniture. It is cumbrous, uncomfortable, and badly constructed. If Lord Curzon wishes to build up a furniture trade in India, he should introduce the best English examples, and have them reproduced there."—SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE to *Daily Mail* representative, Dec. 31, 1902.

His Excellency, in his zeal for the welfare of the vast empire he rules, evidently did not anticipate that these remarks would create quite so much indignation among representatives of the furniture trade in London. But even if his reference to Tottenham Court Road was entirely unwarranted, it afforded no ground for the attack by Sir John Blundell Maple on Indian workmanship; their methods of life, their ideals in art and perfect craftsmanship, are so distinct from Western styles, that the comparison is out of place. The Indians do make good and useful articles, which are not cumbrous, uncomfortable, or badly constructed,



INDIAN VASE.

The design raised and richly chased; after antique Cashmere work.

although exceptions may be found to the contrary. It would be foolish to condemn the whole art-work of the country because some work has been found faulty, or the modern art furniture which Tottenham Court Road is so proud of because in parts of the East End cheap and nasty articles of furniture are turned out, which have all the art and polish of the best styles, but are badly constructed.

It needs only a visit to the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in Exhibition Road to prove to the most sceptical that the Indians are capable of good work. In that unrivalled collection are examples of every style of art and craftsmanship, from a minute ivory carving to the carved gateways of Indian palaces, from printed cottons to elaborately designed and exquisitely coloured carpets, from simple hammered metal

to the delicate gold and silver filigree work, together with magnificent specimens of embroidery worked with perfect taste, many decorated with gold, silver, and precious stones, examples of native jewellery of a quaint and beautiful style, and hundreds of other pieces of

art-work which are too numerous to mention.

It is impossible to give more than a general idea of Indian art and craftsmanship, but no study is so full of interest as that of the traditions and

quite prehistoric civilisation of Hindustan and its people. One of the objections sometimes made to Indian art-work of the present time is that modern work differs very little from that of hundreds of years ago. This is to a great extent correct, for craftsmen have been in the habit of copying examples which have been handed down to them from the remotest ages, while original designs, based on the antique styles, have not been cultivated. At the present time, however, this is being altered, for scattered over India are splendidly equipped schools of art, presided over by



SILVER CHALLENGE CUP.

Of Indian design and workmanship, presented by the Rajah of Bahadur at the Madras Polo Tournament of 1877.
By permission of *Framjee Poonjee Bhumgara*.

gentlemen who have made a life study of the historic art of the country, and are turning out every year trained art designers, perfectly conversant with the historic traditions of their art, and equipped with the technical training so necessary for a designer.

It is difficult to fix to a definite period the commencement of the present civilisation in India. It is certain that there has been practically no change for the last two thousand years in their art, literature, or civilisation, and from the far-off ages the various crafts which are worked in nearly every village have been carried on, and their traditions handed down, from generation to generation.

The method of work and trading is of great interest. In each town and village there is probably the master craftsman, the goldsmith, the carver, the cunning worker in copper and brass, and the cloth weaver, all old and tried artisans, who have by hard work raised themselves into the position they hold; these employ workmen, providing them with material and tools, paying them at the ordinary rate of wages, which varies in the case of the lowest workman who

gets 5 rupees a month, which in our currency is about 5s. 8d., to the chief craftsman, who is entrusted with the most delicate work, and may receive as much as 40 rupees, about £2 12s., which to the poor classes represents great wealth.

The workmen themselves are possessed of great patience. Often the

manufacture of large articles in which there is very minute work, occupies from one to two years, but this is being gradually altered with the growing influence of British rule; the master craftsman instead of following the example of his ancestors, and having a piece of work entrusted to one man to commence and finish, divides it up between

several to save time, which naturally tends to make the artisan specialise in branches of his work. Boys of ten and twelve are apprenticed in most cases to their father, who in the course of several years, gradually trains them in the definite traditions of their craft.

The Indian artisan never forgets the purpose the article he is engaged on is destined to fulfil; he avoids useless and wasteful ornamentation, and rarely goes wrong in arrangement of form or selection of colour,

and although he cares not for what we term excellence of quality, yet for delicacy of texture, fastness, and purity of the products of his loom, for exquisite forms of ivory carvings, for intricate carved and pierced furniture and superb specimens of metal working, he is unequalled, and able to raise his native work far above the commonplace



VASE, 12 INS. HIGH.

Decorated in Shakespere enamel on brass, of modern Indian work.
By permission of *Franjice Pestonjee Bhungara*.

articles and fabrics produced in the West. It is not suggested that he can produce work similar to the output of our own art workshops, where the work is the result of the efforts of trained art designers, but for natives of a country which has for centuries seen no change in the civilisation of its people, their work possesses for us a strange charm.

silk stuffs, which were then quite unsurpassed; this rendered trade with India a very profitable affair, so much so as to quickly lead to the formation of the great East India Company in the year 1600.

A description of the various crafts practised in India would occupy much more space than that at my disposal, but I will endeavour to give a general idea



SILVER CASKET OF INDIAN DESIGN AND EXECUTION.
Presented to His Majesty in commemoration of the Coronation.

The oldest form of industry in India is probably embroidery, for although the other crafts were worked as well, this seems to have advanced to the forefront, chiefly on account of the love of Eastern people for brilliant colours and patterns. It was about the year 1583 that English traders first reached India, and were struck with the great beauty of the architecture and the purity of the cotton and

of the principal characteristics of each form of work. In that most important item of any nation's art, Indian architecture is of a style eminently suited to the climatic influences of the country, and like most of the architectural styles is traced back to the religious worship of the people. Previous to about 200 years B.C. there were no stone buildings in India; all were of wood, but after



GROUP OF MADRAS ARTIFICERS EMPLOYED IN THE EXECUTION OF THE CORONATION CASKET.

that time stone gradually began to be used, and buildings erected in which sculpture, one of the most ancient and advanced arts, played an important part, forming a graven history of the mythology of the Hindoos.

The manufacture of cotton has been carried on for generations, and the word "calico" owes its origin to the town of Calicut on the Malabar coast, whence cotton was first imported into England. Cotton prints have long been in great favour, and although for cheapness the work of the Indian looms cannot compare with that of Manchester, it can hold its own with regard to texture and purity of colour. The printing, by means of blocks, is done by hand, giving it an artistic effect which it is impossible to get with machinery. The Indian silks, noted for their beautifully fine texture and the delicate colours in which they are made, are of two kinds—pure, and mixed with cotton—the latter kind being greatly used by a religious sect, in which the use of pure silk for clothing is prohibited. The climax of the handloom weaving is seen in the beautiful embroideries, in which brilliant colours

are worked with the greatest taste. In the shops of the Indian merchants in London may be seen large squares of silk in the form of tablecloths and draperies, embroidered by hand with choice designs; woollen materials, having borders executed with admirable skill, and in which mother-of-pearl, gold, silver, and precious stones are worked to form an harmonious effect; pieces of silk and velvet gorgeously embroidered with gold and silver to form canopies and hangings for ceremonial effects; smaller pieces of work which are used for cushions and table centres, sewn with gold and silver wire in conjunction with delicate shades of silk; these on light silk and satin material have a shimmering effect which in many cases is quite dazzling.

Carpets and rugs have been long a staple industry, and are in regular demand in England, but in this branch of industry can be traced some of the greatest defects in modern Indian work, for designs are sent out from Europe to be manufactured in India, and the result has been to warp the good opinion that has prevailed regarding Indian designs.

In no case is the effect of introducing Western ideas into the Eastern style more apparent than in the case of Cashmere shawls, which, once having a world-renowned perfection, have now fallen to a second-rate position, through the vandalism of a Parisian firm, who thought that French colours and designs would be more suitable to the Parisian taste. The consequence has been the decadence of a beautiful material, and yet with these striking examples to face, it is still suggested by first-class firms in

ton Museum there is a set of chessmen, discovered fifty years ago, during some excavations on the site of the ancient city of Brahimabad in Sind, which was destroyed by an earthquake early in the eighth century. These chessmen are not ornamented, being plainly turned in ivory and ebony. Many superb sets of chessmen have been made, with elephants' figures and kings sitting on thrones, beautifully carved, the minutest parts finished with great delicacy. Groups of figures ranging from a half-inch to several



SWAMI SILVER TEA SET.

Similar to that presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, very typical of Indian design, made from pure silver worked in repoussé at Madras.

England that good modern designs should be introduced into Indian workmanship. If this were taken seriously, the inevitable result would be that Indian art, so quaint and beautiful in itself, would die out.

To the lover of ornaments, the collector of curios, the connoisseurs of art objects and, not least, players of chess, ivory carving has a great attraction. It is one of the oldest in India, and one in which Western styles have not had any effect, the modern work continuing as pure as the antique. In the South Kensing-

ing- inches in height, representing gods, Hindu mythology, animals, &c., are articles of ordinary manufacture, but it is to be regretted that little encouragement is given to this delightful craft outside the demands of the native and Anglo-Indian population. One or two Maharajahs keep an ivory carver among their retainers and provide him with work. In this way some of the most beautiful examples of the art are produced.

The art of wood-carving in India may be studied in the splendid specimens



COURT OF INDIAN PALACE.

A fine typical example of Indian architecture.

exhibited at South Kensington. The style is distinctly opposite to that of the West. The finest work is executed on sandal-wood, but a considerable amount of blackwood is used by the carvers of Bombay for large pieces of furniture; it is capable of much artistic treatment, and in the museum are some specimens of carved and pierced furniture in the form of settees, which are simply marvellous when the nature of the material is considered. It would seem impossible for such large work to be pierced without rendering the object too fragile for ordinary use. Very favourite forms of this kind of work are screens, tables, flower-pots, and vase-stands, which cannot be described as cumbrous or badly constructed.

India certainly has no need for modern types of furniture, copied from English examples for the furnishing of Indian palaces, when they have such superb

work of their own—work, too, that has stood the test of ages. What object would be gained by manufacturing the plain and in many cases ugly pieces of modern furniture to the disuse of such styles as can be seen any day in our own museums. No; Lord Curzon is quite right when he exhorts the Indian chiefs and aristocracy, and we may add the English people as well, to patronise the exquisite styles and patterns of India and studiously avoid any attempt to introduce Western ideas into the East, and thus irretrievably ruin the national art of a great nation.

To attempt to describe even a tithe of the various forms of the metalworking crafts would be too great an undertaking. The fame of Benares and Cashmere brass and copper ware is world-renowned, and Indian art is better known by examples of this craft than of any other. It would take several pages of

this magazine even to enumerate the many excellent specimens in the South Kensington Museum, and the degree of skill shown by the craftsman in the pieces of repoussé work exhibited there is very great. The importance of the work can be attributed to the fact that the standard of prosperity in an Indian household is indicated by the material and number of vessels it contains; the poorer class commencing with earthenware, which, as their wealth increases, is replaced by brass and copper ware, the wealthiest investing in gold and silver. This custom has made the industry an important one, for the native Indian, instead of banking his money as we do, lays it out in solid gold and silver, which is often made up in the form of bangles. Colonel Rivett-Carnac, C.I.E., F.S.A., tells an interesting tale of Indian life and business transactions: "A villager had made a successful deal with some surplus cattle and had been paid in rupees—a goodly cloth full—and we followed him in his dealings. His idea evidently was that to convey home the bundle of coins would be inconvenient and possibly risky, so he took them to a goldsmith in a neighbouring street, who besides being a craftsman was also a dealer in metal. The contracting parties haggled for a time about the price and quality of the gold; but at last the preliminaries of the deal were settled and the rupees were taken from the cloth, carefully examined, counted, and weighed *en bloc* by the goldsmith, to ensure no excessive deficiency in weight; then the pile was placed on neutral ground between the parties. The gold to be received was then carefully examined by the villager with the touchstone. The weights to be used were tested by the help of a new rupee, and then the gold weighed out by the goldsmith, and, with the purchaser's consent, placed in a crucible on the charcoal fire alongside. During each process the villager watched the gold as a cat would a mouse, to ensure no alloy was intro-

duced and no tricks played. The soft pure metal when sufficiently heated was roughly shaped into a narrow bar, like a rounded stick of sealing wax, and again weighed to prove there had been no trickery in the process; the purchaser still keeping a strict watch and satisfied that all was correct, he raised his arm, and the bar, which had been bent into a circle, was securely fixed above the wrist, and the wealth was secure against anything short of a personal assault and violent robbery. The bangle was without ornament, and had been invested in for its intrinsic worth, ornamentation coming later when there was more in hand than could be carried on the wrist."

The highest branches of metalworking are seen in the objects used in high ceremonies and in the table services employed by the aristocracy, these representing the best craftsmanship, the commoner small vases sold in the exhibitions and bazaars being in most cases roughly made and hurriedly finished, owing to the demand for cheap articles, for the globe trotter to take home as specimens of Indian work; and it is greatly to be regretted that this demand has been pandered to to the great extent that it has, the result being that to a certain degree, the quality of the designs has deteriorated, for it must be borne in mind that the designing is done by the worker himself as he completes his work. There are, however, plenty of clever artizans who are capable of executing the delicate filigree work which is so greatly admired and calls for such skill; but owing to the amount of time it occupies, is too expensive a luxury for the ordinary collector, and unless some steps are taken to revive the work, it will drop out of existence.

The fine effects which are seen in enamelled work prove that this is another of the many artistic crafts in which the Indian excels, and this work is carried on in nearly all parts of India, the chosen colours blending beautifully with the copper and brass.

HIS HAND TO THE PLOUGH

By YSTRIDD

"E schasté bielo tak vozmojino!
Tak blisko . . ."—POUCSHKINE
(*Eugene Oonéguine*)

"And happiness was so possible,
So near! . . ."

CHAPTER VI.

DMITRI and Sokolovski talked together late into the night. It was a repetition of the scene with Alice, more open and more desperate. Dmitri would not promise to give her up. All that Sokolovski could, at first, win from him was a promise of a year's silence towards her and service for the cause.

"But, if I get through the year without being arrested or killed off in some convenient way, I will return to her," he protested with a decision as strong as Sokolovski's.

"And do you think," demanded the other sternly, "that you will do good service with your head full of your mistress?"

"See how you misunderstand everything," said Dmitri, with a sort of weary anger. "She is not my mistress."

"No? I should have thought she was. I am glad I was wrong."

Dmitri paused in his pacing up and down the lofty room.

"Victor," he said slowly, "enough has been said. Don't speak of her any more. I have decided. There is nothing to be gained by argument."

"Good," admitted Sokolovski. "But have you thought of one thing? How can you marry her—a foreigner?"

"That senseless rule is unworthy a civilised progressive society!" burst out Dmitri.

"But it holds good."

"Then, if it can't be waived, I shall leave the Society when the struggle is over."

Then the duel of two strong wills recommenced. Sokolovski saw before him a small, luminous, great-eyed face whose soft lips formed themselves into the word "*lâche*" as he used all his arguments against her. Was it not cowardly to make of her loneliness, her youth, and her charm weapons with which to wound her in her lover's esteem? "I have struggled and suffered, too." She had said the words so simply. It needed all the strength of his will to force him to speak as he felt he must.

He touched a sensitive chord at last. Was it possible that living for several years in Russia—young, free, pretty, and passionate—Alice had never loved before?

"If so," declared Dmitri, "why should I blame her? God knows, her life must have been hard enough. She loves me, I know."

But the shaft rankled. Sokolovski followed it up by another.

"Why give yourself and her the torment of an almost vain hope? It is better for both of you to part definitely. You know quite well that there are ten chances to one against our being alive this time next year. And if you are alive and free, you know it will not be easy for you to leave the society."

The soft tones were weighty with hidden menace.

"I know," groaned Dmitri from the depths of his heart—"I know. I tell you, Victor, if it were not for what is coming, I would leave all and marry her at once. You could do as you like—shoot me, as you so obligingly told me

yesterday. What should I care? But now—now it would be cowardly to desert!”

“Not only now,” said Sokolovski sternly, and repeated the words that had haunted Dmitri a few nights ago.

“*No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.*”

“What do I care for the kingdom?” cried the young man passionately. “It is her I want—her—her! Victor, leave me to myself, or I shall go mad!”

But Victor would not leave him till he had seen him write a note to Alice.

“There!” muttered Dmitri, throwing down his pen and dropping his head on his folded arms. “Take it and post it yourself, if you will, and leave me alone! But I tell you plainly, I only accept what I have written as final if she does so! I only wish we were going to riot to-morrow, and that a Cossack would cut me across the head for good and all!”

Sokolovski gave one glance at the bent, dark head, picked up the letter and went out of the room.

Alice went into town the following day to give a lesson to Soynia Sergayieva. Refusing to stay for the night, she drove back about nine o'clock. No one was at home. Vera and her mother had gone to spend the evening at a neighbouring Datcha, and the General was at Terasspol for the manœuvres.

“There is a letter for you, *barishna*,” said the orderly as she mounted the veranda steps just as the rain that had been threatening all day began to fall. “I put it in your room.”

She broke the seal, smiling to herself. What words of encouragement would she find? How short it was—and in Russian! Why had he not written in English or French? It is so difficult to read Russian handwriting!

“I cannot explain my conduct to you. Our relations must cease. Believe me, it does not depend upon myself. Forgive me. Farewell.

“DMITRI SKURATOV.”

She spelled out the scrawled words half aloud, then sprang up with a smothered cry, crushing the letter in her hand. *He* wrote that? Never! It was Victor Petrovich! And he imagined that she would accept it!

She tore down a light dust-cloak from its nail, wrapped it around her, and ran out into the garden. The sharp shower was over already, but the ground was slippery, and great drops splashed down from the trees on to her uncovered head, glittering for a second in the tendrils of her hair. Her small, thin shoes were wet through in a moment, but she hurried on, unheeding, through the dim, moonlit mist. The clouds swept across the sky, and she stumbled in the darkness against the trees in Dmitri's park. The red lamp swung in the veranda; she made straight for it, mounted the steps, and stood before her lover and Sokolovski.

They were sitting at the paper-strewn table, and both rose to their feet as she appeared, Sokolovski flushing to his golden curls, Dmitri holding himself tensely, his hand clenched over the corner of the table.

For a moment the three stood silent, then Alice approached Sokolovski.

“Victor Petrovich, take back your letter!”

She held it out to him; he let it flutter to the ground.

“You are mistaken, mademoiselle. I did not write to you.”

“Dmitri, I know you could not write it! It is a mistake, isn't it? Or he dictated it?”

She laid her hands on Dmitri's arm; the cloak half slipped from her shoulders. She shivered slightly and drew closer to him. “Dmitri!”

He stood motionless with eyes bent on the ground. “Dmitri!” she repeated.

“Mademoiselle,” said Sokolovski, advancing, “allow me to see you home before the rain begins again.”

Dmitri looked up. His dark, troubled eyes met, challenged and conquered the other's candid gaze.

"Victor — leave us!" His voice vibrated strangely.

Sokolovski hesitated. Dmitri threw his arm round Alice, drew her to the door, passed within and turned the key.

He led her into the same room where he had carried her two months ago, and closing the door leant against it, regarding her in silence. He could not draw one word from the riot of his feelings.

She sat down on the divan, pressing her hands to her side. He approached, dropped on his knees beside her and

"You love me—you love me," she said tremulously. "But why did you write that letter? It *hurt* me so! It was too cruel! So cold and hard!"

"Why should I decorate our parting with soft phrases? I suffered so too, dear! I could not be gentle. Parting? You are right, Alice, it is too cruel!"

"Yes," she said slowly, "and it is senseless and useless as well. In what should I hinder you? I might even be able to help you."

"Oh," he said angrily, springing up and pacing the room; "there is one



"Victor Petrovich, take back your letter!"

laying his head on the crimson cushions, burst into tearless sobs which shook him from head to foot. His recent repeated conflicts had tried him too severely. He was only twenty-two, and he loved her with all the passion of his restless though dreamy nature.

Instantly Alice was bending over him, caressing his dark hair. "Dmitri! Dmitri!"

Her voice was so infinitely tender that it soothed him directly. He sat up and leaning his head against her knee, drew the caressing hands to his lips.

clause—one senseless clause! I thought it could never touch me. We pledge ourselves not to marry foreigners."

"How unjust—how narrow!" she exclaimed.

"It sounds narrow—worse—idiotic! But after all there is a reason for it. The Society was founded some fifty years ago. Since that time it has lost many of its members through the love of women. If it is a Russian—*passe encore*—in many cases she is more devoted than her lover, the two passions blend. But what can foreign women understand of

our wrongs and our aims—our outraged love for our mother Russia—our scorn of our individual life as apart from the Cause? I cannot name one other of my comrades who would hesitate to yield life and liberty if need were so. I only am the coward!”

The note of self-disdain in his voice revealed much to Alice.

He went on: “And to those who loved them the strange women spoke of the freedom of their own lands. ‘You say you suffer because your country is enslaved. How can you free her? It is a question of long years. Leave time to liberate her. Let us live in my country.’ And so many a young Russian was lost to the Cause till the Society made the rule which stands between us to-day. And we, for the most part young and independent, are as a body against love and marriage. Such ties are not for us. When we swear to devote ourselves to the liberation of our country we yield all. We seek to kill all thought of self. And love demands all too!”

He paused and leant against the tapestried wall.

“But you knew all this—that night?”

The words, spoken slowly, forced themselves through the crowd of her conflicting thoughts.

“Yes, I know. But as I told you, I forgot everything but you. Even when I remembered, it seemed so far away—so insignificant! Oh, it is shameful—but it is true! Only you were real to me! And then—*he* came.”

“Why did he come just now?” protested Alice. “Why, after leaving you in peace so long?”

He sat down again at her feet and taking her hands in his looked up in her face.

“You shall understand all. What is the good of a half confidence? No right to tell you? But you are a part of me! I was imprisoned and then expelled from Moscow without the right to enter into any other University or Institute in Russia, because the police found and arrested in my rooms a Socialistic orator

whom they had been tracking for months. I went abroad. Knowing that I should be spied upon by the agents of the Secret Police I followed the orders the Society had managed to convey to me—gave absolutely no cause for suspicion and did not seek the society of my compatriots. Since my return, now four months ago, I have lived on my Padolian estate, and afterwards here, without giving any more cause for suspicion than when I was abroad. My quietude has been such to make the Police believe that I am for ever cured of Socialistic tendencies. The Society ventures now to send Sokolovski here. During his stay—which must last at least a few days in order not to arouse suspicion—we must lead outwardly the life I have been leading lately. We ride, play tennis, look after the vines. In reality he came to entrust me with a mission. In the spring there will be a great uprising. I must go abroad to our exiles, and afterwards to Petersburg—Moscow—Karkow—Odessa—all the University towns in Russia, though the revolt is not to be only a students’ rebellion.”

“And cannot I go with you? If I do it will lull suspicion. Take me with you, Dmitri! Oh, I shall not hinder you.”

“Impossible.” he murmured, looking away from her. “Do you think they would entrust a mission to a member who broke one of the rules he had accepted? I cannot marry you unless I leave the Society, and to leave now would be so cowardly! It is a question if they will let me—alive,” he added in a lower voice.

“Do people always marry when they love?” she asked, very softly. “I can go with you—follow you—live for you—die for you, if you will, Dmitri.”

Her pure white face gleamed through the darkness that enveloped them. Dmitri passed through the sharpest struggle of all.

He was going away, perhaps for ever—certainly into danger. Worse than death might be awaiting him—the slow torture of imprisonment—the shame



Alice bent over him, caressing his dark hair.

of stripes—the weariness of exile—long, fettered years in which his vivid youth would fret itself away. A sharp, decisive blow from a Cossack's heavy whip—a bullet through the heart—a plunge into cold waves—were the least dreadful of the possibilities of the near future. To go forward into such darkness having barely touched the cup of love and life! Oh, to drain it to the dregs in one wild hour of desperate ecstasy! Then come what may, even the gods cannot recall the past! No future torture could annihilate that moment which would shine triumphantly in the face of sudden death or weary exile, consoling him with the thought that in one crowded hour he had lived to the uttermost!

His lips clung to the small soft hand; he leant his head against her knee and trembled.

Then from the depths of his divided heart his better self sent up the cry. "No more of cowardly compromise! Be true, at least, to one—the Cause or her!"

He lifted his head and drawing down hers kissed her on the lips.

"My life is yours," he said. "I have no more right to desert you than to abandon the Cause. One must be sacrificed and it shall not be you. Victor must return alone. I am not made for the heights of heroism. He will find many more worthy. As for me—my life is here with you. No useless life, either."

For a while they gave themselves up to their recovered joy; then she whispered fearfully, "And will *they* harm you?"

Dmitri laughed softly and caressed her hair. "Dear, we are not in the Middle Ages. But if they do, they will not touch you, and we shall have been happy."

"Harm to you means harm to me, Mitia."

He closed the troubled eyes with kisses and they sat silent again. The faint moonlight filtered through the window and fell across their faces.

"How pale you are!" said Alice.

"And you? Poor little white ghost! Your face is all eyes. Darling, I must take you home. It must be late."

He struck a match and lighting a wax-light on the candelabra fixed into the wall, looked at his watch.

"Past ten."

She came close to him and laying a hand on each of his shoulders, looked into his face.

"Dmitri, tell me the truth! What can they do to you?"

He framed the lifted face in his hands. "Why trouble yourself, dear?"

"Can they shoot you?"

"They can, certainly. There are good shots among them. We must take the risk. Isn't it worth while?"

She leant against his shoulder. "And you! You will never regret? Never reproach me in your heart for being the cause of your desertion? There is a troubled look in your eyes, Mitia, and a line here," she touched his forehead. "'Love demands all,' you said. Not all, dear, oh—not all! Only the good of the loved one. Dmitri, if you go from me it is perhaps to death—perhaps to exile; if you stay it means death perhaps, and certainly, soon—oh so soon, dear—your dishonour in your own eyes! And you will feel that I have abased you! Oh, yes, you will, Dmitri!"

He murmured protestations, trying to convince himself—he kissed her into silence. She drew back.

"'What can a strange woman understand?' you asked. I assure you, Dmitri, I can understand. I love you and I saw how you suffered, drawn by your love for me and for Russia. If you are exiled I will follow you. If you die—Dmitri, Dmitri—oh—you will not die!"

"I will live for you," he said.

"Yes, you will come back—I feel it. But now—it hurts me—oh, it hurts me, but you must go, Dmitri! If they let you live you would despise yourself and me. Oh, you would try to hide it, but I should *feel*, and it would be worse than death."

Dmitri caught her close to him, kissed her passionately, and put her from him gently, his face set with a decision that was at least irrevocable, his eyes soft with admiration.

"Alice, you shame me! You are right! Dear, if you only knew what I feel at this moment! There are no words to tell you. But I am sure that we belong to each other and that we shall not live long apart."

He raised her hands to his lips. "And if I die, dear—if I die—oh, at least, I have known what love is!"

Ah, better than the wild hour he had coveted was this revelation of love's devotion. Better, a thousandfold, than the memory of fulfilled desire would this moment, flaming with pure passion, light him into the darkness beyond.

Sokolovski, pacing the veranda alone, turned at the sound of footsteps and saw Dmitri ascending the pathway alone. He had taken Alice home by the lower fields. He was bareheaded, and as he came into the circle of lamplight, his

friend was almost startled by the intense pallor of his face. As the dark eyes met his he was reassured; their expression was so calm, not of apathy, but of victory.

"I am going to Moscow to-morrow," he said.

"Then you have not yielded? You have been strong?"

Dmitri smiled. "No," he said slowly, "I was utterly weak, cowardly, and wavering. She was strong. She would not accept my desertion."

Sokolovski stood motionless. Slowly his face crimsoned. He recalled the scene on the tennis-court. And that girl—that defiant, passionate child, who had dared him to take her lover from her, had renounced him of her own free will

because she loved him and her love had made her understand!

A conception of what love can be came to Victor Sokolovski in that moment—he had a glimpse of the passion of Dmitri's conflict. He laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"You need not be ashamed of loving such a woman," he said.



"You need not be ashamed of loving such a woman."

SOME FAMOUS LONDON HOUSES

By WALTER DEXTER

THERE is one thing that London does not lack—old houses. Old houses are of two kinds, historic and unhistoric, mostly the latter. Old houses are pulled down, regardless of their history, when they have served their purpose, and too often London is made the poorer by the loss of a house with a history, a house that can ill be spared.

Some hundreds of years ago a great man was born in a little Warwickshire village. He lived there and he died there. Thousands of pilgrims visit his birthplace every year, for it is carefully preserved, as also is the house in which his wife spent her maiden days.

But things are managed somewhat differently in London. Old houses, birthplaces, and residences of men as famous as the Bard of Avon in their own particular sphere, are remorselessly given over into the hands of the "house-breaker" and in a short time London knows them no more.



43, Gerrard Street, Soho, where John Dryden lived and died.



14, Savile Row, Sheridan's home for many years.



44, Grosvenor Square, scene of the Cato Street Conspiracy.

In such houses London has been particularly rich; in such houses London is still rich—richer than any other city in the world. But who knows the famous houses of London? We do not refer to such well-known

houses as Aspley House, Marlborough House, Devonshire House and the like, but to the less imposing residences of such great men as Dickens, Dryden, Faraday, Franklin, Johnson, Nelson, Reynolds, Sheridan, Thackeray, and others. The houses in which such men as these have spent years of their lives are almost unknown to the average Londoner or to the visitor to the Metropolis. Yet, if the



47,
Leicester
Square,
Sir
Joshua
Reynolds's
home,
and
where
he
died.

great men. Charles Dickens, for example, occupied several houses in the Metropolis, but as yet not one bears the Society's Tablet. True it is that at the time of writing there is a movement on foot to put a tablet on No. 45, Doughty Street, where the novelist lived after quitting his chambers in Furnival's Inn upon his marriage, but nothing further has yet been done.

One of the oldest of these Historic Houses is to be found in Gerrard Street, Soho. At No. 43 John Dryden, the poet, and worthy successor of John Milton, spent many years of his life, and here too he died in 1700. But alas!

birthplace of Shakespeare claims so many devotees every year, surely the houses of these other famous men deserve to be more widely known!

The thanks of London, nay of the whole English-speaking world, are due to the Society of Arts, who have gone to considerable trouble in placing over thirty-three famous London houses tablets, so that he who runs may read that "here lived" so and so, what he was, when he was born, and when he died. In spite of this, however, even these houses escape the notice of the ordinary passer-by, and many of them are even left unmentioned in the Guide Books.

In the space at our disposal it would be quite impossible for us to produce photographs of all the houses in London which are distinguished by the tablet of the Society of Arts. We must therefore content ourselves with a selection of those which are the most famous.

It must be well understood at the outset that the thirty-three houses bearing the above-mentioned tablet by no means exhaust the list of the London homes of



5, Arlington Street. Sir Robert Walpole's residence.



37,
Gerrard
Street,
Soho,
where
Edmund
Burke
lived.

the distinguished house must needs fall a prey to the "improver." About a year ago the London County Council demanded certain structural alterations in No. 43, and this necessitated the demolition of a greater part of the building. Our photograph may be regarded as somewhat unique as it was taken just previous to the partial demolition. The lower portion of the house is all that remains of the original building, and that portion is the most interesting,

for in the front room of the ground floor the Poet used to work.

Passing through Gerrard Street in the direction of Wardour Street, we find another house bearing the circular tablet before mentioned. The house is now a part of a foreign hotel; but a hundred and fifty years ago the great politician and famous orator, Edmund Burke, lived there.

Mention of Burke calls to mind the famous Johnson Club, of which Burke was a member. Amongst other illustrious names figuring as members of this famous club are Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick,

Neither Reynolds nor Garrick lived far off from Burke. Johnson and Goldsmith favoured the region of Fleet Street rather than the West. At one time both Johnson and Goldsmith lived in the Temple; the latter's house there, No. 2, Brick Court, is still to be found, but it is minus any notice to the effect that so illustrious a person as Oliver

Goldsmith once resided there. No. 17, Gough Square, Fleet Street, is the most well-known house connected with the life of Johnson, and



17, Gough Square, Fleet Street, where Dr. Samuel Johnson compiled his famous Dictionary.



147, New Bond Street, Lord Nelson's residence.



2, Blandford Street, Portman Square; here Michael Faraday served his apprenticeship to the book-binding trade.

and Sir Joshua Reynolds. These worthies, and of course Dr. Johnson himself, would often meet of an evening at the house of James Boswell in Old Bond Street, or at the "Turk's Head" in Gerrard Street. Sometimes they would venture farther afield to the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street, or to the "Cheshire Cheese," which happily is still in existence.

fortunately it is still with us. In this house, situated in what is now the very heart of the publishing world, Dr. Johnson compiled his famous dictionary. Here too he wrote the tragedy "Irene," which his friend David Garrick produced in 1749. From Gough Square Dr. Johnson removed to the Middle Temple, then to Johnson's Court, and

lastly to Bolt Court adjacent, where he died on December 13, 1784. The house in Bolt Court was destroyed by fire in 1819.

Sir Joshua Reynolds lived at 47, Leicester Square. On the opposite side of the Square another celebrated painter lived. This was William Hogarth. He lived in the great house now known as Archbishop Tenison's School.

David Garrick, the actor, lived off the Strand—at one time in Southampton Street, and then in Adelphi Terrace, in a massive stone building overlooking the river. His house in Southampton Street is unrecorded, but that at No. 5, Adelphi

of a single day are aware that Lord Nelson lived at No. 147, at the house now occupied by a dealer in works of



35, St. Martin's Street, W.C., the home of Sir Isaac Newton.



5, Adelphi Terrace, where David Garrick lived.

Terrace, bears the Society of Arts' tablet.

Not many of the thousands who throng through New Bond Street in the course

art. There is a tablet above the centre window of the first floor, but the inscription on it is faded and unreadable from the street below.

There is a special interest attached to the photograph (page 597) of the house in King Street, St. James's, in which Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards Napoleon III., lived, when, in 1847, he was sworn in as a special constable to suppress the Chartist rioters. There is a dull, dreary house at the farther end of Buckingham Street, Strand.

This, too, once sheltered a crowned head—Peter the Great—as the tablet on the wall informs us.

Benjamin Franklin, the great American

natural philosopher and diplomatist, lived for some years at No. 7, Craven Street, Strand, during which time he was a representative of the then American colonies to the Mother Country in the matter which lost for us our richest possession.

England's great philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton, lived in the plain white house in St. Martin's Street, just off Trafalgar Square. The house is now called Newton Hall, and is a place of divine worship.

It is not a little strange that the house in which Michael Faraday was apprenticed to a bookbinder in 1811 should be still in the possession of a man carrying on the same trade. We illustrate the house in a photograph on page 594, and the original may still be seen at 2, Blandford Street, a turning out of Baker Street. From this point it is not very far to Grosvenor Square, where we find a really historic house. It was at No. 44 that in 1820 the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Council, invited the members of the Cabinet to dine with him. In Cato Street a plot had been hatched to murder the whole of the



56, Great Queen Street, where Sheridan wrote "The School for Scandal."



13, now 16, Young Street, Kensington, one of the homes of W. M. Thackeray.



54, Hunter Street, the house in which John Ruskin was born.

of which he was for some time manager.

At No. 13, Great Coram Street, William Makepeace Thackeray lived. Although undistinguished by a tablet and not so well known as his West End residences, yet it deserves mention, for he was living here when he made the offer to Dickens to illustrate the "Pickwick Papers," for, strange as it may seem now, Thackeray sought fame as an artist before he won it as an author. In a back room of this house he is said to have written "Vanity Fair." Some, however, say, that this work was written in his Kensington house, No. 13 (now



13, Great Coram Street, another of Thackeray's residences.

Cabinet at this dinner. Fortunately the plot was discovered, revealed to Lord Harrowby by a milkman, and what would have been a most dastardly outrage was thus prevented.

Just off Grosvenor Square, at No. 25, Brook Street, lived England's greatest composer and first director of the Royal Academy of Music, George Frederick Handel.

We all know the great house in Downing Street where the Prime Minister lives. Other houses representative of statesmen and marked with the tablet of the Society of Arts are to be seen at 37, Conduit Street, where George Canning lived, and at 5, Arlington Street, the house of Sir Robert Walpole.

Before leaving the Western district and the region of Regent Street we must not fail to visit Savile Row, where at No. 14, in a house with miniature Cleopatra's needles for gate-posts, lived the author of "The School for Scandal." It was not here, however, that Sheridan wrote the famous play. It was written at No. 56, Great Queen Street, not many yards from Drury Lane Theatre,



3a, King Street, St. James's, where Napoleon Bonaparte lived in 1847.

No. 16), Young Street, whither he removed from Great Coram Street. No. 36, Onslow Square, was his next residence, and in 1861 he built No. 2, Palace Green, where, two years later, he laid aside his pen for ever.

At 54, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, John Ruskin was born on February 8, 1819, and here lived until he was four years of age—old enough to remember the house and its surroundings, as he has had occasion to tell us in his "Preterita."

BALLADE OF THE LADIES PAINTED
BY
ROMNEY

By ELLIS HUGHESDON

(GEORGE ROMNEY, *b.* 1734, *d.* 1802)

TELL me, I prithee, can no
man tell
Where now are these ladies
blithe and gay,
Who, when Romney painted
them, bore the bell
For beauty, and still from
their portraits sway
The world with a beauty that
grows not grey
With the years, nor withers
to pale and wan?
But by what strange shore do
their steps now stray;
And whither have last year's
roses gone?



Was Perdita named of
her part too well,
Whom a King's son
courted, then cast
away?
'Twas a royal lover
who owned the
spell
Of the Romp; while
the nation's hero
lay,
In a dream as blithe
as a morn in May,
At the feet of Lady
Hamilton,
Forgetful of all save
one winsome fay;
And whither have
last year's roses
gone?





How those forms
 ape life ! how
 those bosoms
 swell !
 How those eyes
 are a-sparkle as
 stars at play !
 And what strange,
 sweet tales
 would they
 chronicle,
 Could those mute
 lips speak of old
 triumphs, but
 they
 Only smile from the
 canvas, as
 though decay
 Ne'er blighted
 beauty, or time
 moved on.

But where now are Romney's
 sitters, I pray ?
 And whither have last year's
 roses gone ?

O Ladies whom Romney painted,
 say :
 Is the fame still sweet that of
 old ye won ?
 Are ye touched at all by men's
 praise to-day ?
 And whither have last year's
 roses gone ?



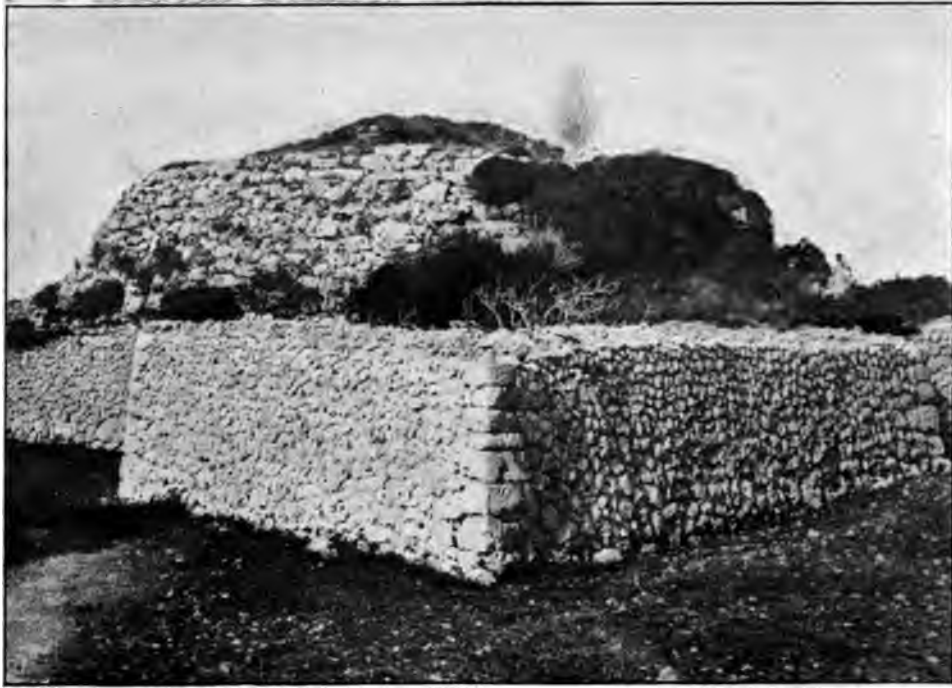


Photo by Diego Monjo, Mahon.

TALAYOT, OR CHAMBERED STONE STRUCTURE, AT TRAPUCÓ, MINORCA.

The wall in the foreground is part of a bastion built by the Duke of Crillon for bombarding the British fortress of St. Philip in 1782.

TALAYOTS, TAULAS, AND NAUETAS

THE PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS

By FRANKLYN G. SMITH

MINORCA is known to Englishmen chiefly by reason of its chequered history of conquest and reconquest during the eighteenth century. Few, even of those who have made the acquaintance of the magnificent natural harbour of Port Mahon, are aware that the little island offers one of the richest fields in Europe for archaeological research. By this statement no slight is offered to classic Greece, whose monuments belong to a totally different category.

How little we know of those long ages before the Christian era, when Western Europe was inhabited by races whose records are confined to lake-dwellings and stone cromlechs, to kitchen-middens

and roughly fashioned implements! The convenient habit of ascribing to "the Druids" everything relating to the mysterious past is not confined to England. In wandering among the megalithic monuments of the Balearic Islands the writer has again and again been assured that he was in the presence of "heathen altars" on which the ancient Druids were accustomed to offer human sacrifices. Some imaginative rustics have even attempted to describe the ceremony, with an accompaniment of gruesome details; but, alas for preconceived notions! the old theory of temples and altars and bloody rites must, in some cases at least, retreat in confusion before

the searchlight of exact science. This result, as far as the Balearic Islands are concerned, is largely due to the careful and conscientious labour of M. Emile Cartailhac, of the French "Mission Scientifique du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique," whose plans and descriptions have been laid under contribution in the preparation of this article.

Minorca may be described as a stony island. In not a few streets of the capital, Port Mahon, your feet slip on

said walls, blocked with a single pile of stones, and necessitating the patient task of demolition and reconstruction each time they are opened and closed; and, to render the harmony complete, scores of monoliths, bilitths, remains of prehistoric stone-dwellings, and huge towers of undressed and uncemented masonry appear in every direction.

This superabundance of stone is not an unmixed evil, for it has undoubtedly reduced to a minimum the temptation to



Photo by Diego Monjo, Mahon.

TALAYOT AT TALATI, NEAR ALAYOR, MINORCA.

the rounded monticules of the cliff on which the town is built; in the fields the native rock protrudes in patches above the surface, whilst the soil is littered with loose fragments, giving one the impression of a battlefield on which armies of primitive giants have pelted each other with primitive missiles; the hedges(?) are walls of loose stones laboriously collected from the fields to allow room for the crops, and piled up in heaps as the most convenient way of disposing of them; the gates(?) are apertures in the

levy tribute for building materials upon priceless relics of former ages. In this respect Minorca has been more fortunate than her otherwise highly favoured neighbour, Majorca, where the ruins, at one time probably more numerous, are gradually disappearing. In spite, however, of the devastations of time and of the vandalism of landed proprietors, there are still to be found on the two islands the remains of no less than six hundred *talayots*, besides the other constructions we have mentioned.

But what are *talayots*? The accompanying illustrations will give a better idea of their general appearance than any mere verbal description. If the reader is acquainted with the famous *nuraghes* of Sardinia, he will at once recognise a slight similarity in form, but with this the resemblance ceases. The existence of like monuments elsewhere would go far towards solving the mystery of their origin and use, but there is every reason to believe that these are unique, and that to the end of time Minorca and Majorca will enjoy the honour of an unrivalled claim.

A *talayot* is a truncated cone formed of superposed blocks of unwrought stone, with no attempt at exact adjustment, and an entire absence of mortar or cement, the interspaces being filled in with smaller stones. The inferior layers, in most cases, are formed of gigantic blocks, in order to give solidity to the structure. The upper part is invariably in a more or less ruinous condition, affording no evidence as to whether

the building terminated in a level platform or in a dome. The term is an augmentative, in the local dialect, of the Spanish *atalaya*, or watch-tower, but the christening is of a comparatively recent date, and cannot be relied upon. John Armstrong, Esq., a British officer and the first to publish any notice of the antiquities of Minorca ("History of the Island of Minorca," London, 1772), appears to have accepted without questioning the popular interpretation, and unhesitatingly states: "They were used by the old inhabitants as *Specula* or watch-mounts, to discover the approaches of an enemy at a distance, and by proper signals to warn the natives of their impending danger; by which means they had leisure to consider whether they were strong enough to encounter the invader in the field, or to provide for their safety by retiring with their families into the *Cripta*, or caves, cut everywhere in the solid rock, in great numbers, all over the island."

A reasonable number of such towers



TAULA AT TALATI, NEAR ALAYOR, MINORCA.

Photo by Diego Monje, Mahon.



Photo by Diego Monjo, Mahon.

TAULA AT TORRALBA DE SALORD, NEAR ALAYOR, MINORCA.

on eminences near the coast, and only within signalling distance of each other, would lend plausibility to such a view; but "facts are stubborn things," and in this case refuse to reconcile themselves to the current explanation. Would watch-towers, ostensibly to guard against surprise visits of invaders from over the seas, be erected at some distance inland? Would they be found in valleys as well as on the higher levels? And would their builders undertake, quite unnecessarily, the immense labour of constructing them, as is often the case, in pairs, and even in groups of half a dozen? This latter circumstance is of itself sufficient to refute the watch-tower theory. To remove and place such weighty blocks of stone would be no inconsiderable task, even with modern machinery, and to imagine that the primitive inhabitants of the island, destitute of all mechanical appliances, would for a mere freak, or for the sake of giving vent to their superfluous energies, multiply in this way their watch-towers, is manifestly impossible.

Let us go inside, if we can, and try to find some clue to their original destina-

tion. For this purpose we must wander far and wide, choosing only such as are in an exceptionally good state of preservation, for in the majority of cases the low entrance is completely blocked by fallen stones. Perhaps the most remarkable for their internal construction are those of the Torre Nova de Lozano and S'Hostal near Ciudadela, and San Augusti and Fontfredonas near San Cristobal. The interior of the *talayot* of the Torre Nova de Lozano forms a fairly large oval chamber, about twelve feet by eighteen, with a very primitive vaulted roof. At a height of some six feet from the floor is a small aperture in the wall, which on inspection proves to be the entrance to a narrow, winding passage leading to a ruined crypt in the upper part of the building. If one is not too corpulent it is possible by crawling and wriggling, and at the risk of being crushed by falling *débris*, to reach the end. This is the only instance, as far as we are aware, of a *talayot* containing two separate chambers. At S'Hostal the entrance, at a little distance from the ground and about thirty inches wide, leads to a circular passage five feet wide and just

high enough to admit of walking upright. One can thus make the circuit of the tower, but without discovering any sign of a crypt.

Near San Cristobal is another *talayot*



Photo by Diego Monjo, Mahon.

TAULA AT TRAPUCÓ, NEAR MAHON, MINORCA.

with a hollow interior (San Augusti), but its cubical capacity is considerably reduced by the presence of several rough columns, apparently of the same date as the structure itself, erected at irregular distances to support the roof. A remarkable and unique feature here is the introduction of woodwork. The architectural skill of the early builders seems to have been at fault, and, perhaps after several unsuccessful attempts to obtain a solid vault, pillars were added, and the roof made secure by beams of lentisk wood which for long centuries have defied the destructive influences of weather.

At Fontfredonas, also near San Cristobal, we found a tower with a narrow side passage leading upwards and around

to the opposite side of the building, where it descends towards the centre. In this passage are two lateral crypts.

But the above-mentioned *talayots* are exceptions to the rule. By far the greater number have no large inner chamber and no circular corridor—nothing but a narrow entrance near the ground, just sufficient to allow one to crawl inside, and leading to a small cell in which two or three persons at the most can find room to crouch. Strong enough for fortresses, they contain no means of defence nor room for the defenders; and for the same reason the theories of a refuge for non-combatants in time of war, and of magazines or granaries, must also be dismissed. The ever-recurring niche seems to favour the idea of funeral piles raised over the illustrious dead, but in no case has exploration brought to light human remains, though *tradition*, an unreliable authority at the best, reports that on several occasions bones have been found by peasants and buried or destroyed. Until patient investigation, under the auspices of a scientific

body with ample means at its disposal, has discovered a key to the enigma, the Balearic *talayots* must remain enveloped in impenetrable mystery.

It is not surprising that the T-shaped biliths so frequently found in the neighbourhood of the *talayots* should be known locally as *taulas* (tables), nor that they should be considered as *allars*. The idea would naturally suggest itself to a casual observer. Moreover, they are seldom or never found alone, but surrounded by circles of monoliths, like miniature Stonehenges, or in the midst of numberless stone slabs and roughly hewn supports, some retaining their original position, but the majority scattered over the ground, or lying in

confused heaps where they have fallen. In connection with these M. Cartailhac has made a most important discovery, proving conclusively, as it appears to us, that the so-called altars are quite innocent of sacrifices, whether human or otherwise, being merely the central columns of primitive stone dwellings. His practised eye has reduced order

mation of this view on exploring the ruins at Talati, near Alayor. By the side of what was once the principal edifice is another construction three parts underground, but in a complete state of preservation. The walls are composed of upright stones. In the centre is a column with its superposed slab—a replica of the T monument above



Photo by Diego Monó, Mahón

TAULA AT TORRE TRENCADA, NEAR CIUDADELA, MINORCA.

out of chaos, and with praiseworthy patience and skill the French explorer has traced the foundations and boundaries of what were in all probability towns or villages composed of a number of fairly large edifices in juxtaposition, and others of an inferior grade, on a lower level (in some cases almost subterranean), constructed with less care and of rougher material.

We were interested to find a confir-

(see page 602), whilst around it, with one end resting on the wall and the other on the upper part of the central slab, are ten or a dozen similar stones forming the roof. The equal pressure on all sides is sufficient to keep the *taula* in position, and this in its turn gives solidity to the whole structure. What races of beings occupied these prehistoric dwellings further research may perhaps reveal. They have left no records beyond the

undeciphered pages of ponderous stone volumes, but there appears to be little doubt that many centuries B.C., while Egypt and Assyria were at the height of their glory and the centres of a splendid civilisation, this obscure corner of the Mediterranean was the abode of semi-savage tribes who were labouring over the first letters of the building art.

to a similar fortress in the neighbourhood of Artá, in Majorca (see page 607).

Less numerous than the foregoing, but not by any means of less interest, are the curious structures known as *nauetas* (little ships). The diminutive is misleading, for even in a ruinous state they are of no inconsiderable size. It requires no great stretch of imagination



Photo by Diego M. de M. Mahon

NAUETA DELS TUDONS, NEAR CIUTADELLA.

Incidentally we may observe that these were probably not the first nor the least civilised colonists, for the island of Minorca abounds in cave-dwellings.

M. Cartailhac's explorations yielded another important result in the shape of unmistakable traces of large fortified enclosures, either contemporary with or posterior to the *talayots*, for in several cases one or more of the latter are incorporated into the larger construction. Some idea of the cyclopean character of these remains is given in the accompanying photograph of the jamb and lintel of an imposing entrance

to see in them the representation of a vessel turned keel upwards, though whether the keel itself ever existed cannot satisfactorily be determined. The façade of the *Naueta dels Tudons*, near Ciutadella, is in a remarkable state of preservation, but the roof has collapsed, whilst a wild olive that has taken possession of the right-hand wall threatens to complete the work of destruction on that side.

Within a few miles of Mahon are two of these monuments so overgrown with brushwood that a stranger to the locality might pass by them a score of times